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THE MYTHOLOGY

OF

THE ARYAN NATIONS

BY THE REV.

SIR GEORGE W. COX, BART., M.A.

NEW EDITION

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LONDON
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PREFACE.

THE purpose of this work is to exhibit clearly and with sufficient fulness the general characteristics of Aryan mythology, as a system which has grown up from words and phrases denoting not one or two objects only, as the sun or moon, but all the phenomena of the sensible world, as they impressed themselves on the minds of primitive men. It has not been my object to give an exhaustive account of the myths of every branch of the Aryan race. To ascribe equal value and interest to the traditions of all the tribes included within the great Aryan family would indeed be absurd. But in the present edition I have given to the Slavonic mythology, and to some other subordinate topics, as much space as the conditions of my subject enabled me to afford.

During the twelve years which have passed since the publication of the first edition, a large amount of solid work has been done within the domain of Comparative Mythology. Of the results so gained probably the most important is the clearer light thrown on the influence of Semitic theology on the theology and religion of the Greeks. This momentous question I have striven to treat impartially; and for my treatment of it I have to acknowledge my obligations to Mr. Robert Brown's valuable researches in the field of the great Dionysiak Myth.

In other respects the course of mythological inquiry, although it has been greatly widened, has not made any serious modifications necessary in the principles by which I have been guided, or in the details of the evidence which have determined the conclusions reached. On the whole, the result has been to strengthen in every way the foundations of the science, and to lay bare more and more clearly the origin and growth of the vast body of Aryan tradition and belief. The examination of the religious systems of Assyria, Phenicia, and Egypt bears out abundantly and precisely just those assertions of Comparative Mythologists which have been most pertinaciously called into question, and has removed beyond the reach of doubt the fact that the mighty mass of popular tradition in every Aryan land has been shaped by words and phrases describing all the varied and complex phenomena of day and night, of summer and winter, of earth and heaven.

April 14, 1882.

PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION.

WITH a deep consciousness of its shortcomings, but with a confidence not less deep in the security of the foundations laid by the Science of Comparative Mythology, I submit to the judgment of all whose desire it is to ascertain the truth of facts in every field of inquiry a work on a subject as vast as it is important. The history of mythology is, in a sense far beyond that in which we may apply the words to the later developements of religious systems, the history of the human mind; and the analysis which lays bare the origin and nature of Iranian dualism, and traces the influence of that dualism on the thought and philosophy of other lands, must indefinitely affect our conclusions on many subjects which may not appear to be directly connected with it.

For myself I confess candidly, and with a feeling of gratitude which lapse of time certainly has not weakened, that Professor Max Müller's Essay on Comparative Mythology first opened to me thirteen years ago a path through a labyrinth which, up to that time, had seemed as repulsive as it was intricate. I well remember the feeling of delight awakened by his analysis of the myths examined in that essay, of which it is but bare justice to say that by it the ground which it traversed was for the first time effectually broken for English scholars, and the fact established that the myths of a nation are as legitimate a subject for scientific investigation as any other phenomena. The delight which this investigation has never ceased to impart is strictly the satisfaction which the astronomer or the geologist feels in the ascertainment of new facts: and I have written throughout under a constant sense of the paramount duty of simply and plainly speaking the truth.

Of one fact, the importance of which if it be well ascertained can scarcely be exaggerated, I venture to claim the discovery. I am not aware that the great writers who have traced the wonderful parallelisms in the myths of the Aryan world have asserted that the epic poems of the Aryan nations are simply different versions of one and the same story, and that this story has its origin in the phenomena of the natural world, and the course of the day and the year. This position is, in my belief, established by an amount of evidence which not long hence will probably be regarded as excessive. At the least I have no fear that it will fail to carry conviction to all who will weigh the facts without prejudice or partiality, who will carefully survey the whole evidence produced before they form a definite judgment, and who will fairly estimate the cumulative proof of the fact that the mythology of the Vedic and Homeric poets contains the germs, and in most instances more than the germs, of almost all the stories of Teutonic, Scandinavian, and Celtic folk-lore. This common stock of materials, which supplements the evidence of language for the ultimate affinity of all the Aryan nations, has been moulded into an infinite variety of shapes by the story-tellers of Greeks and Latins, of Persians and Englishmen, of the ancient and modern Hindus, of Germans and Norwegians, Icelanders, Danes, Frenchmen, and Spaniards. On this common foundation the epic poets of these scattered and long-separated children of one primitive family have raised their magnificent fabrics or their cumbrous structures. Nay, from this common source they have derived even the most subtle distinctions of feature and character for their portraits of the actors in the great drama which in some one or more of its many scenes is the theme of all Aryan national poetry.

Momentous as this conclusion must be, it is one which seems to me to be strictly involved in the facts registered by all comparative mythologists; and while I wish to claim for myself no more than the honesty which refuses to adopt the statements of others without testing their accuracy, I may feel a legitimate confidence in the assurance that in all important points I am supported by the authority of such writers as Grimm, Max Müller, Bréal, Kuhn, Preller, Welcker, H. H. Wilson, Cornewall Lewis, Grote, and Thirlwall.

If in the task of establishing the physical origin of Aryan myths the same facts have been in some instances adduced more than once, I must plead not merely the necessity of the case, but the reiterated assertions of writers who seem to regard the proclamation of their views as of itself conclusive. The broad statement, for example, that Hermes is primarily and strictly a god of commerce, and of the subtlety and trickery which commerce is on this hypothesis supposed to require, makes it necessary at every step, and at the cost of repetitions which would otherwise be needless, to point out the true character of this divine harper.

In the wide field of inquiry on which I have entered in these volumes, I need scarcely say that I have very much more to learn, and that I shall receive with gratitude the suggestions of those who may wish to aid me in the task. Many portions of the subject are at present little more than sketched out: and of these I hope that I may be enabled to supply the details hereafter. The evidence thus far examined justifies the assurance that these details will not affect the main conclusions already arrived at.

The Greek names in this work are given as nearly as possible in their Greek forms. On this point I need only say that Mr. Gladstone, who, standing even then almost alone, retained in his earlier work on "Homer and the Homeric Age" their Latin equivalents, has in his "Juventus Mundi" adopted the method which may now be regarded as universally accepted.

I have retained the word Aryan as a name for the tribes or races akin to Greeks and Teutons in Europe and in Asia. Objections have been lately urged against its use, on the ground that only Hindus and Persians spoke of themselves as Aryas: and the tracing of this name to Ireland Mr. Peile regards as very uncertain. To him the word appears also to mean not "ploughmen," but "fitting, worthy, noble." If it be so, the title becomes the more suitable as a designation for the peoples who certainly have never called themselves Indo-Germanic.

But however sure may be the foundations of the science of Comparative Mythology, and however sound its framework, the measure in which its conclusions are received must depend largely on the acceptance or rejection of its method in the philological works chiefly used in our schools and universities. Hence, in acknowledging thankfully the great improvement of the last over the previous editions of the Greek Lexicon of Dr. Liddell and Dr. Scott in the etymology of mythological names, I express a feeling shared doubtless by all who wish to see a wide and fertile field thoroughly explored. The recognition of the principle that Greek names must be interpreted either by cognate forms in kindred languages, or by reference to the common source from which all these forms spring, is the one condition without which it is useless to look for any real progress in this branch of philology; and this principle is here fully recognised.

I have said that the task of analysing and comparing the myths of the Aryan nations has opened to me a source of unqualified delight. I feel bound to avow the conviction that it has done more. It has removed not a few perplexities; it has solved not a few difficulties which press hard on many thinkers. It has raised and strengthened my faith in the goodness of God; it has justified the wisdom which has chosen to educate mankind through impressions produced by the phenomena of the outward world.

March 8, 1870.

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THE MYTHOLOGY
OF
THE ARYAN NATIONS.

BOOK I.

CHAPTER I.

POPULAR THEORIES ON THE ORIGIN AND GROWTH OF MYTHOLOGY.

CHAP. I.

Method of inquiry.

WE cannot examine the words by which we express our thoughts and our wants, or compare the stories which English children hear in their nurseries with the folk-talk of Germany and Norway, without speedily becoming aware that the inquiry on which we have entered must carry us back to the very infancy of mankind. We have undertaken the investigation of fact, and we must follow the track into which the search for facts has brought us. If we have been accustomed to think that the race of men started in their great career with matured powers and with a speech capable of expressing high spiritual conceptions, we cannot deny the gravity of the issue, when a science, which professes to resolve this language into its ultimate elements, asserts that for a period of indefinite length human speech expressed mere bodily sensations, and that it was confined to such expressions, because no higher thoughts had yet been awakened in the mind. But unless we choose to take refuge in assumptions, we must regard the question as strictly and simply a matter of fact: and all that we have to do is to examine impartially the conditions of the problem, with the determination of evading no conclusion to which the evidence of fact may lead us.

The nature of the problem to be solved.

This problem is sufficiently startling, on whatever portion of the subject we may first fix our minds. The earliest literature, whether of the Hindu or the Greek, points in the direction to which the analysis of language seems to guide us. In both alike we find a genuine belief in a living Power, to whom men stand in the relation of children to a father; but in both, this faith struggles to find utterance in names denoting purely sensuous objects, and thus furnishing the germ of a sensuous mythology. Hence the developement of religious faith and of a true theology would go on side by side with the growth of an indiscriminate anthropomorphism, until the contrast became so violent as to call forth the indignant protests of men like Sokrates and Pindar, Euripides and Plato. Yet this contrast, as throwing us back upon the analysis of words, has enabled us to unlock the doors before which the most earnest seekers of ancient times groped in vain, and to trace almost from their very source all the streams of human thought.

Condition of society in the Greek heroic age.

This antagonism reached its highest point among the Hellenic tribes. From this point therefore we may most reasonably work back to that indefinitely earlier condition of thought in which "the first attempts only were being made at expressing the simplest conceptions by means of a language most simple, most sensuous, and most unwieldy."[1] The Iliad and Odyssey exhibit a state of society which has long since emerged from mere brutishness and barbarism. It has its fixed order and its recognised gradations, a system of law with judges to administer it, and a public opinion which sets itself against some faults and vices not amenable to legal penalties. It brings before us men who, if they retain, in their occasional ferocity, treachery, and malice, characteristics which belong to the savage, yet recognise the majesty of law and submit themselves to its government—who are obedient, yet not servile—who care for other than mere brute forces, who recognise the value of wise words and prudent counsels, and in the right of uttering them give the earnest of a yet higher and more developed freedom. It shows to us men who own the sanctity of an oath and acknowledge the duty of executing true judgment between man and man; who, if they are fierce in fight, yet abhor mutilation, torture, and unseemly insult, and are willing to recognise merit in an enemy not less readily than in a friend. Above all, it tells us of men who in their home life are honest and truthful, who make no pretension of despising human sympathy and setting lightly by kindness, gentleness, and love. If here and there we get glimpses of a charity which seeks a wider range,[2] yet the love of wife and children and brethren is the rule and not the exception; and everywhere, in striking contrast with Athenian society in the days of

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[1] Max Müller, *Chips from a German Workshop*, vol. i. p. 354.

[2] It is the praise of the wealthy Axylos (who is slain by Diomêdês) that

φίλος ἦν ἀνθρώποισιν·
πάντας γὰρ φιλέεσκεν ὁδῷ ἔπι οἰκία ναίων.

Il. vi. 14.

Perikles and Aspasia, we see men and women mingling together in equal and pure companionship, free alike from the arrogance and servility of Oriental empires, and from the horrible vices which, if even then in germ, were not matured till the so-called heroic ages had long passed away.

Character of "Homeric" mythology.

But these epic poems tell us also of gods, some of whom at least had all the vices and few of the virtues of their worshippers. They tell us of a supreme ruler and father of gods and men who had not always sat upon his throne, of other gods deposed and smitten down to dark and desolate regions, of feuds and factions, of lying and perjury, of ferocious cruelty and unmeasured revenge. They tell us of gods who delight in sensual enjoyments and care for little more than the fat of rams and goats, of gods who own no check to their passions and recognise no law against impurity and lust. And even those gods who rise to a far higher ideal exhibit characters the most variable and actions the most inconsistent. The same being is at different times, nay, almost at the same time, just and iniquitous, truthful and false, temperate and debauched.

Contrast between mythological and religious belief.

As describing the origin and attributes of the gods, the whole series of Greek myths may be said to form a theology; and with the character of the people this theology stands out in marked contrast. It is impossible for us to determine precisely the extent to which this mythical theology was believed, because it is not in our power to throw ourselves back wholly into their condition of thought; but if the absence of all doubt or reflexion constitute faith, then their faith was given to the whole cycle of fables which make up the chronicles of their gods. If, however, we look to its influence on their thoughts at times when the human heart is stirred to its depths, we can scarcely say that this huge fabric of mythology challenged any belief at all: and thus we must draw a sharp line of severance between their theology and their religion, if we use religion in the sense attached to the word by Locke or Newton, Milton or Butler. If the poet recounts the loves of Zeus, the jealousies of Hêrê, the feuds and the factions in Olympos, it is equally certain that Achilleus does not pray to a sensual and lying god who owns no law for himself and cannot be a law for man. The contrast is heightened if we turn to the poems known as the Hesiodic. If the poet narrates a theogony which incurred the detestation or disgust of Pindar and of Plato, he tells us also of a Divine King who is a perfectly upright judge, and loves those who are clean of hand and pure of heart.[1] If he tells of horrible banquets to which the more fastidious faith of the lyric poet refuses to give credence,[1] he bids all to follow after justice, because the gods spend their time, not in feasting, but in watching the ways and works of men.[2] If Æschylos in one drama depicts the arrogant tyranny of Zeus as an upstart and usurper, if the reiterated conviction of the prophetic Titan is that the new god shall fall, yet in others he looks up to the same Zeus (if indeed it be the same),[3] as the avenger of successful wrong, the vindicator of a righteous law whose power and goodness are alike eternal. If for Sophokles the old mythology had not lost its charm, if he too might tell of the lawless loves and the wild licence of Zeus and other gods, yet his heart is fixed on higher realities, on that purity of word and deed which has its birth, not on earth, but in heaven, and of which the imperishable law is realised and consummated in a God as holy and everlasting.[4]

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[1] The identity of authorship for the Hesiodic *Theogony* and the *Works and Days* is very doubtful: but the question is immaterial. Both poems exhibit the

The lyric and tragic poets were conscious of this contrast.

It would be difficult to discover a more marvellous combination of seemingly inexplicable contradictions, of belief in the history of gods utterly distinct from the faith which guided the practice of men, of an immoral and impure theology with a condition of society which it would be monstrous to regard as utterly and brutally depraved. Yet, in some way or other, this repulsive system, from which heathen poets and philosophers learnt gradually to shrink scarcely less than ourselves, had come into being, had been systematised into a scheme more or less coherent, and imposed upon the people as so much genuine history. What this origin and growth was, is (strange as it may appear) one of the most momentous questions which we can put to ourselves, for on its answer must depend our conclusions on the conditions of human life during the infancy of mankind. Of the answers which have been given to this question, it can be no light matter to determine which furnishes the most adequate solution.

Conflicting views as to its origin.

Two theories only appear to attempt a philosophical analysis of this vast system. While one repudiates the imputation of a deliberate

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sentiment of the same age, or of times separated by no long interval; and in the latter poem the action of Zeus in the legend of Pandora (which is also related in the *Theogony*) is utterly unlike that of the Zeus who figures in all the didactic portions of the work.

[1] *ἐμοὶ δ' ἄπορα γαστρίμαρ-*
γον μακάρων τιν' εἰπεῖν· ἀφίσταμαι.
PINDAR, *Olymp.* i. 82.

Pindar's objection is a moral one; but Herodotos proceeded to reject on physical grounds the legend which told of the founding of the Dodonaian oracle (ii. 57), as well as some of the exploits of Herakles (ii. 45). It was, however, a moral reason which led him practically to disbelieve the whole story of Helen's sojourn at Troy (ii. 120).

[2] *Works and Days*, 247–253.

[3] Ζεὺς ὅστις ποτ' ἐστίν.
Agamemnon, 160.

[4] *Oid. Tyr.* 863–871.

fabrication of impurities, the other asserts as strongly the wilful moral corruption exhibited in the theogonic narratives of the Greeks. In the inconsistent and repulsive adventures of Zeus or Herakles it sees the perversion of high and mysterious doctrines originally imparted to man, and discerns in the gradations of the Olympian hierarchy vestiges of the most mysterious doctrines embraced in the whole compass of Christian teaching. By this theory all that is contradictory, immoral, or disgusting in Greek mythology is the direct result of human sinfulness and rebellion, and resolves itself into the distortion of a divine revelation imparted to Adam immediately after the Fall.

Theory of a corrupted revelation.

The revelation thus imparted brought before men, we are told (i), the Unity and Supremacy of the Godhead; (ii), a combination, with this Unity, of a Trinity in which the several persons are in some way of coequal honour; (iii), the future coming of a Redeemer from the curse of death, invested with full humanity, who should finally establish the divine kingdom; (iv), a Wisdom, personal and divine, which founded and sustains the world; (v), the connexion of the Redeemer with man by descent from the woman. With this was joined the revelation of the Evil One, as a tempting power among men, and as the leader of rebellious angels who had for disobedience been hurled from their thrones in heaven.[1] This true theology, in the hands of the Greeks, was perverted, it is said, into a Trinity of the three sons of Kronos, Zeus, Hades, and Poseidôn, the tradition of the Redeemer being represented by Apollôn, and the Divine Wisdom being embodied in Athênê, while Lêtô, their mother, stands in the place of the woman from whom the Deliverer was to descend. The traditions of the Evil One were still further obscured. Evil, as acting by violence, was represented most conspicuously in the Titans and giants—as tempting by deceit, in the Atê of Homer, while lastly, the covenant of the rainbow reappears in Iris.

System of secondaries.

This theory Mr. Gladstone has traced with great minuteness through the tangled skein of Greek mythology. The original idea he finds disintegrated, and a system of secondaries is the necessary consequence. Far above all are exalted Apollôn and Athênê, in their personal purity[2] yet more than in their power, in their immediate action,[3] in their harmony with the will of the Supreme King, and in the fact that they alone, among the deities of a second generation, are admitted to equal honour with the Kronid brothers, if not even to higher.[1] But some of their attributes are transferred to other beings, who are simply embodiments of the attribute so transferred and of no other. Thus Athênê is attended by Hermes, Ares, Themis, and Hephaistos; Apollôn by Paiêon and the Muses;[2] as, similarly, we have in Gaia a weaker impersonation of Dêmêtêr, and Nereus as representing simply the watery realm of Poseidôn. In Lêtô, their mother, is shadowed forth the woman whose seed was to bruise the head of the serpent; for Lêtô herself has scarcely any definite office in the Homeric theology, and she remains, from any view except this one, an anomaly in mythological belief.[3]

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[1] This theory was put forth more than twenty years ago by Mr. Gladstone, in his elaborate work entitled *Homer and the Homeric Age*. The seriousness of the issue must be pleaded as a reason for examining it here, as Mr. Gladstone has propounded it again not only in *Juventus Mundi*, but in some papers on the Olympian Hierarchy in the *Nineteenth Century*, 1879.

[2] *Homer and the Homeric Age*, ii. 87–107.

[3] *Ibid.* 89–93.

Nature of the doctrines perverted in Greek mythology.

On this hypothesis, Greek mythology is no distortion of primary truths which first dawn on the mind of a child or are imparted to it, and which, it might have been supposed, would form the substance of divine truth granted to man during the infancy of his race. It is the corruption of recondite and mysterious dogmas which were not to become facts for hundreds or thousands of years. Zeus, the licentious tyrant, the perjured deceiver, the fierce hater, the lover of revelry and banqueting, who boasts of his immunity from all restraint and law, is the representative of the Eternal Father. He with Hades and Poseidôn represents the Christian Trinity; but Hades represents also the power of darkness, and Poseidôn shares the attributes of God with those of the devil,[4] while all are children of the dethroned Kronos, in whom again the evil power finds an impersonation.[5] That a theology thus wilfully falsified should be found with a people not utterly demoralised, but exhibiting on the whole a social condition of great promise and a moral standard rising constantly higher, is indeed astonishing. On the supposition that Greek mythology was a corrupted religious system, it must, to whatever extent, have supplied a rule of faith and practice, and the actions and character of the gods must have furnished a justification for the excesses of human passion. That no such justification is alleged, and that the whole system seems to exercise no influence either on their standard of morality or their common practice, are signs which might appear to warrant the presumption that this mythology was not the object of a moral belief. The whole question, viewed in this light, is so utterly perplexing, and apparently so much at variance with the conditions of Homeric society, that we are driven to examine more strictly the evidence on which the hypothesis rests; and it must be admitted that this hypothesis involves the necessity of interpreting mythology so as to square with a preconceived system, and carries with it a temptation to lessen or to pass over difficulties which appear to militate against it. The Homeric legends are not so consistent as for such a purpose would seem desirable, and there are the gravest reasons for not inferring from the silence of the poet that he was ignorant of other versions than those which he has chosen to adopt. On the supposition that Athênê and Apollôn represent severally the Divine Redeemer and the Divine Wisdom, their relation of will to the Supreme Father becomes a point of cardinal interest and importance. Without going further than the Iliad,[1] we have a conspiracy to bind Zeus, in which Athênê is the accomplice of Hêrê and Poseidôn. In this plot, the deliverance comes not from Apollôn, whose office it is to be "the defender and deliverer of heaven and the other immortals," but from Thetis, the silver-footed nymph of the sea;[2] and by her wise counsels Zeus wins the victory over one who is with himself a member of the traditive Trinity. The same legend qualifies another statement, that Athênê and Apollôn are never foiled, defeated, or outwitted by any other of the gods;[3] for Athênê here is foiled by Thetis. Elsewhere we have Apollôn,[4] like Poseidôn, cheated by Laomedôn whom he had served, and finding a more congenial master, but yet a master, in Admêtos;[5] while the parentage of the three Kronid brothers[6] and the double character of Poseidôn[7] stand forth as the most astounding contradictions of all.

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[1] *Homer and the Homeric Age*, ii. 57.
[2] *Ibid.* 61.
[3] *Ibid.* 152.
[4] *Ibid.* 164.
[5] *Ibid.* 207.

Relations of will between Zeus and Athênê.

There are other legends which represent Athênê in a light inconsistent with the personification of the Divine Wisdom. In the tale of Pandora, at the instigation of Zeus she takes part in the plot which results in the increased wickedness and misery of man;[8] in that of Prometheus, she aids in the theft of fire from heaven against the will of Zeus, while one version represents her as acting thus, not from feelings of friendship, but from the passion of love. These legends are not found in our Homer, but it is impossible to prove that the poet was unacquainted with them. He makes no reference to some myths, which are at once among the oldest and the most beautiful;

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[1] Gladstone's *Homer, &c.*, ii. 70.

[2] *Ibid.* 72. We must not forget that in the myths of Asklêpios and Admêtos Apollôn draws on himself the wrath and the vengeance of Zeus for slaying the Kyklôpes as a requital for the death of his son, the Healer; and we are fully justified in laying stress on this fact, until it can be proved that any one myth must necessarily be regarded as of earlier growth than another, merely because it happens to be found in our *Iliad* and *Odyssey*.

[3] *Ibid.* 74.

[4] *Ibid.* 75.

[5] *Ibid.* 81.

[6] *Ibid.* 162.

[7] *Ibid.* 206.

[8] Hesiod, *Theogon.* 573; *Works and Days*, 63.

and he certainly knew of the dethronement of Kronos, as well as of factions in the new dynasty of the gods.[1]

Peculiar forms of Greek mythology.

But if the theory of religious perversion, apart from its moral difficulties, involves some serious contradictions, it altogether fails to explain why the mythology of the Greeks assumed many of its peculiar and perhaps most striking features. It does not show us why some of the gods should be represented pure, others as in part or altogether immoral; it does not tell us why Zeus and Herakles should be coarse and sensual, rather than Athênê and Apollôn; it does not explain why Apollôn is made to serve Admêtos, why Herakles bears the yoke of Eurystheus, and Bellerophôn that of the Kilikian king. It fails to show why Herakles should appear as the type of self-restraint and sensuality, of labour and sluggishness, why names so similar in meaning as Lykâôn, Helios and Phaethôn, should be attached to beings whose mythical history is so different. If for these and other anomalies there is a method of interpretation which gives a clear and simple explanation, which shows how such anomalies crept into being, and why their growth was inevitable—if this method serves also as a key, not merely to the mythology of Greece, but to that of the whole Aryan race, nay, even to a wider system still, a presumption at least is furnished, that the simpler method may after all be the truest.

Consequences involved in the perversion of an original revelation.

Yet more, the hypothesis of a corrupted revelation involves some further consequences, which have a material bearing on the question. That which is so perverted cannot become clearer and more definite in the very process of corrupt developement. Not only must the positive truths, imparted at the first, undergo distortion, but the ideas involved in them must become weaker and weaker. If the Unity of God formed one of those primitive truths, then the personality and the power of Zeus would be more distinct and real in the earliest times than in the later. The ideas of the Trinity, of the Redeemer, and of the Divine Wisdom, would be more prominent in those first stages of belief in the case of a people who confessedly were not sustained by new or continued revelations. The personality of a Divine Wisdom is not a dogma which men in a thoroughly rude society could reason out for themselves; and if it formed part of an original revelation, the lapse of time would tend to weaken, not to strengthen it. If, again, this corrupting process had for its cause a moral corruption going on in the hearts and lives of men, then this corruption would be intensified in proportion to the degree in which the original revelation was overlaid. In the Hellenic mythology this process is reversed. Even as it appears in the poems which we call Homeric it must have undergone a developement of centuries; but if it is impossible to measure, by any reference to an older Greek literature, the personality and attributes of each god as compared with the conceptions of a previous age, it is obvious that the general tone of feeling and action, and the popular standard of morality had not been debased with the growth of their mythology. Whether the Hesiodic poems belong to a later period than our Iliad and Odyssey is a question into which it is unnecessary here to enter: but it must be admitted that if their theology is more systematised, and their theogony more repulsive, their morality and philosophy is immeasurably higher and more true. With the growth of a mythology and its more systematic arrangement the perception of moral truth has become more keen and intense; and the same age which listened to the book of the generations of Zeus, Kronos, and Aphroditê, learnt wisdom from the pensive precepts of the "Works and Days."

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[1] Similarly, the *Iliad* says nothing about the death of Achilleus: yet the poet is aware that his life is to be short.

μῆτερ, ἐπεί μ' ἔτεκές γε μινυνθάδιόν περ
ἐόντα

is the frequent reproach of Achilleus to his mother Thetis. But the truth is that our *Iliad* and *Odyssey* presuppose everywhere on the part of the hearer or reader an acquaintance with legends or stories which are referred to merely in passing, and sometimes with a bare allusion.

Comparison of the Homeric with the Vedic mythology.

It is perhaps difficult to determine how far the characters of Phoibos and Athênê have been drawn out and systematised by the genius and moral instinct of the poet himself. We have no evidence, in any extant literature, of the precise state in which he found the national mythology; but it seems unlikely that he had what may be termed a theological authority for every statement which he makes and every attribute which he assigns to the one or the other. It is certain that Athênê once conspired against the freedom of Zeus;[1] but we cannot tell how far the poet himself intensified the general harmony of her will to that of the King of gods and men, nor can we forget that Ushas is as dear to gods and men as Athênê herself, and that Ushas is undeniably nothing but the morning. But language has furnished evidence, which it is impossible to resist, of the gradual process which imparted to these mythical deities both their personality and their attributes. The literature of another branch of the same Aryan race exhibits a mythology whose substantial identity with that of the Greeks it is impossible to dispute; but in that mythology beings, whose personality in our Homeric poems is sharply drawn and whose attributes are strictly defined, are still dim and shadowy. Even the great Olympian king has not received the passions and appetites, and certainly not the form of man. Nay, in that older mythology their persons and their attributes are alike interchangeable. That which among the Greeks we find as a highly developed and complicated system, is elsewhere a mere mass of floating legend, nay, almost of mere mythical phrases, without plan or cohesion. But the unformed mythology of the Veda followed in its own land a course analogous to that of the mythology of Greece. There was the same systematic developement, with this difference, that in India the process was urged on by a powerful sacerdotal order who found their interest in the expansion of the old belief. In the earlier Vedas there is no predominant priesthood, and only the faintest indications of caste; there are no temples, no public worship, and, as it would seem, no images of the gods; and (what is of immeasurably greater importance in reference to the mythological creed of the Homeric poets) there are "no indications of a triad, the creating, preserving, and destroying power. Brahma does not appear as a deity, and Vishnu, although named, has nothing in common with the Vishnu of the Puranas: no allusion occurs to his Avataras. . . . These differences are palpable, and so far from the Vedas being the basis of the existing system, they completely overturn it."[1] The comparison is scarcely less fatal to the mythological Trinity of the Greeks.

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[1] *Iliad*, i. 400.

Methods of determining the extent of primitive revelation.

We come at length to the question of fact. What was the measure of divine truth imparted to man on his creation, or immediately after the fall, and under what forms was it conveyed? To allege the rabbinical traditions and speculations of comparatively recent times[2] as evidence for the latent meaning of Greek mythology, is to treat the subject in a way which would simply make any solution of the problem impossible. The force of a current, when its stream has been divided, will not tell us much about the course or depth of kindred streams which have branched off in other directions. Thus the era of the division of races is the latest limit to which we can bring down a common tradition for all mankind; and for that tradition we are, it seems, confined to the first eleven chapters of the Book of Genesis.[3]

Evidence of the Book of Genesis.

From these chapters we must derive our proof that our first parents and their immediate descendants possessed the idea of an Infinite Being whose perfect goodness arose, not from external restraints, but from an unchangeable internal determination of character[4]—of a Trinity of Co-equal Persons in the Divine Unity—

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[1] Professor H. H. Wilson, in the *Edinburgh Review* for October 1860, No. CCXXVIII. p. 382; and Vishnu Purana, p. ii., where he emphatically denies that the old Vedic religion was idolatrous. His remarks on the general character of the Vedic religion deserve the deepest attention.

[2] Gladstone, *Homer*, &c., ii. 50.

[3] *Ibid.* 4.

[4] *Ibid.* 18.

of a Redeemer who should hereafter assume their nature and deliver from death and sin—of a Divine Wisdom which was with God from the beginning, and of an Evil One, who, having fallen from his throne in heaven, had now become an antagonistic power, tempting men to their destruction.[1]

Its character.

Whether these early chapters may contain this theological scheme by just and legitimate inference, is a question with which we are not here concerned. It is not a question of doctrine or belief or theological analysis. It is a simple question of fact which must determine whether various races of mankind were or were not guilty of wilful perversion of high and mysterious doctrines. Taken wholly by themselves, and not interpreted by the light thrown on them by the thought and belief of later ages, these records tell us of man as being (in some sense not explicitly defined) made in the Divine image and likeness—of one positive prohibition, the violation of which was to be followed by immediate death—of a subtle beast which tempts the woman to disobey the command, and of a sense of shame which follows the transgression. They tell us of flight and hiding when the man hears the voice of God walking in the garden in the cool of the day—of an attempt to transfer the blame from the man to the woman, from the woman to the serpent—of a sentence of humiliation passed upon the latter, with the warning that its head should be bruised by the woman's seed—of a life of toil and labour for the former, ending with a return to the dust from which he had been made. Besides this, they tell us briefly that after some generations men began to call upon the name of the Lord; that in the course of time they sank (with but one exception) into brute lust and violence; and that on the renovation of the earth men were made answerable for each other's blood, and received the token of the rainbow as a warrant for the future permanence of the course of nature. But of any revelation before the fall, beyond a command to till the garden and to abstain from the fruit of a particular tree, these records give not the slightest indication.

Limits of that evidence.

If the doctrines which are thus supposed to have made up the primitive revelation are contained in these chapters, they are so, it is admitted, by a dim and feeble foreshadowing.[2] They tell us nothing of God in the perfection of His nature, or of a Unity of Three Persons in the Godhead. They tell us of a subtle serpent, not of a fallen angel, of the seed of the woman as bruising that serpent's head, not of a Divine Redeemer delivering from sin and spiritual death. Still less do they tell us of a Divine Wisdom, of an institution of sacrifice,[1] or of a spiritual communion in prayer as existing from the first between man and God. All these doctrines may be legitimate deductions; but if to us the record itself gives only mysterious glimpses of a future fuller revelation, if to us these inferences from its contents are the result of careful comparison with the later books of the Old Testament, if even to us their harmony with the belief of prophets and righteous men of later ages seems clear only because we have been taught to regard it as clear, then what evidence have we that in the time of which the third chapter of Genesis speaks to us, our first parents had a full, or indeed any, apprehension of what even to us apart from later associations would be faint and shadowy? For if on the revelation made to them the vast mass of Greek mythology grew up as a corrupt incrustation, they must have received these truths not in their germ but in full dogmatic statement. It is difficult to understand how such a statement would have been to them anything more than a dead unmeaning formula, waiting to be quickened into life by the breath of a later revelation or by the evidence of later facts.

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[1] Gladstone, *Homer*, *&c.*, ii. 42.

[2] *Ibid.* 39.

Course of revelation in the Old Testament.

If, again, there is any one lesson which may be drawn before others from the character of the Old Testament records, it is that ideas, dim and feeble at first, acquire gradually strength and consistency, that the clearness of revelation is increased as the stream widens, and that all positive belief is the result of years and generations of discipline. But in some mysterious way, while the course of the Jewish people was from the lesser to the greater, they in whose hands the Homeric theology was moulded started with a fulness of doctrinal knowledge which was not attained by the former until a long series of centuries had passed away.

Necessity of accounting for the character of Greek mythology.

There is an instinctive reluctance to accept any theory which heightens human depravity and corruption, unless there are weighty reasons for doing so.[2] And, unquestionably, on the hypothesis which has just been examined, the mythology of the Greeks exhibits an instance of wilful and profane perversion, to which it would not be easy to find a parallel. But the character of that mythology still remains when we have rejected this supposition. We have still before us the chronicles or legends of gods who not merely eat and drink and sleep, but display the working of the vilest of human passions. Some process, therefore, either conscious or unconscious, must have brought about a result so perplexing; and if even for conscious invention there must have been some groundwork, much more must this be the case if we take up an alternative which even less admits the exercise of a creative faculty.

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[1] The fact of offerings is obviously very different from an ordinance commanding such offerings.

[2] For the mass of facts which seem to negative the hypothesis of degeneration see Sir J. Lubbock's *Prehistoric Times.*

Allegorical interpretation of myths.

If then the mythology of the Aryan nations is to be studied to good purpose, the process applied to their legends must be strictly scientific. In every Aryan land we have a vast mass of stories, some preserved in great epic poems, some in the pages of mythographers or historians, some in tragic, lyric, or comic poetry, and some again only in the oral tradition or folklore of the people. All these, it is clear, must be submitted to that method of comparison and differences by which inductive science has achieved its greatest triumphs. Not a step must be taken on mere conjecture: not a single result must be anticipated by ingenious hypothesis. For the reason of their existence we must search, not in our own moral convictions, or in those of ancient Greeks or Romans, but in the substance and materials of the myths themselves. We must deal with their incidents and their names. We must group the former according to their points of likeness and difference; and we must seek to interpret the latter by the principles which have been established and accepted as the laws of philological analysis.

CHAPTER II.

THE RELATION OF MYTHOLOGY TO LANGUAGE.

Origin of abstract words.

THE analysis of language has fully justified the anticipation of Locke, that "if we could trace them to their sources, we should find in all languages the names which stand for things that fall not under our senses to have had their first rise from sensible ideas." So thoroughly, indeed, has this conjecture been verified, that the assertion is fast passing into the number of trite and hackneyed sayings; and though the interest and vast importance of the fact remains, few are now tempted to question the conclusion that every word employed to express the highest theological and metaphysical conceptions at first denoted mere sensuous perception.[1]

Expansive power of sensuous words.

If to these primæval sensuous words we are indebted for all the wealth of human language, these words must necessarily have possessed an almost boundless power of expansion. A single instance will amply suffice to prove this fact. The old root which expressed the idea of crushing, grinding, or pounding has given birth not only to its direct representatives the Greek μύλη, the Latin *mola*, the Irish *meile*, and the English *mill* and *meal;* but it may be traced through a vast number of words between the meaning of which there is no obvious connexion. In the Greek μάρναμαι, to fight, the root has acquired that metaphorical meaning which is brought out more clearly in its intransitive forms. In these it embodies naturally the ideas of decay, softening, or destruction; and so it furnished a name for man, as subject to disease and death, the *morbus* and *mors* of the Latins. If, again, man was βροτὸς or *mortal*, the gods were ἄμβροτοι, and drank of the amrîta cup of immortality.[2] The grinding away of time was expressed in the Latin *mora*, and in the French *demeurer*, while the idea of dead water is perhaps seen in *mare*, *mer*, the sea. The root was fruitful in proper names. The Greeks had their gigantic Moliones, or Pounders, while the Norseman spoke of the hammer of Thor Miölnir. So, again, the huge Aloadai derived their name from ἀλωή, the threshing-floor, a word belonging to the same root, as ἄλευρον, corn, existed in the form μάλευρον. From the same source came the Sanskrit Maruts, or Storms, the Latin Mars, the Slavonic Morana, and the Greek ἄρης and ἀρετή. But the root passes into other shades of meaning. Under the form *marj* or *mraj*, it gave birth to the Greek μέλγω, the Latin *mulgeo* and *mulceo*, the English *milk* (all meaning, originally, to stroke); and in these words, as well as in the Greek βλάξ, μαλακός, μαλθάσσω, the Latin *marcidus* and *mollis*, the Greek μέλι, and Latin *mel*, it passed into the ideas of softness, sweetness, languor, and decay. From the notion of melting the transition was easy to that of desiring or yearning, and we find it, accordingly, in this sense, in the Greek μελεδώνη and ἔλδομαι (which may on good ground be traced to an older μέλδομαι), and finally, in ἐλπίς, hope. Not less strange, yet not less evident, is the passage of the root *jan* from its original force of making or producing (as shown in the Sanskrit *janas*, the Greek γένος, γονεύς, and γονός, the English *kin*; in the Sanskrit *janaka*, the Teutonic *könig*, the English *king*, in γυνή, and *queen*, and *quean*) to the abstract idea of knowing, as seen in the Sanskrit *jnâ*, the Greek γνῶναι, the Latin *gnosco*, the English *know*. The close relationship of the two ideas is best seen in the Teutonic *kann* (can) and *kenne* (ken).[1]

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[1] Max Müller, *Lectures on Language*, second series, viii. 343.

[2] Southey, *Curse of Kehama*, xxiv. 10.

Origin of language.

The facts which the growth of these words brings before us are in the strictest sense historical. The later meanings presuppose the earlier significations, and the stages are reached in a chronological as well as a philosophical order, while the several developements mark an advance of human thought, and a change in the conditions of human society. From the highest conceptions of the profoundest thinkers we are carried back step by step to the rudest notions of an intellect slowly and painfully awakening into consciousness; and we realise the several phases of primæval life, as vividly as if they had been recorded by contemporary chroniclers. But if the process invests the study of words with a significance which it is impossible to overrate, it completely strips the subject of its mystery. No room is left for theories which traced the origin of speech to a faculty no longer possessed by mankind,[2] when the analysis of words exhibits from the beginning the working of the same unvarying laws.[3] If the words denoting purely spiritual ideas are all evolved from roots expressing mere sensuous perceptions, if these words are thus confessedly accidental or arbitrary or conventional signs, without any essential or necessary relation to the notions signified, although they are a necessary growth from the original verbal stem, the real question at issue is set at rest. The sensations expressed in these primary words are felt by infants, by the deaf and dumb, by brute animals, as well as by speaking men; they might therefore, rather they must, have been felt by man before he made the first attempt to acquaint his comrade with the thoughts which were passing in his own mind. The word was needed not to enable him to realise the perception for himself, but to give him the power of awakening the same idea in another. It mattered not, therefore, what sound conveyed the thought, so long as the signal or message was understood; and thus, where at the outset all was arbitrary, there might be many signs for the same object or the same idea. The notions which, as we have seen, found expression in words derived from the roots MR or ML, might have been denoted as easily by words derived from the stem GR. And in fact the latter has been scarcely less fertile than the former. To it we owe the words which denote the grating and grinding sound of things rubbed forcibly against each other, the grain which serves as grist for the mill, the gravel which the digger scrapes up as he delves his grave, the groan of pain, the grunt of indolence, the scribbling of the child and the delicate engraving of a Bewick or an Albert Durer.[1] We see, further, that words drawn from imitations of natural sounds have furnished names for impressions made on other senses besides that of hearing, and that a presumption is thus furnished for the similar origin of all words whatsoever.

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[1] Max Müller, *Lectures on Language*, second series, vii.; *Chips*, ii. 257.

[2] Max Müller, *Lectures on Language*, first series, 370, *et seq.*

[3] Whitney, *On Language and the Study of Language*, passim. Mr. Whitney has carried to its logical results the proposition that man was born, not with speech, but simply with the capacity for speech.

Immobility of savage races.

It may seem a poor foundation for a fabric so magnificent as the language of civilised mankind;[2] but whatever belief may be entertained of the first beginnings of articulate speech, the gradual growth of language from its earliest elements is disputed by none; and the examination of our own language carries us back to a condition of thought not many degrees higher than that of tribes which we regard as sunk in hopeless barbarism. Yet that this difference of degree involved in this instance a difference of kind is proved by the very fact that the one class of men has risen indefinitely in the scale of being, while the other exhibits no power whether of self-culture or of imitation. These are facts which, like other physical facts, we cannot gainsay, although we may not be called on to determine the further question of the unity or plurality of the human race. The point with which we are more immediately concerned, is the light thrown by the history of words on the social and political history of the race, and on the consequences which followed the disruption or separation of tribes speaking dialects more or less closely akin.

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[1] To this list may be added the name for corn as ground or crushed, in the Scottish *girnel*, the Lithuanian *girnos*, the Gothic *quairnus*, our *quern*. Max Müller, "Comparative Mythology," *Chips from a German Workshop*, ii. 43.

[2] "Never in the history of man has there been a new language. What does that mean? Neither more nor less than that in speaking as we do, we are using the same materials, however broken up, crushed, and put together anew, which were handled by the first speaker, *i.e.* the first real ancestor of our race."—Max Müller, *Chips*, ii. 255.

Historical results of the analysis of language.

It can never be too often repeated that the facts laid bare in the course of philological inquiry are as strictly historical as any which are recorded of the campaigns of Hannibal, Wellington, or Napoleon. The words possessed in common by different Aryan languages point to the fact that these now separated tribes once dwelt together as a single people, while a comparison of these common words with others peculiar to the several dialects furnishes evidence of the material condition of the yet undivided race. Thus, from the identity of words connected with peaceful occupations as contrasted with the varying terms for war and hunting, we may gather "that all the Aryan nations had led a long life of peace before they separated, and that their language acquired individuality and nationality as each colony started in search of new homes, new generations forming new terms connected with the warlike and adventurous life of their onward migrations."[1] But these new terms were evolved from the common stock of verbal stems, and the readiness with which these roots lent themselves to new shades of meaning would not only render it easier to express thoughts already needing utterance, but would itself be a fruitful source of new ideas and notions. This process would be, in fact, a multiplication of living images and objects, for all names in the earliest stages of language were either masculine or feminine, "neuters being of later growth, and distinguishable chiefly in the nominative." Thus the forms of language would tend to keep up a condition of thought analogous to that of infants; and the conscious life of all natural objects, inferred at first from the consciousness of personality in the speaker or thinker, would become an article of belief sanctioned by the paramount authority of names, and all descriptions of phenomena would bring before them the actions of conscious things. Man would thus be living in a magic circle, in which words would strengthen an illusion inseparable from the intellectual condition of childhood. Yet we can scarcely fail to see the necessity of his being left to ascertain the truth or falsehood of his impressions by the patient observation of facts, if he was ever to attain to a real knowledge and a true method for its attainment—if, in other words, he was to have an education, such as the wisest teacher would bestow upon a child. Ages may have been needed to carry him forward a single step in the upward course; but the question of time can throw no doubt on the source from which the impulse came. The advance made, whether quick or slow, would be as much the work of God as the existence of man in the class of mammalia. Until it can be shown that our powers of sensation and motion are self-originated, the developement of a higher idea from a sensuous conception must be ascribed to the Divine Spirit, as truly as the noblest thought which can be embraced by the human mind. Hence each stage in the growth of language marks the formation of new wants, new ideas, and new relations. "It was an event in the history of man when the ideas of father, mother, brother, sister, husband, wife, were first conceived and first uttered. It was a new era when the numerals from one to ten had been framed, and when words like law, right, duty, generosity, love, had been added to the dictionary of man. It was a revelation, the greatest of all revelations, when the conception of a Creator, a Ruler, a Father of man, when the name of God was for the first time uttered in this world."[1]

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[1] So again from the fact that in Sanskrit, Greek, and Gothic "*I know*" is expressed by a perfect, meaning originally "I have perceived," Professor Max Müller infers that "this fashion or idiom had become permanent before the Greeks separated from the Hindus, before the Hindus became unintelligible to the Germans." Such facts, he insists, "teach us lessons more important than all the traditions put together, which the inhabitants of India, Greece, and Germany have preserved of their earliest migrations, and of the foundations of their empires, ascribed to their gods, or to the sons of their gods and heroines." —*Chips*, ii. 252.

Earliest conditions of thought.

In that primæval time, therefore, after he had learnt to express his bodily feelings in articulate sounds, but before he had risen to any definite conception of a Divine Being, man could interpret the world around him only through the medium of his own sensations. It was thus impossible that he could fail to attribute sensations like his own to every object on which his eyes rested in the material universe. His notions about things external to himself would be the direct result of his psychological condition; and for their utterance he would have in language an instrument of boundless power.[1]

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[1] Max Müller, *Lectures on Language*, second series, vii. 308; *History of Sanskrit Literature*, 528, *et seq.* After tracing the evolution of a moral and spiritual meaning from myths originally purely physical, M. Baudry concludes, "Le sentiment moral et religieux n'existait qu'implicitement dans le naturalisme primitif. L'idée du Dieu créateur, père des hommes, aimant le bien et menant la création vers ce but final, n'apparaît pas nettement dans la mythologie originaire et ne s'en dégagea que peu-à-peu. Quoique l'Inde ait été plus tard le pays par excellence de la théologie, le Rig-Véda ne contient de théologie que dans ses parties les moins anciennes. Il en faut prendre son parti; la métaphysique, la morale elle-même en tant qu'elle arrive à se formuler, sont des fruits du développement intellectuel et non des souvenirs d'une antique sagesse."—*De l'Interprétation Mythologique*, 30.

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[1] I do not know that I am called upon to refute or even to notice the paper on Professor Max Müller's "Philosophy of Mythology," contributed by Mr. A. Lang to *Fraser's Magazine* for August 1881. I can but ask the reader to weigh Mr. Lang's statements carefully and impartially, while I confess for myself that, having read his paper more than once or twice, I can gather from it only the following points: (1) that he objects to Professor Max Müller's sequence of the Rhematic and Mythopœic ages, or to the chronological limits assigned to them; (2) that he looks on the general material of mythology, and not merely on certain portions of it, as lewd, foul, revolting, and unnatural, as the gross growth of disgusting savagery; (3) that he regards this silly, senseless, and obscene talk as consisting of phrases or expressions spoken "directly of the heavenly bodies and powers of nature, conceived of as beings with human passions;" and (4) that the whole multitude of mythical names and the vast fabric of mythical narration has grown up anyhow, like the Lucretian fortuitous concourse of atoms, which has brought us into a world impressed in a very odd way with appearances of design in every part of it; that the legend of Hermes has nothing to do with the wind, that of Prokris nothing to do with the dew, and that of Io and Argos Panoptes nothing to do with the moon and the stars.

As to the value of these conclusions the reader must be judge. I can only say that when we come to anything like a theory in Mr. Lang's paper, it seems (1) to agree very singularly with that of Professor Max Müller; that (2) I do not find in Professor Max Müller's volumes the sharply defined boundaries of a mythopœic age, to which Mr. Lang most strongly objects; that (3) the great bulk of Vedic, Hellenic, or Teutonic myths is not silly, gross, obscene, disgusting, and revolting; and (4) that the attempt to explain the growth of Aryan mythical traditions as the result of accident is worth as much and as little as the attempt to construct a system of astronomy without gravitation.

I cannot bring myself to see any need of going into details. It is enough to note Mr. Lang's remark on the myth of Urvasî and Purûravas. Professor Max Müller had said that the story told of them is one that is true only of the sun and the dawn. Mr. Lang positively denies this, holding the gist of the story to be "merely that Urvasî vanishes, when Purûravas transgresses a point of matrimonial etiquette," "similar etiquette being a common fact in manners from North America to Bulgaria, and round again to South Africa." That it is not so, the reader may perhaps feel satisfied when he has examined the accounts given in this volume of the stories, not of Urvasî only, but of Bheki, Melusina, Psyche, and the multitude of tales of which these may be regarded as the types.

CHAPTER III.

THE SOURCE OF MYTHICAL SPEECH.

The infancy of mankind.

If the analysis of language and the researches of antiquarians bring before us, in the earliest annals of mankind, a state of society which bears to our own a resemblance not greater than that of infancy to mature manhood, we shall scarcely realise that primæval condition of thought except by studying closely the mind of children. Stubborn facts disclose as the prominent characteristics of that early time the selfishness and violence, the cruelty and slavishness of savages; yet the mode in which they regarded the external world became a source of inexhaustible beauty, a fountain of the most exquisite and touching poetry. So true to nature and so lovely are the forms into which their language passed, as they spoke of the manifold phases of the changing year; so deep is the tenderness with which they describe the death of the sun-stricken dew, the brief career of the short-lived sun, and the agony of the earth-mother mourning for her summer-child, that we are tempted to reflect back upon the speakers the purity and truthfulness of their words. If the theory of a corrupted revelation as the origin of mythology imputes to whole nations a gross and wilful profanity which consciously travesties the holiest things, the simplicity of thought which belongs to the earliest myths presents, as some have urged, a picture of primæval humanity too fair and flattering.

Earliest condition of thought and its consequences.

No deep insight into the language and ways of children is needed to dispel such a fancy as this. The child who will speak of the dawn and the twilight as the Achaian spoke of Prokris and Eôs will also be cruel or false or cunning. There is no reason why man in his earliest state should not express his sorrow when the bright being who had gladdened him with his radiance dies in the evening, or feel a real joy when he rises again in the morning, and yet be selfish or oppressive or cruel in his dealings with his fellows. His mental condition determined the character of his language, and that condition exhibits in him, as in children now, the working of a feeling which endows all outward things with a life not unlike his own. Of the several objects which met his eye he had no positive knowledge, whether of their origin, their nature, or their properties. But he had life, and therefore all things else must have life also. He was under no necessity of personifying them, for he had for himself no distinctions between consciousness and personality. He knew nothing of the conditions of his own life or of any other, and therefore all things on the earth or in the heavens were invested with the same vague idea of existence. The sun, the moon, the stars, the ground on which he trod, the clouds, storms, and lightnings were all living beings; could he help thinking that, like himself, they were conscious beings also? His very words would, by an inevitable necessity,[1] express this conviction. His language would admit no single expression from which the attribute of life was excluded, while it would vary the forms of that life with unerring instinct.[2] Every object would be a living reality, and every word a speaking picture. For him there would be no bare recurrence of days and seasons, but each morning the dawn would drive her bright flocks to the blue pastures of heaven before the birth of the lord of day from the toiling womb of night. Round the living progress of the new-born sun there would be grouped a lavish imagery, expressive of the most intense sympathy with what we term the operation of material forces, and not less expressive of the utter absence of even the faintest knowledge. Life would be an alternation of joy and sorrow, of terror and relief; for every evening the dawn would return leading her bright flocks, and the short-lived sun would die. Years might pass, or ages, before his rising again would establish even the weakest analogy;[3] but in the meanwhile man would mourn for his death, as for the loss of one who might never return. For every aspect of the material world he would have ready some life-giving expression; and those aspects would be scarcely less varied than his words. The same object would at different times, or under different conditions, awaken the most opposite or inconsistent conceptions. But these conceptions and the words which expressed them would exist side by side without producing the slightest consciousness of their incongruity; nor is it easy to determine the exact order in which they might arise. The sun would awaken both mournful and inspiriting ideas, ideas of victory and defeat, of toil and premature death. He would be the Titan, strangling the serpents of the night before he drove his chariot up the sky; and he would also be the being who, worn down by unwilling labour undergone for men, sinks wearied into the arms of the mother who bare him in the morning. Other images would not be wanting; the dawn and the dew and the violet clouds would be not less real and living than the sun. In his rising from the east he would quit the fair dawn, whom he should see no more till his labour drew towards its close. And not less would he love and be loved by the dew and by the morning herself, while to both his life would be fatal as his fiery car rose higher in the sky. So would man speak of all other things also; of the thunder and the earthquake and the storm, not less than of summer and winter. But it would be no personification, and still less would it be an allegory or metaphor. It would be to him a veritable reality, which he examined and analysed as little as he reflected on himself. It would be a sentiment and a belief, but in no sense a religion.

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[1] I should wish to place, if possible, a stronger stress on these words now than when I wrote them some twelve or thirteen years ago. Professor Max Müller has well said that on the question, whether the growth of myths be inevitable or not, the whole problem of mythology seems to turn, and therefore that the certainty of the result cannot be too strongly insisted on. Mythology thus becomes "an inherent necessity of language," and is, "in fact, the dark shadow which language throws on thought, and which can never disappear till language becomes altogether commensurate with thought, which it never will." Mythology, then, in its highest sense is strictly "the power exercised by language on thought in every possible sphere of mental activity." It follows, of course, that the history of philosophy is the history of a long battle with mythology, in which the victory of thought belongs still to "the distant future."—*Selected Essays*, i. 590–591.

[2] Tylor, *Primitive Culture*, i. 268.

[3] In spite of the incredulity which one or two critics have expressed for this assertion, I see no reason for qualifying a proposition for which we have abundant evidence. See Max Müller, *Selected Essays*, i. 600. But even after the analogy had been established, and a sense of order had been impressed upon the mind, it was this very order which was regarded with

Primary myths.

In these spontaneous utterances of thoughts awakened by outward phenomena, we have the source of the myths which must be regarded as *primary*. But it is obvious that such myths would be produced only so long as the words employed were used in their original meaning. While men were conscious of describing only the departure of the sun when they said "Endymion sleeps," the myth had not passed beyond its first stage; but if once the meaning of the word were either in part or wholly forgotten, the creation of a new personality under this name would become inevitable, and the change would be rendered both more certain and more rapid by the very wealth of words which they lavished on the sights and objects which most impressed their imagination. A thousand phrases

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profound and reverent awe and admiration. The state of mind which can see signs and wonders only in what is irregular belongs, as Professor Müller has remarked, to a later time.

would be used to describe the action of the beneficent or consuming sun, of the gentle or awful night, of the playful or furious wind: and every word or phrase became the germ of a new story, as soon as the mind lost its hold on the original force of the name.[1]

Secondary myths.

Thus in the Polyonymy which was the result of the earliest form of human thought, we have the germ of the great epics of later times, and of the countless legends which make up the rich stores of mythical tradition. There was no bound or limit to the images suggested by the sun in his ever varying aspects; and for every one of these aspects they would have a fitting expression, nor could human memory retain the exact meaning of all these phrases when the men who used them had been scattered from their original home. Old epithets would now become the names of new beings, and the legends so framed would constitute the class of *secondary* myths. But in all this there would be no disease of language. The failure would be that of memory alone,—a failure inevitable, yet not to be regretted, when we think of the rich harvest of beauty which the poets of many ages and many lands have reaped from these half-remembered words.[2]

Polyonomy, as affecting the growth of mythology.

It mattered little, then, of what object and phenomenon they might happen to speak. It might be the soft morning light or the fearful storm-cloud, the wind or the thunder. In each case there would be Polyonymy, the employment of many names to denote the same thing. In each case, their words would express truthfully the impressions which the phenomena left on their senses, and their truthfulness would impart to their language an undying beauty; but the most fruitful source of mythical phrases would be found undoubtedly in the daily or yearly course of the lord of day. In the thought of these early ages the sun was the child of night, or darkness; the dawn came before he was born, and died as he rose in the heavens. He strangled the serpents of the night; he went forth like a bridegroom out of his chamber, and like a giant to run his course. He had to do battle with clouds and storms. Sometimes his light grew dim under their gloomy veil, and the children of men shuddered at the wrath of the hidden sun. Sometimes his ray broke forth only, after brief splendour, to sink beneath a deeper darkness; sometimes he burst forth at the end of his course, trampling on the clouds which had dimmed his brilliancy and bathing his pathway with blood. Sometimes, beneath mountains of clouds and vapours, he plunged into the leaden sea. Sometimes he looked benignly on the face of his mother or his bride who came to greet him at his journey's end. Sometimes he was the lord of heaven and of light, irresistible in his divine strength; sometimes he toiled for others, not for himself, in a hard, unwilling servitude. His light and heat might give life or destroy it. His chariot might scorch the regions over which it passed; his flaming fire might burn up all who dared to look with prying eyes into his dazzling treasure-house. He might be the child destined to slay his parents, or to be united at the last in an unspeakable peace to the bright dawn who for brief space had gladdened his path in the morning. He might be the friend of the children of men, and the remorseless foe of those powers of darkness who had stolen away his bride. He might be a warrior whose eye strikes terror into his enemies, or a wise chieftain skilled in deep and hidden knowledge. Sometimes he might appear as a glorious being doomed to an early death, which no power could avert or delay. Sometimes grievous hardships and desperate conflicts might be followed by a longer season of serene repose. Wherever he went, men might welcome him in love, or shrink from him in fear and anguish. He would have many brides in many lands, and his offspring would assume aspects beautiful, strange, or horrible. His course might be brilliant and beneficent, or gloomy, sullen, and capricious. As compelled to toil for others, he would be said to fight in quarrels not his own; or he might for a time withhold the aid of an arm which no enemy could withstand. He might be the destroyer of all whom he loved, he might slay the dawn with his kindling rays, he might scorch the fruits who were his children; he might woo the deep blue sky, the bride of heaven itself, and an inevitable doom might bind his limbs on the blazing wheel for ever and ever. Nor in this crowd of phrases, all of which have borne their part in the formation of mythology, is there one which could not be used naturally by ourselves to describe the phenomena of the outward world, and there is scarcely one perhaps, which has not thus been used by our own poets.

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[1] "That Titanic assurance with which we say, the sun *must* rise, was unknown to the early worshippers of nature, or if they also began to feel the regularity with which the sun and the other stars perform their daily labour, they still thought of free beings kept in temporary servitude, chained for a time, and bound to obey a higher will, but sure to rise, like Herakles, to a higher glory at the end of their labours."—Max Müller, "Comparative Mythology," *Chips, &c.*, ii. 96.

[2] In his *Lectures on Language*, second series, 358, Professor Max Müller asserts that "whenever any word, that was at first new metaphorically, is new without a clear conception of the steps that led to its original metaphorical meaning, there is danger of mythology; whenever those steps are forgotten and artificial steps put in their places, we have mythology, or, if I may say so, we have diseased language, whether that language refers to religious or secular interests." The mythology thus produced he terms the bane of antiquity. This view is opposed by M. Baudry in his able paper, *De l'Interprétation Mythologique.* After quoting the sentence just cited, he adds, "Voilà le langage accusé de maladie et de révolte, fort injustement à notre avis, car la faute n'est qu'aux défaillances de la mémoire, qui a gardé le mot mais oublié le sens. Ce mal arrive tantôt pour un mot, tantôt pour une figure symbolique dont on a perdu la clef. Mais parce qu'une représentation mal comprise d'un évêque debout devant des catéchumènes plongés dans la cuve baptismale a donné lieu à la légende de saint Nicholas ressuscitant les enfants, en faut-il conclure aussi que la sculpture était malade?" But after all there is no real antagonism between the view taken by Professor Max Müller and that of M. Baudry. With the former, mythology arises when the steps which led to a metaphor are in greater or less degree *forgotten*; in other words, from a failure of memory, not from disease in language.

Use of abstract and concrete names.

But in truth we need not go back to that early time for evidence of the fact that language such as this comes naturally to mankind. Abstract names are the result of long thought and effort, and they are never congenial to the mass of men. They belong to a dialect which can never be spoken by poets, for on such unsubstantial food poetry must starve and die. Some of us may know now that there is nothing in natural phenomena which has any positive relation with the impressions produced on our minds, that the difference between the temperatures of Baiæ and Nova Zembla is simply the difference of a few degrees more or less of solar heat, as indicated by Reaumur or Fahrenheit; that the beautiful tints of morning and evening are being produced every moment, and that they are mere results of the inclination which the earth at a particular moment may have to the sun. We may know that the whispering breeze and the roaring storm are merely air moving with different degrees of force, that there is no generic difference between ice and water, between fluids and solids, between heat and cold. What if this knowledge were extended to all? Would it be a gain if the language of men and women, boys and girls, were brought into strict agreement with scientific facts, and made to exhibit the exactness of technical definitions? The question is superfluous, for so long as mankind remain what they are, such things are impossible. In one sense, the glorious hues which spread over the heavens at sunrise and sundown, the breeze and the hurricane, are to us nothing. The forces which produce the phenomena of the outward world take no notice of us. Shall it then be said that there is not One who does take note of the impressions which the sights or the sounds of nature make upon our minds? Must we not recognise the feelings which those phenomena irresistibly evoke in us as not less facts than the phenomena themselves? We cannot rid ourselves of these impressions. They are part of us; they grow with our growth, and it is best for us if they receive a wholesome culture. Modern science may show that our feelings are merely relative; but there is still that within us which answers to the mental condition from which the mythical language of our forefathers sprang. It is impossible for us to look on the changes of day and night, of light and darkness, of summer and winter, with the passionless equanimity which our philosophy requires; and he who from a mountain summit looks down in solitude on the long shadows as they creep over the earth, while the sun sinks down into the purple mists which deaden and enshroud his splendours, cannot shake off the feeling that he is looking on the conscious struggle of departing life. He is wiser if he does not attempt to shake it off. The peasant who still thinks that he hears the soft music of the piper of Hameln, as the leaves of the wood rustle in the summer air, will be none the better if he parts with this feeling for some cold technical expression. The result of real science is to enable us to distinguish between our impressions and the facts or phenomena which produce them, whenever it may be necessary to do so; but beyond this, science will never need to make any trespass on the domain of the poet and the condition of thought which finds its natural expression in the phrases that once grew up into a mythology.[1]

Myths arising from the use of equivocal words.

To the primary myths which spring from phrases employed in their original meaning to express the phenomena of the outward world, and to the secondary myths which arose from a partial or complete forgetfulness of that meaning, must be added a third class, which came into existence from the use of equivocal words. If, as the tribes and families of men diverged from common centres, there was always a danger that words expressing sensuous ideas might be petrified into personal appellatives, there was also the more imminent danger that they might be confounded with other words most nearly resembling them in sound. The result would be, in grammatical phrase, false etymology: the practical consequence would be the growth of a mythology. Many of the tales belonging to the most complicated mythical systems arose simply from the misinterpretation of common words. From a root which meant to *shine*, the Seven Shiners received their name; possibly or probably to the same roots belongs the name of the Golden Bear (ἄρκτος and *ursa*), as the Germans gave to the lion the title of Goldfusz; and thus, when the epithet had, by some tribes, been confined to the Bear, the Seven Shiners were transformed first into seven bears, then into one with Arktouros (Arcturus) for their bearward.[2] In India, too, the meaning of riksha was forgotten; but instead of referring the word to bears, they confounded it with *rishi*, and the Seven Stars became the abode of the Seven Poets or Sages, who enter the ark with Menu

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[1] See further Max Müller, "Comparative Mythology," *Chips*, ii. 96.

[2] *Lectures on Language*, second series, 303.

(Minos), and reappear as the Seven Wise Men of Hellas, the Seven Children of Rhodos and Helios,[1] and the Seven Champions of Christendom. The same lot, it would seem, befell another name for this constellation. They who spoke of the seven *triones* had long forgotten that their fathers spoke of the stars as *taras* (staras) or strewers of light, and converted the bearward into Boôtes, the ploughman, while the Teutonic nations, unconscious that they had retained the old root in their word *stern* or *star*, likewise embodied a false etymology in wagons or wains. But when we turn to the Arkadian tale, that Kallistô, the mother of the eponymous hero Arkas, was changed into a bear by the jealousy of Hêrê and imprisoned in the constellation, we find ourselves in that boundless region of mythology, the scenes of which are sometimes so exquisitely fair, sometimes so gloomy, hideous, and repulsive. The root *vah*, to convey (the Latin *veho*), gave a name to the horse, to the flame of fire, and to the rays of the sun.[2] The magic wand of metaphor, without which there can be no growth or expansion of language, soon changed the rays of the sun into horses. But these horses, *vahni*, had yet another epithet, *Harit*, which signified at first the brilliancy produced by fat and ointment. Like the Greek words σιγαλόεις and λιπαρός, applied to things anointed with lard or oil, *ghritâ-prishthâh* (glittering with fat) furnished a title for the horses (or flames) of Agni, *ignis*, the fire. Thus the Harits became the immortal steeds who bear the chariot of Indra across the sky and the car of Archilleus over the plains of Ilion. The Greek carried away the name at an earlier stage; and the Charites, retaining simply the qualities of grace and brightness, became the lovely beings who, with Himeros and the Muses, charm earth and heaven with their song. But before the Hesiodic theogony had defined their numbers and fixed their attributes, Charis remained a mere name of Aphroditê, the radiant dawn who springs from the sea before the rising of the sun. Still, though even at that early time Aphroditê was the goddess of sensuous beauty and love, she was yet, with a strange adherence to the old meaning of her name, known as Enalia and Pontia, the child of the sea foam. For yet another title which she bore they could but frame a tale that Argynnis, the beloved of Agamemnon, had died at Kephisos. Yet that title, identified with the Sanskrit *arjunî*, spoke simply of dazzling loveliness. By a similar process of metaphor, the rays of the sun were changed into golden hair, into spears and lances, and robes of light. Over the shoulders of Phoibos Lykêgenês, the light-born, flow the sacred locks which no razor might touch. On the head of Nisos, as on that of Samson,[1] they become a Palladion invested with a mysterious power. From Helios, the sun, who can scorch as well as warm, comes the robe of Medeia, which reappears in the poisoned garments of Deianeira. Under the form of spears and arrows the rays of the sun are seen in almost every page of all Aryan mythology. They are the invincible darts of Phoibos, Achilleus, and Meleagros, of Heraklês and Theseus, of Artemis, Perseus, and Bellerophôn, the poisoned arrows which Philoktêtês and Odysseus, the model, as some will have it, of Hellenic character, scruple not to use.

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[1] Pind. *Ol.* vii. 132.

[2] See further Max Müller, *Rig Veda Sanhitâ*, vol. i. p. 26.

Disintegration of myths.

Thus the disintegration of the primary myths would be insured by the wealth of synonyms which the earliest form of human thought had brought into existence. If the Greek mythographers had been conscious that Kephalos and Prokris meant only the sun and the dew, the legend would have continued to belong to the same class with the myths of Indra and his cloud-enemy Vritra. As it is, it stands midway between these primary legends and the later tales which sprung up when the meaning of such names as Lykâôn, Korônis, and Sarpêdon had been wholly forgotten. The form of thought which looked on all sensible phenomena as endowed with a conscious life, found utterance in a multiplicity of names for the same object, and each of these names became or might become the groundwork of a new myth, as in process of time they were confounded with words which most nearly resembled them in sound.

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[1] Dean Stanley (*Lectures on the Jewish Church*, i. 368) points out the likeness between the features of Samson and those of Herakles. See also Goldziher's *Mythology among the Hebrews*, p. 22.

CHAPTER IV.

THE DEVELOPEMENT OF MYTHOLOGY.

Elasticity of mythical speech.

WHEN in the Vedic songs we read of Indra, the sun-god, as fighting with Vritra, the dark power who imprisons the rain in the storm-cloud, or with Ahi, the throttling snake, or as pursuing the beautiful Dahanâ, of the dawn as the mother or the bride of the sun, or of the sun as slaying the dark parent from whom he has sprung,[1] we feel at once, that in such language we have an instrument of wonderful elasticity, that the form of thought which finds its natural utterance in such expressions must be capable of accommodating itself to every place and every climate, and that it would have as much room for its exercise among the frozen mountains of the North as under the most smiling sky and genial sun. But the time during which this mythical speech was the common language of mankind, would be a period of transition, in which the idea of existence would be sooner or later expanded into that of personality. Probably before this change had taken place, the yet unbroken Aryan family would be scattered to seek new homes in distant lands; and the gradual change of language, which that dispersion rendered inevitable, would involve a more momentous change in their belief. They would carry away with them the old words and expressions; but these would now be associated with new ideas, or else be imperfectly or wrongly understood. Henceforth, the words which had denoted the sun and moon would denote not merely living things but living persons. From personification to deification the steps would be but few; and the process of disintegration would at once furnish the materials for a vast fabric of mythology. All the expressions which had attached a living force to natural objects would remain as the description of personal and anthropomorphous gods. Every word would become an attribute, and all ideas once grouped round a single object would branch off into distinct personifications. The sun had been the lord of light, the driver of the chariot of the day; he had toiled and laboured for the sons of men, and sunk down to rest, after a hard battle, in the evening. But now the lord of light would be Phoibos Apollôn, while Helios would remain enthroned in his fiery chariot, and his toils and labours and death-struggles would be transferred to Heraklês. The violet clouds which greet his rising and his setting would now be represented by herds of cows which feed in earthly pastures. There would be other expressions which would still remain as floating phrases, not attached to any definite deities. These would gradually be converted into incidents in the life of heroes, and be woven at length into systematic narratives. Finally, these gods or heroes, and the incidents of their mythical career, would receive each "a local habitation and a name." These would remain as genuine history, when the origin and meaning of the words had been either wholly or in part forgotten.

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[1] Tylor, *Primitive Culture*, ii. 404.

Results of mythical language.

But in such a process as this, it is manifest that the men amongst whom it sprang up would not be responsible for the form which it might assume. Words, applied at first simply to outward objects or phenomena, would become the names of personal gods; and the phrases which described those objects would then be transferred to what were now deities to be adored. But it would not follow that a form of thought which might apply, not only without harm but with a marvellous beauty, to things if living yet not personal, would bear translation into the conditions of human life. If in the older speech, the heaven was wedded to the earth, which returned his love with a prodigal fertility, in the later time the name of the heaven would be the name of a god, and that god would necessarily be earthly and sensual. But this developement of a mythology, much of which would inevitably be immoral and even repulsive, would not necessarily exercise a like debasing influence on the morality and practice of the people. It had started with being a sentiment, not a religion,—a personal opinion, but not a moral belief; and the real object of the heart's adoration would remain not less distinct from the creations of mythology than it had been before. Nay, it might be that, with any given people, the tone of thought and the character of society might be more and more raised, even while the incongruous mythological fabric assumed more stupendous proportions. But the first condition of thought, which regarded every object in creation, would have *in itself* only two possible developements. It must issue either in an anthropomorphous polytheism, or in a degrading fetish worship. The character of the people would in each case determine whether the result for them should be an idolatrous terror of inanimate things, or the multiplication of deities with human forms and human passions, mingling with men, and sharing their partialities and their feuds.

Evidence of this developement furnished by the Rig-Veda.

For the proofs of these assertions, we shall look in vain to the earliest Hellenic literature. But the Vedic poems furnish indisputable evidence, that such as this was the origin and growth of Greek and Teutonic mythology. In these poems, the names of many, perhaps of most, of the Greek gods, indicate natural objects which, if endued with life, have not been reduced to human personality. In them Daphnê is still simply the morning twilight ushering in the splendour of the new-born sun; the cattle of Hêlios there are still the light-coloured clouds which the dawn leads out into the fields of the sky. There the idea of Heraklês has not been separated from the image of the toiling and struggling sun, and the glory of the life-giving Hêlios has not been transferred to the god of Delos and Pytho. In the Vedas the myths of Endymion, of Kephalos and Prokris, Orpheus and Eurydikê, are exhibited in the form of detached mythical phrases, which furnished for each their germ.[1] The analysis may be extended indefinitely: but the conclusion can only be, that in the Vedic language we have the foundation, not only of the glowing legends of Hellas, but of the dark and sombre mythology of the Scandinavian and the Teuton. Both alike have grown up chiefly from names which have been grouped around the sun; but the former has been grounded on those expressions which describe the recurrence of day and night, the latter on the great tragedy of nature in the alternation of summer and winter.

Relative age of Greek myths.

Of this vast mass of solar myths, some have emerged into independent legends, others have furnished the groundwork of whole epics, others have remained simply as floating tales whose intrinsic beauty no poet has wedded to his verse. Whether the whole may be classified in order of priority, may be doubtful; but the strong presumption would be, that those which have not been systematised into coherent narratives are the oldest, as not having sufficiently lost their original meaning. At the least, they exhibit to us the substance of mythology in its earliest form. Thus the legends of Kephalos and Prokris, of Daphnê, Narkissos, and Endymiôn, have come down to us in a less artificial form than that of Heraklês, while the myth of Heraklês has been arrested at a less advanced stage than those of Zeus and Apollôn. But all alike can be translated back into mythical expressions, and most of these expressions are found in the

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[1] See the analysis of these myths in Professor Max Müller's essay on "Comparative Mythology," *Chips from a German Workshop*, vol. ii.

Vedas with their strict mythical meaning. The marvellous exuberance of this early language, and the wealth of its synonyms, may well excite astonishment as we watch its divergence into such myths as those of Kephalos and Endymiôn, Heraklês, Daphnê, the Pythian and Delian Apollôn, Phaethôn and Meleagros, Memnôn and Bellerophôn.

Solar myths.

That the form of thought which found utterance in mythical language would lead to the accumulation of a vast number of names for the same object, we have already seen; and so clearly does the mythology of the Aryan nations exhibit the working of this process, that the task of tracing it through the several legends of which it is composed becomes almost a superfluous work. It seems impossible not to see that when the language of mythology was the ordinary speech of daily life, the night laboured and heaved with the birth of the coming day, and that his toil and labour are reproduced in the Homeric hymn, in which Lêtô, the power of forgetfulness and sleep, gives birth to the lord of light in Delos. His coming was preceded by the pale twilight who, in mythical times, drove his cows to their pastures; but in the Odyssey his herds feed at Tainaron or in Thrinakia far away, where Phaethousa and Lampetiê, the bright and gleaming daughters of Neaira, the early morning, tend them at the rising and the setting of the sun. The old mythical feeling is strikingly manifest throughout the whole legend, not merely in the names and office of the wife and children of Helios, but in the delight with which the Sun-god gazes on his cattle at the beginning and the close of his daily course, and in the indignation which prompts him, when they are slain, to hide his light in the regions of the dead. But the sun loves not only the clouds but the dawn who is their leader; and so the dawn comes before us as followed by him, and flying from his love, or else as returning it. The former phrase (" the dawn flies from the sun ") is embodied in the legend of Daphnê, who flies from her lover and vanishes away as he seeks to embrace her. In the tale of Orpheus she appears, under the name of Eurydikê, as the bride of the sun, loved by him and returning his love, yet falling a victim to it, for whether to Daphnê or Eurydikê the brightness of his glance is fatal as he rises higher in the heaven. The same feeling is manifest under a form, if possible, more intense, in the tale of Kephalos and Prokris. "The sun loves the dew," was the old mythical phrase; and it is reproduced in the love of Kephalos (the head of the sun) for Prokris, the glittering dewdrop. But "the morning loves the sun." Eôs seeks to win Kephalos for herself; and her jealousy of Prokris is at once explained. But again the dewdrops each reflect the sun, and Prokris becomes faithless to her lover, while she grants him her love under a new disguise; and finally, when her fault has been atoned, she dies by the spear of Artemis, with which the sun unwittingly strikes her down. It is the old tale of Daphnê and Eurydikê: and Kephalos goes mourning on his solitary journey, labouring not for himself, but for men who need his help, until he sinks to sleep beneath the western sea.

Changeful action of the sun.

But, as we have seen, the sun may be spoken of as either beneficent or destructive, as toiling for the good of men or as slaying them. Sometimes he may sink to rest in quietness and peace, while the moon comes to give him her greeting of love; or he may die after a battle with the struggling clouds, leaving a solitary line of blood-red light behind him. So in the Hellenic legend, Phoibos cannot rest in his birthplace of Lykia or Delos; he must wander far westwards over many lands, through the fair vale of Telphoussa, to his western home in Delphi. There the mighty power of his rays is shown in the death of the great dragon, whose body is left to rot at Pytho. Yet it was strange that the sun, whose influence was commonly for life and gladness, should sometimes vex and slay the sons of men; and so the tale went that plague and pestilence came when Phaethon had taken the place of Helios, and vainly sought to guide aright his fire-breathing horses. So again the legend of Meleagros exhibits only the capricious action of the sun, and the alternations of light and shade are expressed in the sudden exploits and moody sullenness of the hero; but his life is bound up with the torch of day, the burning brand, and when its last spark flickers out the life of the hero is ended. More commonly, however, he is the mighty one labouring on and finally worn out by an unselfish toil, struggling in his hard task for a being who is not worthy of the great and costly sacrifice. So Phoibos Apollôn, with his kinsman Heraklês, serves the Trojan Laomedôn; and so he dwells as a bondman in the house of Admêtos. So likewise, as Bellerophontes, he encounters fearful peril at the bidding of a treacherous host, and dies, like Sarpêdôn and Memnôn, in a quarrel which is not his own. But nowhere is his unutterable toil and scanty reward brought out so prominently as in the whole legend, or rather the mass of unconnected legend, which is gathered round the person of Heraklês. Doomed before his birth to be the slave of a weak and cruel master, he strangles, while yet in his cradle, the serpents of the night, which stung to death the fair Eurydikê. His toils begin. His limbs are endued with an irresistible power, and he has a soul which knows no fear. He may use this power for good or for evil, and his choice for good furnishes the groundwork for the apologue of Prodikos. Other legends there were which perverted this idea; and in these he is exhibited under gross, uncouth, or repulsive forms. But he goes upon his way, and is hurried on through many lands. In all he has mighty works to do, and he fails in none. The remembrance of Iolê may linger in his memory, but there are others who claim his love in the days of his strength and power, and it would seem as though he had forgotten the daughter of Eurytos. But his time draws towards its close: the beautiful maiden, whose face had gladdened him long ago, returns to cheer him in the evening of his life. With her comes the poisoned robe (the mantle of cloud), which he strives in vain to tear away from his bleeding limbs. In a deeper and redder stream flows the life-blood, till, after a convulsive struggle, the strife is closed in the dead silence of night.

Repulsive developements of solar legends.

But it is in the case of Heraklês that the perfect truth of the old mythical language gave rise more especially to that apparently strange and perplexing meaning which repelled and even disgusted the poets and philosophers of Greece. Pindar refuses to believe that any god could be a sensualist or a cannibal; he might in the same spirit have rejected the tales which impute something of meanness or cowardice to the brave and high-souled Heraklês. For Heraklês fights with poisoned arrows, and leaves them as his bequest to Philoktêtês. But the poisoned arrows are the piercing rays which burn in the tropical noon-day, and they reappear as well in the poisoned robe of Deianeira as in that which the Kolchian Medeia professes to have received from her kinsman Hêlios.

Origin of these developements.

A deeper mythical meaning, however, underlies and accounts for the immorality and licence which was introduced into the transmuted legend of Heraklês. The sun looks down on the earth, and the earth answers to his loving glance by her teeming and inexhaustible fertility. In every land she yields her special harvest of fruits and flowers, of corn and wine and oil. Her children are countless, but all spring up under the eye of the sun as he journeys through the wide heaven. It is easy to see what must be the result when the sun is transmuted into the human, yet god-like, Heraklês, and how repulsive that myth must become which, in its primitive form, only told how

> The sunlight clasps the earth,
> And the moonbeams kiss the sea.[1]

The same explanation removes the mystery of the even greater degradation to which the Hellenic mythology reduces Zeus himself, the supreme father of gods and men. He who should be the very type of all purity and goodness becomes the very embodiment of headstrong lust and passion, while the holiness of the lord of life and light is transferred to Apollôn and his virgin sister, Athênê. The difficulty is but slight. Zeus, the Vedic Dyaus, is but another form of Ouranos, the veiling heaven or sky; and again, as in the words of our own poet, who sings how

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[1] Shelley, *Love's Philosophy.*

Nothing in the world is single,
  All things by a law divine
In another's being mingle,

and how

The mountains kiss high heaven,

so Ouranos looked down on Gaîa, and brooded over her in his deep, unfailing, life-giving love. But these are phrases which will not bear translation into the conditions of human life, without degrading the spiritual god into a being who boasts of his unbounded and shameless licence.[1]

Tendency to localise mythical incidents.

The same process which insured this degradation insured at the same time the local boundaries which were assigned to mythical heroes or their mythical exploits. When the adventures of Zeus assumed something like consistency, the original meaning of his name was less and less remembered, until his birthplace was fixed in a Cretan cave, and his throne raised on a Thessalian hill. So Apollôn was born in Lykia or in Delos, and dwelt at Patara or Pytho. So Endymiôn had his tomb in Elis, or slept his long sleep on the hill of Latmos. So Kephalos first met Prokris on the Hymettian heights, and fell from the Leukadian cape into the Western Sea. So, as she wandered westward in search of her lost child, Têlephassa (a name which, like those of Phaethousa, Lampetiê, and Brynhild, tells its own tale), sank to sleep on the Thessalian plain in the evening.

Vitality of the mythopœic faculty.

Yet although much was forgotten, and much also, it may be, lost for ever, the form of thought which produced the old mythical language had not altogether died away. Showing itself sometimes in directly allegorical statement of historical fact, sometimes in similar descriptions of natural objects or of the incidents of common life, it still threw the halo of a living reality over everything of which it spoke. So the flight of Kaunos from Miletos to Lykia, and the sorrow of the sister whom he had left behind, figured the migration of colonists from the one land to the other. So in the Hesiodic

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[1] Mr. Tylor, *Primitive Culture*, i. 261, traces not only such legends, but incestuous marriages, to mythical phrases. To the instances which he gives may be added the marriage of mothers with sons, ascribed by Herodotos to Semiramis.

Theogony, Nyx (night) is the mother of Hypnos, (sleep,) and Oneiros, (dream,) of Eris, (strife,) and Apate, (deceit,) and Mômos, (blame,) where we speak merely of sleeping and dreaming, and of evil deeds wrought in secrecy and darkness.[1]

Constant demand for new mythical narratives.

If, again, the mythology of the Homeric poets, as handed down to us, points to an age long anterior to their own, yet the mythopœic faculty still exerted itself, if not in the invention of myths altogether new, yet in the embellishment and expansion of the old. It was not easy to satisfy the appetite of an imaginative age which had no canon of historical criticism, and which constantly craved its fitting food. It was not easy to exhaust the vein opened in almost every mythical theme. The sun as toiling and suffering, the sky as brooding over and cherishing the earth, the light as gladdening and purifying all visible things, would suggest an infinity of details illustrating each original idea. The multiplication of miracles and marvels stimulated the desire for more; and new labours were invented for Heraklês, new loves for Zeus, as easily as their forefathers uttered the words to which the myths of Zeus and Heraklês owed their existence. The mere fact of their human personification insured the growth of innumerable fictions. If Zeus had the form and the passions of men, then the conditions of his life must be assimilated to theirs. He must have wife and children, he must have father and mother. The latter must be no less divine than himself; but as he is enthroned above them, they must belong to a dynasty which he has overthrown. Their defeat must have been preceded by a long and fierce struggle. Mighty beings of gigantic force must have fought on each side in that tremendous conflict; but the victory must belong to the side which to brute force added wise forethought and prudent counsel.[2] Here would be the foundation for that marvellous supernatural machinery of which we have some indications in the Iliad, and which is drawn out with such careful detail in the Hesiodic Theogony. But Zeus, to whom there were children born in every land, must have his queen; and the jealousy of Hêrê against Iô, or Semelê, or Alkmene would follow as a necessary consequence. The subject might be indefinitely expanded, and each subject would of itself suggest others; but there was no fear that the poet should weary the patience of his hearers, if only his additions, whether of incident or detail, did not violate the laws of mythological credibility. Nothing must be related of Heraklês which was repugnant to the fundamental idea of his toil and suffering for a master weaker than himself; nothing must be told of Athênê which would rather call up associations of the laughter-loving Aphroditê.

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[1] Max Müller, "Comparative Mythology," *Chips from a German Workshop*, ii. [illegible], *et seq.*

[2] Hence the mythical Prometheus.

Transmutation of names really historical.

And, finally, there would be a constant and irresistible temptation to sever historical incidents and characters from the world of reality, and bear them into the cloudland of mythology. Round every hero who, after great promise, died in the spring-time of his life, or on whom the yoke of an unworthy tyrant lay heavy, would be grouped words and expressions which belonged to the myth of the brilliant yet quickly dying sun. The tale of Achilleus and Meleagros may be entirely mythical; but even if it be in part the story of men who really lived and suffered, that story has been so interwoven with images borrowed from the myths of a bygone age, as to conceal for ever any fragments of history which may lie beneath them.[1]

Groundwork of the mythology of Northern Europe.

But if the mythical phrases which gave birth to the legends of Heraklês, Endymion, and Orpheus, of Phaethôn, Meleagros, and Bellerophontes, spoke of the daily course of the sun, there were others which told of alternating seasons. For the character of mythical speech must necessarily be modified, and its very phrases suggested by the outward features and phenomena of the country. The speech of the tropics, and still more, of the happy zone which lies beyond its scorching heat, would tell rather of splendour than of gloom, of life rather than decay, of constant renovation rather than prolonged lethargy. But in the frost-bound regions of the North the speech of the people would, with a peculiar intensity of feeling, dwell on the tragedy of nature. It would speak not so much of the daily death of the sun (for the recurrence of day and night in other lands would bring no darkness to these), but of the deadly sleep of the earth, when the powers of frost and snow had vanquished the brilliant king. It would speak, not of Eôs rising from the Titan's couch, or of Hêlios sinking wearied into his golden couch behind the sea, but of treasures stolen from the earth and buried in her hidden depths beyond the sight and reach of man. It would tell of a fair maiden, wrapped in a dreamless slumber, from which the touch of one brave knight alone could rouse her; it would sing of her rescue, her betrothal, and her desertion, as the sun, who brought back the spring, forsook her for the gay and wanton summer. It would go on to frame tales of strife and jealousy, ending in the death of the bright hero; it would speak of the bride whom he has forsaken as going up to die upon his funeral pile. This woful tragedy, whose long sorrow called forth a deep and intense sympathy which we, perhaps, can scarcely realise, is faintly indicated in the beautiful hymn to Dêmêtêr; but winter, in the bright Hellenic land, assumed a form too fair to leave any deep impression of gloom and death on the popular mythology. The face of nature suggested there the simple tale which speaks of Persephonê as stolen away, but brought back to her mother by a covenant insuring to her a longer sojourn on the bright earth than in the shadowy kingdom of Hades. But how completely the tragedy, to which this hymn points, forms the groundwork of the Volsung myth and of the Edda into which it was expanded, to what an extent it has suggested the most minute details of the great epics of the North, Professor Max Müller has shown, with a force and clearness which leave no room for doubt.[1] Like Achilleus, Sifrit or Sigurd can be wounded only in one spot, as the bright sun of summer cannot grow dim till it is pierced by the thorn of winter. Like Phoibos, who smites the dragon at Pytho, the Northern hero slays the serpent Fafnir, and wins back the treasure of the Niflungar, while he rouses Brynhild from her long slumber.[2] This treasure is the power of vegetation, which has been lulled to sleep by the mists and clouds of winter; the seeds which refuse to grow while Dêmêtêr sorrows for her child Persephonê. The desertion of Brynhild is the advance of spring into summer: and from it follows of necessity the hatred of Brynhild for Gudrun, who has stolen away the love of Sigurd. A dark doom presses heavily on him, darker and more woful than that which weighed down the toiling Heraklês; for the labour of Heraklês issued always in victory, but Sigurd must win his own wife Brynhild only to hand her over to Gunnar. The sun must deliver the bright spring, whom he had wooed and won, to the gloomy powers of cold and darkness. Gudrun only remains; but though outwardly she is fair and bright, she is of kin to the wintry beings, for the late summer is more closely allied to death than to life. Yet Gunnar, her brother, cannot rest; the wrath of the cold has been roused, and he resolves to slay the bright and beautiful Sigurd. The deed is done by Gunnar's brethren—the cloud, the wind, and the storm; and Brynhild, filled again with her early love, lies down to die with him who had forsaken her.

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[1] Max Müller, "Comparative Mythology," *Chips, &c.*, vol. ii. 112.

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[1] "Comparative Mythology," p. 108, &c. The story of Sigurd and Brynhild comes up again in the legends of Ragnar and Thora, and again of Ragnar and Aslauga. Like Brynhild, Thora with the earth's treasure is guarded by a dragon whose coils encircle her castle; and only the man who slays the dragon can win her for his bride. But Ragnar Lodbrog, who so wins her, is still the son of Sigurd. Thora dies, and Ragnar at length woos the beautiful Kraka, whom, however, he is on the point of deserting for the daughter of Osten, when Kraka reveals herself as the child of Sigurd and Brynhild. See Thorpe's *Northern Mythology*, vol. i. pp. 108, 113.

[2] The same myth, as we might expect, forms the subject of several of the "Sculptured Stones" of Scotland. "The legend of a dragon holding a maiden in thrall until he is slain by a valiant knight, occurs more than once." —Burton, *History of Scotland*, vol. i. p. 150.

Ground-work of the "Homeric" mythology.

Phrases similar to those which gave birth to the legends of the Volsungs and the Nibelungs lie at the root of the epics to which Greek genius has imparted such wonderful consistency and beauty. Yet it can scarcely be too often repeated, that these poets adopted as much of the popular mythology as suited their purpose, and no more. If casual expressions throughout these poems leave no room to doubt that they knew of wars among the heavenly beings, of the dethronement of Kronos, the good service and the hard recompense of Promêtheus, and the early death of Achilleus, it appears not less manifest, that the idea of Oinônê and of her relations to Paris could not have dawned for the first time on the mind of a later age. It was no part of the poet's design to furnish a complete mythology; and the Iliad exhibits only that process of disintegration which was perpetually multiplying new tales and new beings from the old mythical language. In no instance, perhaps, is this process brought out with greater clearness than in that of Paris. This son of Priam, as leading away the beautiful Helen from the far west and hiding her through ten long years in his secret chambers, represents the dark power which steals the light from the western sky, and sustains a ten hours' conflict before he will yield her up again. Paris thus is Pani, the dark thief of the Vedic songs, who hides the bright cattle of Indra in his dismal caves; in other words, he is Vritra, the veiling enemy, and Ahi, the throttling serpent of night. Such is he in his relations to Menelaos and the children of the Sun, who come to reclaim the lost Helen. But among his own people Paris is the most prominent actor in the great drama which ends in the fall of Ilion. The night has its beauty, although, as with Kirke, with Kalypso, and with Ursula, this beauty may be a thing rather to be feared than loved. Paris, therefore, is beautiful, he is brave, and he is fated to bring ruin on his kinsfolk; for the night not less than the day slays its parents, and falls a victim to its own offspring. Like Perseus, Telephos, and others among the host of fatal children, the babe is exposed on the slopes of Ida. Nourished by a bear, he grows up beautiful in form; and if his love is sensual, so also in many myths is that of Heraklês.[1] If, again, after the seduction of Helen, his former bravery gives place to sullen or effeminate inaction, the same change is seen in Meleagros and Achilleus. If he is capricious, so are they; and each sits burnishing his golden armour in his tent or his secret chamber, making ready for the fight, yet doing nothing. If, again, it is by the weapon of Paris that Achilleus is to fall in the western gates, the arrow which slays Paris is drawn from the quiver of Heraklês. But with the fatal wound comes back the love of Paris for the lost Oinônê; and not less forgiving than Prokris to the faithless Kephalos, Oinônê stands before him. With a soft and tender grief she gazes on the face which had once filled the whole earth for her with beauty. She sees his life-blood flowing away; but though she has the power of the soft evening time to soothe the woes of mortal men, she cannot heal the poisoned wound which is slaying Paris. But with the death of him who once was called Alexandros, the light of her life is gone. Paris rests in the sleep of death, and Oinônê lies down to die by his side.

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[1] The term γυναιμανής, as applied to Paris, only translates in a somewhat strengthened form a common epithet of Indra and of the black Krishna, the nocturnal sun, who, like the son of Priam, are "the lovers of the girls," "the husbands of the brides." The idea would not fail to assume a sensual aspect when the actors of the tale were invested with human personality.

Comparison of Greek and Norse mythology.

The Iliad is, in short, the Volsung tale, as wrought out by the poets of a bright and fertile land.[1] Yet, if the harsh climate of the north modified the Norse mythology, it also moulded indefinitely the national character, and the two acted and reacted on each other. Bred up to fight with nature in a constant battle for existence, the

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[1] The Hellenic myths can no longer be regarded as exponents of abstract physical truths or theories. There can be no doubt that (whatever appearance of such a system may have been imparted to it by the priests), the supposition does not apply with more force even to Egyptian mythology. In Egypt, as well as in Greece and Northern Europe, we have again the solar legend. The spring was the time of festival, the autumn of fast and mourning. It would almost seem as though the Egyptian myths were in this respect more closely akin to those of Northern than of Southern Europe.—See Milman, *History of Christianity*, vol. i. p. 13. Compare also the Surtr of the Icelandic mythology, Dasent's "Norsemen in Iceland," *Oxford Essays* for 1858, p. 198.

The groundwork of the *Volsunga Saga*, of the tales of Helen, Alkestis, Sarpêdôn, and Memnon, reappears in the legends and the worship of Adonis. The origin of the myth is in this case self-evident, while the grossness of the forms which it has assumed shows the degree to which such legends may either influence or be modified by national characteristics or the physical conditions of a country. Even in their worst aspects, Zeus and Odin retain some majesty and manly power; but in the legend of Adonis, the idea of the sun as calling the earth back to life has been sensualised to a degree far beyond the sensuousness of Greek or Teutonic mythology. In fact, the image of Dêmêtêr has passed by a very easy transmutation into that of Aphroditê: but there not only remains the early death of Adonis, but it is assigned to the very cause which cuts short the life of Achilleus, Sigurd, Baldur, and Meleagros. The boar's tusk, which reappears in the myth of Odysseus, is but the thorn of winter and the poisoned robe of Heraklês; and accordingly there were versions which affirmed that it was Apollôn who, in the form of a boar, killed the darling of Aphroditê. The division of time also varies. In some legends the covenant is the same as that which is made with Dêmêtêr for Persephonê. In others, he remains four months with Hades, four with Aphroditê, while the remaining four, being at his own disposal, he chooses to spend with the latter.

Northman became fearless, honest, and truthful, ready to smite and ready to forgive, shrinking not from pain himself and careless of inflicting it on others. Witnessing everywhere the struggle of conflicting forces, he was tempted to look on life as a field for warfare, and to own no law for those who were not bound with him in ties of blood and friendship. Hence there was impressed on him a stern and fierce character, exaggerated not unfrequently into a gross and brutal cruelty; and his national songs reflected the repulsive not less than the fairer aspect of his disposition. In the Volsung tale, as in the later epics, there is much of feud, jealousy, and bloodshed, much which to the mind of a less tumultuous age must be simply distasteful or even horrible. To what extent this may be owing to their own character it may perhaps be difficult to determine with precision; yet it would seem rash to lay to their charge the special kinds of evil dealing of which we read in their great national legends. It is not easy to believe that the relations between Sigurd and Gunnar were (even rarely) realised in the actual life of the Norwegian or the Icelander. But whether with the Greek or the Northman, all judgment is premature until we have decided whether we are or are not dealing with legends which, whether in whole or in part, have sprung from the mythical expressions of which the meaning has been more or less forgotten. We can draw no inference from the actions of Zeus or Heraklês as to the character of the Greeks; we cannot take the fatal quarrels of Brynhild, Gunnar, and Sigurd as any evidence of the character of the Northman.

Special characteristics of Greek mythology.

Living in a land of icebound fjords and desolate fells, hearing the mournful wail of the waving pine-branches, looking on the stern strife of frost and fire, witnessing year by year the death of the short-lived summer, the Northman was inured to sombre if not gloomy thought, to the rugged independence of the country as opposed to the artificial society of a town. His own sternness was but the reflexion of the land in which he lived; and it was reflected, in its turn, in the tales which he told, whether of the heroes or the gods.[1] The Greek, dwelling in sunnier regions, where the interchange of summer and winter brought with it no feelings of overpowering gloom, exhibited in his words and songs the happiness which he experienced in himself. Caring less, perhaps, to hold communion with the silent mountains and the heaving sea, he was drawn to the life of cities, where he could share his joys and sorrows with his kinsmen. The earth was his mother: the gods who dwelt on Olympos had the likeness of men without their pains or their doom of death. There Zeus sat on his golden throne, and beside him was the glorious Apollôn, not the deified man,[1] but the sun-god invested with a human personality. But (with whatever modifications caused by climate and circumstances) both were inheritors of a common mythology, which with much that was beautiful and good united also much that was repulsive and immoral. Both, from the ordinary speech of their common forefathers, had framed a number of legends which had their gross and impure aspects, but for the grossness of which they were not (as we have seen), and they could not be, responsible.

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[1] It was reflected most of all in the terrific pictures drawn of Ragnarok, the Twilight of the Gods, in which Odin and the Æsir will be overthrown, and the fall of the world tree Yggdrasil will complete the destruction of the earth, and end the long Aiôn of the gods of Asgard. For an excellent description of this great catastrophe see Brown, *Religion and Mythology of the Aryans of Northern Europe*, § 15. But the belief of the Norsemen did not stop short with this direful ruin. From the dead sun springs a daughter more beautiful than her sire, and mankind starts afresh from the Life-raiser and his bride Life. For this regeneration see Brown, *ibid.*, § 17.

Full developement of Greek mythology.

But if the mythology of the Greeks is in substance and in developement the same as that of the North, they differed widely in their later history. That of the Greeks passed through the stages of growth, maturity, and decay, without any violent external repression. The mythical language of the earliest age had supplied them with an inexhaustible fountain of legendary narrative; and the tales so framed had received an implicit belief, which, though intense and unquestioning, could scarcely be called religious, and in no sense could be regarded as moral. And just because the belief accorded to it was not moral, the time came gradually when thoughtful men rose through earnest effort (rather, we would say, through Divine guidance) to the conviction of higher and clearer truth. If even the Greek of the Heroic age found in his mythology neither a rule of life nor the ideal of that Deity whom in his heart he really worshipped, still less would this be the case with the poets and philosophers of later times. For Æschylos Zeus was the mere name[2] of a god whose actions were not those of the son of Kronos; to Sophokles it made no difference whether he were called Zeus or by any other name, as long as he might retain the conviction of His eternity and His righteousness.[3] If from his own moral perception

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[1] The common mythology of the whole Aryan race goes against the supposition that Apollôn and Athèné owe their existence to man-worship and woman-worship respectively. Athênê was to the Greek an embodiment of moral and intellectual greatness. The absence or deterioration of the former converts Athênê into the Kolchian Medeia. The latter type, when still further degraded, becomes the Latin Canidia, a close approximation to the ordinary witch of modern superstition.

[2] *Agamemnon*, 160.

[3] *Oid. Tyr.*, 903.

Pindar refused to credit charges of gluttony or unnatural crime against the gods, no violent shock was given to the popular belief; and even Sokrates might teach the strictest responsibility of man to a perfectly impartial judge, even while he spoke of the mythical tribunal of Minos, Rhadamanthys, and Aiakos.[1] He was accused indeed of introducing new gods. This charge he denied, and with truth: but in no sense whatever was he a worshipper of the Olympian Zeus, or of the Phoibos who smote the Pythian dragon.

Arrested growth of Northern mythology.

As compared with the Greek, the mythology of Northern Europe was arrested almost in its middle growth. After a fierce struggle, Christianity was forced upon the reluctant Northmen long before poets could rise among them to whom the sensuality or ferocity of their mythology would be repulsive or revolting, long before philosophers could have evolved a body of moral belief, by the side of which the popular mythology might continue peacefully to exist. By a sudden revolution, Odin and the Æsir, the deities of the North, were hurled from their ancient thrones, before the dread Twilight of the Gods had come. Henceforth they could only be regarded either as men or as devils. The former alternative made Odin a descendant of Noah;[2] by the latter, the celestial hierarchy became malignant spirits riding on the storm-cloud and the whirlwind. If these gods had sometimes been beneficent before, they were never beneficent now. All that was beautiful and good in the older belief had been transferred to the Christian ideas of chivalry and saintliness, which furnished a boundless field and inexhaustible nourishment for the most exuberant inventive faculty.[3] The demons of Hesiod were the spirits of the good who had died the painless death of the Golden Age; but even in heathen times they were gradually invested with a malignant character.[4] With Thor and Odin the transmutation was more rapid and complete; and Frigga and Freya became beings full of a wisdom and power which they used only for evil. The same character passed to those who were, or professed to be, their votaries; and the assumption of an unlawful knowledge paved the way for that persecution of a fictitious witchcraft which has stamped an indelible disgrace on mediæval Christendom.[5]

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[1] Plato, *Gorgias*, lxxx.

[2] Grote, *History of Greece*, vol. i. p. 264.

[3] Grote, *History of Greece*, vol. i. p. 628. M. de Montalembert's History, *Les Moines d'Occident*, is a storehouse of legends belonging to the ideal of saintliness.

[4] Grote, *History of Greece*, i. 96.

[5] Lecky, *History of the Rise and Influence of Rationalism in Europe*, vol. i. ch. i. Some valuable remarks on this subject may be found in Mr. Price's preface to Warton's *History of English Poetry*. (P. 57.) It was this idea of a knowledge gained unlawfully from evil

Light thrown on both by the Vedic hymns.

So marvellous is that chronicle of heathen mythology, as it lies spread out before us in the light of the ancient speech, marvellous not only as showing how nations, utterly severed from each other, preserved their common inheritance, but as laying bare that early condition of thought without which mythology could never have had a being. Yet, if it has much to astonish us, it has nothing to bewilder or even to perplex, for the simultaneous developement of the same myths by countless tribes unknown to each other would be a marvel too vast even for the greediest credulity to swallow—a standing miracle without purpose and without meaning. To the earliest records of Aryan literature is due the discovery that the vehement accusations of Christian controversialists and the timid explanations of heathen apologists were alike unfounded,[1] that the impersonations of the old mythology had no substantial existence, and that the mythical narratives which grew up around them were not wrought out by a vile and corrupt imagination deliberately profaning the deposit of a revealed truth which it was hopeless that they should understand. To the language of the early Vedic hymns we owe our knowledge that the developement of such a mythology was inevitable, and that the phrases of that early speech, when their original meaning was once forgotten or misapprehended, would give rise to just those coarse, sensual, and immoral images, from which the purer feeling of later times would instinctively recoil.

Stages in the growth of mythical systems.

Step by step this analysis of mythology leads us back to what would seem to be the earliest condition of the human mind, and from that onwards through the mythopœic age to the philosophy of historical Greece. On the general character of its course there can be no doubt, nor is the question materially affected by the hypothesis that a period of pure monotheism intervened between the earliest time and that which multiplied the mythical inhabitants of Asgard or Olympos.[2] In one sense the supposition may be true: in another it might be truer to say that the monotheism so attained never died away. It was impossible that any real fetish worship could arise while man had not arranged his first conceptions with regard to the nature of all material things, or even to his own. If from the consciousness of his own existence he attributed the

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spirits which, far more perhaps than a habit of submission to church authority, impeded or repressed all researches in physical science. Gerbert of Ravenna (Sylvester II.) and Roger Bacon alike acquired the reputation of dabbling in diabolical lore. In the time of Galileo, the accusers confined themselves to the simple charge of an unlawful use of human intellect.

[1] Grote, *History of Greece*, part i. ch. i. p. 15.

[2] Dasent, *Norse Tales*, introduction, p. lxvii. Max Müller, "Semitic Monotheism;" *Chips from a German Workshop*, vol. i.

same existence to all outward objects, he did so, as we have seen, without drawing any distinctions between consciousness and personality. The idea of their divinity in any sense would be an inference, not a sensation; and the analysis of language, which shows that all predicative words are the expression of general ideas, does not show us that the human mind was immediately exercised by any train of connected reasoning. If, however, this earliest state was not followed by one which invested outward things with a personal life, if in some way men could believe in a malignant yet unconscious and nonsentient power residing in stones and rocks, there would at once be developed a fetish worship, the most degrading and the most hopeless, which, if expanded at all, could issue only in a polytheism of devils. Yet even here some faint perceptions might remain of moral qualities, unless we believe that the Divine likeness might be wholly blotted out; but is it possible to account for the loathsome earthliness of some forms of heathenism, except by the hypothesis that on them the idea of Deity has never dawned? If, however, when gradually awakened, the consciousness of their own personality might lead others to attribute the same personal life to outward objects, the deification of these objects or powers would not follow as an immediate or even as a necessary consequence. For a long time they might scarcely be conscious of the degree to which they personified them; or they might continue to look upon them as beings condemned to the same life of toil and trouble with themselves. Such a thought, it is obvious, might lead at once to the idea of One (distinct from all that they saw or heard), who ordained this life of labour; and the conviction of a supreme God, the Maker of all things, might take possession of the mind.[1] But it is not less clear that such a conviction would not necessarily affect their ideas as to what they saw in the world around them. The Sun in all his various aspects, the Morning, the Evening, and the Night, might become more and more personal, even while the belief in a God exalted high above all might continue to gain strength. In other words, the foundation of their moral belief would at once be distinct from the foundation of their future mythology. Still, except to the thoughtful few, the personality of the great objects of the natural world would be more and more exalted, even while it assumed more and more a strictly human form. The result would be a polytheism of anthropomorphous gods, in which the chief divinities would be the heaven and the sun. To the former, as covering and shielding all things, would be assigned those attributes which almost make us look on the Olympian Zeus and the Teutonic Alfadir as faint reflexions of Him who has made and loves mankind. But neither for the majesty of Zeus or Odin, nor for the unsullied purity of Phoibos Apollôn, of Athênê, or of Artemis, need we look further than to mythical phrases, which spoke once of Dyaus, Varuna, or Indra.

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[1] This state might also easily pass into Eastern dualism. The developement of the Hellenic mind was more wholesome. The prevalence of evil never led it to regard evil as co-ordinate with good. For the parallel growth of Hebrew idolatry with that of the religion of Jehovah, see Kalisch, *Historical and Critical Commentary on the Old Testament*, "Leviticus," part i. ch. xxiii. p. 380.

CHAPTER V.

DIFFUSION OF MYTHS.

CHAP. V.

The common element in Aryan mythology.

If in the legends of any people we find a number of names which explain themselves, if further the exploits of the gods or heroes who bear these names are in strict accordance with those meanings, then at once we are warranted in conjecturing that other names in the same legends not yet interpreted may be of the same nature, while at the same time a basis is furnished for classifying the several stories. If further we find that in the traditions of different Aryan tribes, or even of the same tribe, the same characters reappear with no other difference than that of title and local colouring, the inference is justified that a search into the mythical stores of all the Aryan tribes would disclose the same phenomenon. If here too our conjectures are verified, it will be impossible to withstand the conclusion that these tribes must have started from a common centre, and that from their ancient home they must have carried away, if not the developed myth, yet the quickened germ from which might spring leaves and fruits varying in form and hue according to the soil to which it should be committed, and the climate under which the plant might reach maturity. These variations in the names, it may be, of all the actors, as well as in the minor details of their career, would prove, in exact proportion to the fidelity with which the essential type was preserved, that this germ was furnished by the every-day speech of the people, or, in other words, by their way of regarding the phenomena of the outward world. If these facts are established, two important consequences follow: I. The hypothesis of any conscious borrowing or adaptation of myths on a large scale by one tribe from another after their separation from the common home becomes untenable, unless we assume an amount of intercourse between them far in excess of any for which we have the evidence of history; and the clearest proof of direct importation in the case of any given story or fable which does not belong to the genuine mythology of a people fails to throw any suspicion on the latter.

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If the process of analysis and comparison will have deprived these legends of all claim to the character of historical traditions; and even if it were maintained in the last resort that the myth as brought from the common home grew up from some historical fact or facts, still no such title can be made out for the same incidents when we find them repeated in the same order and with the same issue in different ages and different lands. If in the primæval home there was a war brought about by the carrying off of a beautiful woman, a strife between two chieftains, and a time of inaction for the hero of the story followed by his signal victory and his early death, then unquestionably these incidents, with a hundred others common to the background of these legends, did not repeat themselves at Ilion and Delphoi, in Ithaka and Norway, in Lykia and Iran.

The Greek mythology of itself explains the nature of this common element.

This is the goal to which we must be brought if the track be of this kind; and the matter may perhaps be soonest brought to an issue if we take the most complicated myths of the Hellenic tribes as our starting-point. We can scarcely read the legends of Herakles and Dêmêtêr, of Theseus, Kadmos, Perseus, and a host of other mythical heroes, without feeling that a few simple phrases might well have supplied the germ for the most intricate of these traditions. Every incident in the myth of the Eleusinian Dêmêtêr may be accounted for, if only men once said (with the conviction that the things of which they spoke had a conscious life), "The earth mourns for the dead summer. The summer lies shut up in the prison of Hades, the unseen"—or, as in the language of the Northman, "She sleeps in the land of the Niflungs, the cold mists, guarded by the serpent Fafnir; and the dwarf Andvari keeps watch over her buried treasures." The tale of Endymion seems to speak for itself; "The moon comes to gaze on her beloved, the sun, as he lies down to sleep in the evening." In the story of Niobê, we seem to see the sun in his scorching power, consuming those who dare to face his dazzling brightness; in that of Orpheus, we seem to hear his lamentation for the beautiful evening which has been stung by the serpent of the night, and which he brings back to life only to lose her at the gates of day. In the myth of Eurôpê we have the journey of the sun from the far East to the Western land, until Têlephassa, the far-shining, sinks down wearied on the Thessalian plain. Still more transparent appear the tales of Kephalos and Daphnê. Prokris, even in the mouth of the Greek, is still the child of Hersê, the dew: Eôs is still the morning, Kephalos still the head of the bright sun. In Daphnê we seem to behold the dawn flying from her lover and shrinking before his splendour. In the Homeric Hymn, Lêtô, the night, dark and still as death, promises that Phoibos shall long abide in Delos, the bright land. Doubtless she made the same promise to Lykians, Argives, Arkadians, Athenians, and all others who called themselves the children of the light; but the sun cannot tarry, and in spite of her plighted word he hastens onward to slay the serpent of darkness. In Heraklês we see the sun in other guise, loving and beloved wherever he goes, seeking to benefit the sons of men, yet sometimes harming them in the exuberance of his boisterous strength. In the tale of Althaia we read the sentence that the bright sun must die when the torch of day is burnt out. In Phaethon we seem to see the plague of drought which made men say, "Surely another, who cannot guide the horses, is driving the chariot of the sun." The beautiful herds, which the bright and glistening daughters of early morning feed in the pastures of Thrinakia, seem to tell us of the violet-coloured clouds which the dawn spreads over the fields of the blue sky. In Bellerophôn, as in Perseus, Theseus, Phoibos, and Heraklês, we find again the burden laid on the sun, who must toil for others, although the forms of that toil may vary. Perseus goes to the dwelling of the Graiai, as men might have said, "The sun has departed to the land of the pale gloaming." When Perseus slays Medousa, the sun has killed the night in its solemn and death-like beauty, while the wild pursuit of the immortal Gorgons seems to be the chase of Darkness after the bright Sun who, with his golden sandals, just escapes their grasp as he soars into the peaceful morning sky, the Hyperborean gardens, which sorrow, strife, and death can never enter. In the death of Akrisios we have the old tale which comes up in many another legend, where Oidipous and Theseus mourn that they have unwittingly slain their fathers.

The Norse mythology points in precisely the same direction.

If the Greek legends by themselves thus exhibit, or seem to exhibit, their ancient framework, the Norse tradition points with at the least equal clearness in the same direction. If any now can be found to assert that the one set of legends were copied from the other, he not only maintains a theory which hangs on a single thread,[1] but he displays a credulity which needs not to shrink from the avowal that the whole of the Arabian Nights' Entertainments is a genuine and veracious history. The wildest prejudice can scarcely shelter itself behind these treacherous and crumbling barriers, although it may urge that, whether in Teutonic or in Greek mythology, the dawn, the evening, and the night, the toiling and capricious sun, are already persons with human forms and a fixed local habitation. But even this position would be greatly strained. Mr. Grote himself allows that what he terms allegory is one of the constituent elements of Greek mythology.[1] But even if we admit the objection in its full force, we lack but a single link to complete the chain of evidence and turn an overwhelming probability into fact. Have we any records of that old time in which men spoke as Greek and Norse myths seem to tell us that they spoke? Have we any actual relics of that speech in which men talked of Daphnê as chased by Phoibos, even while Daphnê was still a common name of the dawn, and Phoibos meant simply the sun?[2]

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[1] Dasent, *Popular Tales from the Norse*, introduction, p. xliii.

The missing link is supplied in the older Vedic poems.

The Vedic hymns of the Mantra period stand forth to give us the answer; but they do so only to exhibit a fresh marvel. While they show to us the speech which was afterwards petrified into the forms of Greek and Norse mythology, they point to a still earlier time, of which no record has come down, and of which we can have no further evidence than that which is furnished by the laws which determine the growth of language. Even in the Mantra period, the earliest in all Sanskrit, and therefore (as exhibiting the earliest form of thought) the oldest in all human literature,[3] the whole grammar is definitely fixed, and religious belief has assumed the character of a creed. And if in this period man has not lived long enough to trace analogies and arrive at some idea of an order of nature, he has grown into the strongest conviction that behind all the forms which come before his eyes there is a Being, unseen and all-powerful, whose bidding is done throughout the wide creation, and to whom men may draw nigh as children to a father.

The key to all Aryan mythology.

When, therefore, in these hymns, Kephalos, Prokris, Hermes, Daphnê, Zeus, Ouranos, stand forth as simple names for the sun, the dew, the wind, the dawn, the heaven and the sky, each recognised as such, yet each endowed with the most perfect consciousness, we feel that the great riddle of mythology is solved, and that we no longer lack the key which shall disclose its most hidden treasures. When we hear the people saying, "Our friend the sun is dead. Will he rise? Will the dawn come back again?" we see the death of Heraklês, and the weary waiting while Lêtô struggles with the birth of Phoibos. When on the return of day we hear the cry—

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[1] *History of Greece*, vol. i. p. 2.

[2] It is scarcely necessary to say that on this evidence of language Grimm lays the greatest possible stress. The affinity of the dialects spoken by all Teutonic and Scandinavian tribes being admitted, we have to consider the fact of their joint possession of terms relating to religious worship. "If," he says, "we are able to produce a word used by the Goths in the fourth century, by the Alemanni in the eighth, in exactly the same form and sense as it continues to bear in the Norse authorities of the twelfth or thirteenth century, the affinity of the German faith with the Norse, and the antiquity of the latter, are thereby vindicated." Thus of the identity of their mythic notions and nomenclature "the agreement of the O.H.G. *muspilli*, O.Sax. *mudspelli*, with the Eddic *muspell*, of the O.H.G. *itis*, A.Sax. *ides*, with the Eddic *dîs*, or of the A.Sax. *brosinga-mene* with the Eddic *brîsingamen*, affords perfectly conclusive evidence."—*Teutonic Mythology*, Stallybrass.

[3] Max Müller, *History of Sanskrit Literature*, pp. 528, 557.

"Rise! our life, our spirit is come back, the darkness is gone, the light draws near!"

—we are carried at once to the Homeric hymn, and we hear the joyous shout of all the gods when Phoibos springs to life and light in Delos.[1] The tale of Urvasî and Purûravas[2] (these are still the morning and the sun) is the tale of Orpheus and Eurydikê. Purûravas, in his dreary search, hears the voice of Urvasî saying, "I am gone like the first of the dawns; I am hard to be caught, like the wind." Yet she will come back to him at the close of the night, and a son, bright and beaming, shall be born to them. Varuna is still the wide heaven, the god "who can be seen by all," the lord of the whole earth: but in him we recognise at once the Greek Ouranos, who looks lovingly on Gaia from his throne in the sky. Yet more, we read the praises of Indra, and his great exploit is that

"He has struck the daughter of Dyaus (Zeus), a woman difficult to vanquish—

"Yes, even the daughter of Dyaus, the magnified, the Dawn, thou, O Indra, a great hero hast ground to pieces.[3]

"The Dawn rushed off from her crushed car, fearing that Indra, the bull, might strike her.

"This her car lay there, well ground to pieces: she went far away."

The treatment is rude, but we have here not merely the whole story of Daphnê, but the germ of that of Eurôpê borne by the same bull across the sea. More commonly, however, the dawn is spoken of as bright, fair, and loving, the joy of all who behold her.

"She shines upon us like a young wife, rousing every living being to go to his work.

"She rose up, spreading far and wide (Euryganeia, Eurydikê), and moving towards every one. She grew in brightness, wearing her brilliant garment. The mother of the cows (the morning clouds, the

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[1] ἐκ δ' ἔθορε πρὸ φόωσδε· θεαὶ δ' ὀλόλυξαν ἅπασαι.
Hymn to Apollo, 119.

[2] In the essay on Comparative Mythology, Professor Max Müller has given not only the older forms of this myth, but a minute analysis of the play of Kalidâsa on this subject. This poem is very instructive, as showing that the character of the Homeric Achilleus adheres as closely to the original idea as do those of Urvasî and Purûravas in the later poetry of Kalidâsa. For the Semitic expressions of a like feeling see Brown, *Great Dionysiak Myth*, i. 245.

[3] Gubernatis, *Zoological Mythology*, i. 13.

Homeric herds of the sun), the leader of the days, she shone gold-coloured, lovely to behold.

"She, the fortunate, who brings the eye of the god (Kephalos, or the one-eyed Odin), who leads the white and lovely steed (of the sun), the Dawn was seen revealed by her rays; with brilliant treasures she follows every one.

"Shine for us with thy best rays, thou bright Dawn, thou who lengthenest our life, thou the love of all, who givest us food, who givest us wealth in cows, horses, and chariots.

"Thou, daughter of the sky (Dyaus, Zeus), thou high-born Dawn give us riches high and wide."[1]

Still more remarkable, as exhibiting the germs of the ideas which find their embodiment in the Hellenic Athênê and the Latin Minerva, is the following hymn.

"The wise priests celebrate with hymns the divine, bright-charioted expanded Dawn; worshipped with holy worship, purple-tinted, radiant, leading on the sun.

"The lovely Dawn, arousing man, goes before the Sun, preparing practicable paths, riding in a spacious chariot; expanding everywhere she diffuses light at the commencement of the days.

"Harnessing the purple oxen to her car, unwearied she renders riches perpetual; a goddess praised of many, and cherished by all, she shines manifesting the paths that lead to good.

"Lucidly white is she, occupying the two (regions, the upper and middle firmament), and manifesting her person from the East: she traverses the path of the sun, as if knowing (his course), and harms not the quarters of the horizon.

"Exhibiting her person like a well-attired female, she stands before our eyes (gracefully) inclining like (a woman who has been) bathing (Aphroditê Anadyomenê). Dispersing the hostile glooms, Ushas, the daughter of heaven, comes with radiance.

"Ushas, the daughter of heaven, tending to the West, puts forth her beauty like a (well-dressed) woman; bestowing precious treasures on the offerer of adoration, she, ever youthful, brings back the light as of old."[2]

Germs of mythical tales.

We can but wonder at the marvellous exuberance of language, almost every expression of which may manifestly serve as the germ of a mythical tale. We say, "The fire burns, the wood crackles and smokes." They said,

"Neighing like a horse that is greedy for food, it steps out from the strong prison: then the wind blows after his blast; thy path, O Agni (Ignis), is dark at once."

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[1] Max Müller, *History of Sanskrit Literature*, p. 551.

[2] H. H. Wilson, *Rig Veda Sanhita*, vol. iii. p. 369.

Truthfulness of mythical description.

The Latin carried with him the name of the Hindu Fire-god to little purpose. In the hands of the Greek similar phrases on the searching breath of the wind grew up into the legend of Hermes. Nor can it be said that the instinct of the Greek was less true than that of the old Vedic poet to the sights of the natural world. If we recur with feelings of undiminished pleasure to the touching truthfulness of the language which tells of the Dawn as the bright being whom age cannot touch, although she makes men old, who thinks on the dwellings of men and shines on the small and great, we feel also that the "Homeric" poet, even while he spoke of a god in human form born in Delos, was not less true to the original character of the being of whom he sang. He thought of the sun rising in a cloudless heaven, and he told how the nymphs bathed the lord of the golden sword in pure water, and wrapped him in a spotless robe.[1] Still, although the stress of the hymn lies wholly on the promise of Leto that her child shall have his chief home in Delos, the poet feels that Delos alone can never be his home, and so he sang how Apollôn went from island to island, watching the ways and works of men; how he loved the tall sea-cliffs, and every jutting headland, and the rivers which hasten to the broad sea, even though he came back with ever fresh delight to his native Delos.[2]

Groundwork of Aryan Mythology.

Thus the great mystery of Greek as of other mythology is dispelled like mist from the mountain-side at the rising of the sun. All that is beautiful in it is invested with a purer radiance, while much, if not all, that is gross and coarse in it is refined, or else its grossness is traced to an origin which reflects no disgrace on those who framed or handed down the tale. Thus, with the keynote ringing in our ears, we can catch at once every strain that belongs to the ancient harmony, although it may be heard amid the din of many discordant voices. The groundwork of Greek mythology was the ordinary speech which told of the interchange of day and night, of summer and winter; but into the superstructure there may have been introduced any amount of local or personal detail, any number of ideas and notions imported from foreign philosophical or religious systems. The extent of such importations is probably far less than is generally imagined; but however this may be, the original matter may still be traced, even where it exists only in isolated fragments. The robe with which Medeia poisons the daughter of Kreôn was a gift from Helios, the burning sun, and is seen again as the poisoned robe which Deianeira sends to the absent Heraklês; as the deadly arrow by which Philoktetes mortally wounds the Trojan Paris; as the golden fleece taken from the ram which bears away the children of (Nephelê) the mist; as the sword which Aigeus leaves under the stone for Theseus, the son of Aithra, the pure air; as the spear of Artemis which never misses its mark; as the sword of Perseus which slays all on whom it may fall; as the unerring weapons of Meleagros; as the fatal lance which Achilleus alone can wield. The serpents of night or of winter occur in almost every tale, under aspects friendly or unkind. The dragon sleeps coiled round Brynhild or Aslauga, as the snakes seek to strangle the infant Heraklês or sting the beautiful Eurydikê. If the power of the sun's rays is set forth under such different forms, their beauty is signified by the golden locks of Phoibos, over which no razor has ever passed;[1] by the flowing hair which streams from the head of Kephalos, and falls over the shoulders of Perseus and Bellerophôn. They serve also sometimes as a sort of Palladion, and the shearing of the single golden lock which grew on the top of his head leaves Nisos, the Megarian king, powerless as the shorn Samson in the arms of the Philistines. In many of the legends these images are mingled together, or recur under modified forms. In the tale of Althaia there is not only the torch of day which measures the life of Meleagros, but the weapons of the chieftain which no enemy may withstand. In that of Bellerophôn there are the same invincible weapons, while the horrible Chimaira answers to the boar of Kalydon, or to that of Erymanthos which fell by the arm of Heraklês.

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[1] ἔνθα σε, ἤϊε Φοῖβε, θεαὶ λοῦον ὕδατι καλῷ
ἁγνῶς καὶ καθαρῶς· σπάρξαν δ' ἐν φάρεϊ λευκῷ
λεπτῷ νηγατέῳ.
Hymn to Apollo, 120.

This is the white and glistening robe in which Cyrus and Arthur are wrapped, when they are carried away from the house in which they were born.

[2] Αὐτὸς δ', ἀργυρότοξε, ἄναξ, ἑκατηβόλ' Ἄπολλον,
ἄλλοτε μέν τ' ἐπὶ Κύνθου ἐβήσαο παιπαλόεντος,
ἄλλοτε δ' αὖ νήσους τε καὶ ἀνέρας ἠλάσκαζες·
. . . . . .
πᾶσαι δὲ σκοπιαί τε φίλαι καὶ πρώονες ἄκροι
ὑψηλῶν ὀρέων, ποταμοί θ' ἅλαδε προρέοντες·
. . . . . .
ἀλλὰ σύ Δήλῳ, Φοῖβε, μάλιστ' ἐπιτέρπεαι ἦτορ.
Hymn to Apollo, 140.

Greek dynastic legends.

If the greater number of Greek legends have thus been reduced to their primitive elements, the touch of the same wand will lay open others which may seem to have been fashioned on quite another model. Even the dynastic legends of Thebes will not resist the method which has disclosed so many secrets. For most other tales the work is done. There is absolutely nothing left for further analysis in the stories of Orpheus and Eurydikê, of Kephalos and Prokris, of Sêlenê and Endymion, Niobê and Lêtô, Dêmêtêr and Persephonê, Daphnê and Apollôn. Not an incident remains unexplained in the legends of Heraklês, of Althaia and the burning brand, of Phaethôn, Memnôn, and Bellerophôn. If there are bypaths in the stories of Ariadnê, Eurôpê, Medeia, Semelê, Prometheus, or of the cows of the Sun in the Odyssey, they have been followed up to the point from which they all diverge.

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[1] Φοῖβος ἀκερσεκόμης (*Iliad*, xx. 39), a significant epithet, which of itself would suffice to give birth to such a legend as that of Nisos and Skylla. The shearing of the locks of the sun must be followed by darkness and ruin.

Growth of popular traditions.

If then in the vast mass of stories which make up the mythology of the Aryan nations there seems to be evidence showing that in some cases the legend has been brought by direct importation from the East to the West or from West to East, the presumption of conscious borrowing cannot with any fairness be extended to tales for which such evidence is not forthcoming. The great epic poems of the Aryan race sprung into existence in the ages which followed the dispersion of the tribes, and during which all intercourse between them was an impossibility; yet these epic poems exhibit an identical framework, with resemblances in detail which even defy the influences of climate and scenery. But many of the actors in these great dramas reappear in the popular stories of the Aryan tribes, with subtle points of likeness and difference, which can be accounted for by conscious borrowing only on the supposition that the traditions of one country were as intimately known to the people of another country as the traditions of many, if not most, of the Aryan nations are now known to us through the long toil and vast researches of comparative mythologists, aided by the mighty machinery of the printing press. In truth, the more that we examine this hypothesis of importation as affecting the general stock of mythical tradition in any country, the more scanty and less conclusive will the evidence appear; and in the issue we shall find ourselves driven practically to reject it altogether, or to suppose that the impulse of borrowing amounted to a universal and irresistible mania. The dynastic legends of Thebes do but reproduce those of Argos; the legends of both alike do but repeat the career of Achilleus or of Sigurd; and the great heroes of those tales reappear as the Boots and the disguised beggar of Teutonic and Hindu folklore. The supposition of any deliberate borrowing attributes to Greeks, Teutons, Scandinavians, and Hindus, a poverty of invention not less amazing than their skill in destroying the evidence of the theft, and in wearing borrowed plumage as with an inborn grace. Unless we are prepared to say that the borrowing was wholesale, and to determine the source of this exhaustless store of wealth, it is more prudent and more philosophical to admit that in every country the myths which have their roots in phrases relating to physical phenomena have been kept alive by independent tradition from the times of the first dispersion.

Aryan folklore.

But if the story of Achilleus, as told in the Iliad, is only another form of the legend which relates the career of the Ithakan chief in the Odyssey; if this tale reappears in the Saga of the Volsungs and the Nibelungen Lied, in the epical cycles of Arthur and Charlemagne, in the lay of Beowulf and the Shahnameh of Firdusi, and if further all these streams of popular poetry can be traced back to a common source in phrases which described the sights and sounds of the outward world, the resemblances thus traced are nevertheless by no means so astonishing as the likeness which runs through a vast number of the popular tales of Germany and Scandinavia, of Greece and Rome, of Persia and Hindustan. On the hypothesis of a form of thought which attributed conscious life to all physical objects, we must at once admit that the growth of a vast number of cognate legends was inevitable. Nor is there anything bewildering in the fact, that phrases which denoted at first the death of the dawn, or her desertion by the sun as he rose in the heavens, or the stealing away of the evening light by the powers of darkness, should give birth to the legends of Helen and Guenevere, of Brynhild and Gudrun, of Paris and of Lancelot, of Achilleus and Sigurd. All that this theory involves is that certain races of mankind, or certain tribes of the same race, were separated from each other while their language still invested all sensible things with a personal life, and that when the meaning of the old words was either wholly or in part forgotten, the phenomena of the earth and the heavens reappeared as beings human or divine, and the Pani, or Night, which sought to lure Saramâ, the Dawn, into his dismal cave, became the Paris who beguiled Helen to Troy, and the Lancelot who corrupted the faith of the wife of Arthur.

Legends seemingly not resolvable into phrases relating to physical phenomena.

The wonder becomes greater when from the necessary outgrowth of certain conditions of thought and speech we turn to popular stories which appear at first sight as if they could not be brought within this class of epical legends, and which yet exhibit, in spite of differences of detail and local colouring, a closeness of resemblance which establishes their substantial identity. If, among the stories which Hindu, Persian, Greek, or Teutonic mothers recounted to their children, we find tales which turn on the same incidents, and in their most delicate touches betray the influence of precisely the same feelings, we must conclude either that these legends were passed from the one tribe or clan to the other, or that before these tribes separated from their common home they not only possessed in mythical phrases relating to physical phenomena the germs of the future epics of Europe and Asia, but had framed a number of stories which cannot be traced back to such phrases, which seem to point rather to a storehouse of moral proverbs, and which cannot be accounted for on any hypothesis of conscious borrowing by one distinct people from another. It would, indeed, be safer to affirm of any given story that it has not been thus borrowed than to say that it cannot be traced back to the one source from which have sprung the great epic poems of the world.

The Brahman and the goat.

The story of the Master Thief is a case in point. It looks at first sight as though it had nothing to do with the legends of the great Norse or Hellenic heroes, and the resemblance of some of its incidents to those of a story told in the Hitopadesa suggests the conclusion that it found its way into Europe through the Arabic translation known as the Kalila and Dimna. Professor Max Müller, plainly avowing this belief, says that "the story of the Master Thief is told in the Hitopadesa."[1] The Sanskrit tale is that of the Brahman who, on hearing from three thieves in succession that the goat which he carried on his back was a dog, throws the animal down and leaves it as a booty for the rogues who had hit upon this mode of cheating him. "The gist of the story," adds Professor Müller, "is that a man will believe almost anything, if he is told the same by three different people." But, while a far greater resemblance to the Egyptian tale is exhibited by the Hindu version of the Master Thief as told by Somadeva Bhatta, presently to be noticed, it may fairly be asked whether this is either the story or the moral of the European "Master Thief." In the Teutonic version we find no incidents resembling those of the Sanskrit tale. The Norse story exhibits some points of likeness, together with differences which rather force us to think that it cannot have been suggested by the Eastern fable.

The Master Thief.

In the latter the Brahman is directly deceived by others; in the Norse legend the peasant deceives himself, and the moral seems to be, not that a man can be brought to believe anything if he hears it asserted by several seemingly independent witnesses, but that experience is thrown away on one who will put his hand into the fire after he has been burnt. In the Norse tale, the farmer intends to drive one of his three oxen to market, and the youth, who is a postulant for the novitiate in the worshipful order of thieves, is told that his desire shall be granted if he can steal this ox on the road, without the owner's knowledge and without doing him any harm. The lad accordingly puts a silver-buckled shoe in the way. The man admires it, but passes on without picking it up, as an odd shoe would be of little use. Presently he sees before him the same shoe, which the thief, having run by another way, has again cast on the road, and tying up his ox hastens back to pick up the fellow, while the lad goes away with the beast. Determined to test him further, the fraternity tell the boy that he shall be as good as any one of them if, under the same conditions, he can steal the second ox, which the man was now driving to market. As he goes along, the peasant sees a lad hung under the armpits to a tree, but passes on with little concern until he sees as he supposes another lad in the same position on another tree. Still not caring to give any help, he plods onwards until the thief hangs himself up for the third time on his road. The man, thinking that he is bewitched, resolves to go back and see whether the other two still hang where he saw them, and the ox which he leaves tied up is the second sacrifice. The thieves now tell the youth that if he can steal the third ox he shall be their master. So he places himself in a thicket, and as the man draws near with his last beast, imitates the bellowing of cattle; and the peasant, his wits even more flustered than before, hurries away to catch the lost oxen, leaving his third animal a prey to the thief.[1] At this point the resemblance of the Norse to the Brahman story ceases; but the career of the Master Thief is as yet scarcely begun. He has yet to overreach the society over which he now presides. The thieves set out to see whether they cannot do something surpassing all that he had done; and the lad, taking advantage of their absence to drive the three oxen into the road to the great delight of their owner, who sees them return to the farm, carries off all the precious things which formed the common store of the robbers. Thus far the Norse story agrees in its main features with the Scottish tale of the Shifty Lad,[2] although even here the points of difference are so great as to preclude the idea that the one was derived from the other. The sequel of the Norse tale is substantially the same as the Teutonic story of the Master Thief. This story has, therefore, really nothing to do with the fable of the Brahman and the goat, and it may fairly be doubted whether, on the supposition that the idea was gained from the Hitopadesa, "nothing was easier than to invent the three variations which we find in the Norse Master Thief" and the Shifty Lad of Highland tradition. Professor Max Müller adds that "the case would be different if the same story occurred in Herodotos."

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[1] *Chips from a German Workshop*, ii. 229.

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[1] Dasent, *Norse Tales*, "The Master Thief," 268.

[2] Campbell, *Popular Tales of the West Highlands*, vol. i. p. 320.

The legend of Rhampsinitos.

"At the time of Herodotos," he continues, "the translations of the Hitopadesa had not yet reached Europe, and we should be obliged to include the Master Thief within the most primitive stock of Aryan lore. But there is nothing in the story of the two sons of the architect who robbed the treasury of Rhampsinitos which turns on the trick of the Master Thief. There were thieves, more or less clever, in Egypt as well as in India, and some of their stratagems were possibly the same at all times. But there is a keen and well-defined humour in the story of the Brahman and his deference to public opinion. Of this there is no trace in the anecdote told by Herodotos. That anecdote deals with mere matter of fact, whether imaginary or historical. The story of Rhampsinitos did enter into the popular literature of Europe, but through a different channel. We find it in the "Gesta Romanorum," where Octavianus has taken the place of Rhampsinitos, and we can hardly doubt that there it came originally from Herodotos."[1] But what are really the facts of the case? The evidence which proves that the Herodotean story was reproduced in the "Gesta Romanorum" cannot be taken as of itself establishing the same origin for the Norse, the Teutonic, and the Irish legend. The incident of the Brahman and the goat may be left on one side, as only distantly resembling a very subordinate part of the Norse version; but the real story of the Master Thief's career is precisely the story of the architect's son in the legend of Rhampsinitos. The possible affinity of thievish stratagems in all countries can scarcely account for a series of extraordinary incidents and astounding tricks following each other in the same order, although utterly different in their outward garb and colouring. Strangely enough, the Highland version, which agrees with the Norse tale in making the young thief cheat his master, agrees most closely with the Egyptian myth.[2] In the latter, the younger of the two sons who have learnt from their father the secret of entering the treasure-house is caught in a trap, placed there by the king when he found his gold and jewels dwindling away. At his own request the elder brother cuts off his head, and the king, astounded at finding a headless body, bids his guards to impale it on a wall, with strict charge to bring before him any one whom they might hear mourning for the dead man. The mother, seeing her son's body thus exposed, threatens to tell the king everything unless the body is brought safely home to her. Loading some asses with skins full of wine, the elder son, as he approaches the guard, loosens the string of two or three wine-skins, and the soldiers, rushing up at the sight of wine trickling on the ground, try to soothe the seemingly distracted owner, while they solace themselves by the liquor which they catch in their cups, until at length, overcoming the young man's reluctance, they sit down with him, and drink themselves to sleep. The dead body is then taken away by the brother, who, hearing of the new device by which the king proposed to catch him, crowns his exploits by cheating the king's daughter, and leaving a dead man's hand in hers. His marriage with the princess follows, and he is held in honour as the cleverest man of the cleverest people in the world.[1]

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[1] *Chips from a German Workshop*, ii. 231.

[2] The groundwork of the *Arabian Nights'* story of the Forty Thieves is manifestly the same, but the likeness to the legend of Rhampsinitos is not nearly so close. Here, however, as in the Egyptian tale, we have two brothers, who become possessed of the secret of a treasure-house. The king is replaced by the forty thieves; but it may be noted that Herodotos speaks of the wealth of Rhampsinitos as amassed by extortion if not by direct robbery. Here also one of the brothers is unlucky; but although he is found alive in the cave, the thieves are none the wiser, as he is immediately killed. Here too the body is nailed up against the wall, but it is within the cave; and it is taken away by the other brother, who is impelled to this task, not by the mother of the dead man, but by his wife. The thieves are not less per-

The story of Karpara and Gata.

The Hindu version of the story of Rhampsinitos is in every way inferior to the well-pointed legend of Herodotos. It is related by Somadeva Bhatta of Cashmir in his "Ocean of the Streams of Narrative," a professed abridgement of the still older collection called the Vrihat Kathâ. In this tale the elder of the two thieves simply makes a hole through the wall (which would at once betray their mode of entrance) in order to reach the chamber in which the king has placed not only his treasures but his daughter. He remains with her too long, and being caught in the morning, is hanged, but not before he has by signs bidden his brother Gata to carry off and save the princess. Gata therefore on the next night enters the chamber of the princess, who readily agrees to fly with him. The body of Karpara is then exposed, in order to catch the surviving malefactor, who tricks them much after the fashion of the Egyptian story, the chief difference being that Gata burns the body of his

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plexed than Rhampsinitos when they find that the body has been removed, and that thus some one else is possessed of their secret. The spell which opens the cave connects the Arabian story with the vast mass of legends turning on substances which have the power of splitting rocks, and which Mr. Gould has resolved into phrases descriptive of the action of lightning.—*Curious Myths of the Middle Ages*, second series, "Schamir."

The story of Rhampsinitos becomes in the *Seven Wise Masters* the tale of the "Man who threw his father's head in a muck-heap."

[1] Herodotos, ii. 121, &c.; *Tales of Ancient Greece*, 385.

brother Karpara, for whom he contrives to perform the necessary amount of mourning by dashing on the ground a karpara, or pot of rice, and then bewailing his loss by the words, "Alas for my precious Karpara,"—words which the guards of course apply to the broken pipkin, and not to the dead thief. The story winds up with a proclamation from the king, promising half his realm to the magician who has done all this: but the princess bids him beware, and Gata goes away with her to another country.[1]

The story of Trophonios and Agamêdês.

The mason's secret is much more closely reproduced in the story which Pausanias tells of Trophonios and Agamêdês, the builders of the temple of Phoibos, after he had slain the dragon at Delphoi. These two builders also raise the treasury of Hyrieus, placing one of the stones so that they could remove it from the outside. Hyrieus, astonished at the lessening of his wealth, sets a snare, in which Agamêdês is caught, and Trophonios cuts off his head to save him from torture and himself from discovery. The latter precaution seems unnecessary, since Pausanias adds that the earth opened and received Trophonios as in the myth of Amphiaraos.

The Shifty Lad.

In the Scottish story the Shifty Lad goes through his apprenticeship not among a company of thieves, but under the sole charge of the Black Rogue, of whom he rids himself by getting him to try the pleasant sensation of being hung by the neck. The trick answers to that of the Norse thief, but the mode of effecting it differs widely. Having disposed of his master, he engages himself to a carpenter whom he persuades to break into the king's storehouse. The advice of the Seanagal whom the king consults is that a hogshead of soft pitch should be placed near the entrance. The wright, again making the venture, sinks into the pitch, and the Shifty Lad, stepping in on his shoulders, takes as much as he can carry, and then sweeping off his master's head, leaves the body in the hogshead. Again the Seanagal is consulted, and his answer is "that they should set the trunk aloft on the points of the spears of the soldiers, to be carried from town to town, to see if they could find any one at all that would take sorrow for it." As they pass by the wright's house, his wife screams, but the Shifty Lad cutting himself with an adze leads the captain of the guard to think that the cry was caused by sorrow at his own hurt. The body is then by the king's order hung on a tree, the guard being ordered to seize any one who should venture to take it down. The lad, driving before him a horse loaded with two kegs of whisky, approaches the soldiers as though he wished to pass them stealthily, and when they catch the horse's bridle, he runs off, leaving the men to drink themselves to sleep, and then returning takes away the wright's body. This exploit is followed by others which occur in no other version: but the final scene is a feast, at which, according to the Seanagal's prediction, the Shifty Lad asks the king's daughter to dance. The Seanagal upon this puts a black mark upon him; but the lad, like Morgiana in the story of "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves," discovering the mark, puts another on the Seanagal, and on twenty other men besides him. The king is then advised to say that the man who had done every trick that had been done must be exceedingly clever, and that if he would come forward and give himself up, he should have the princess for his wife. All the marked men accordingly claim the prize; and the craft of the Shifty Lad is once more called into practice, to secure the maiden for himself.[1] Mr. Campbell, who relates this story, gives full weight to the suggestion that the incidents in which it resembles the version of Herodotos may "have been spread amongst the people by those members of their families who study the classics at the Scotch Universities;" but he adds with good reason, that if the resemblances to other stories not classical are to be accounted for in the same way, it must be supposed "that these books have all been read at some time so widely in Scotland as to have become known to the labouring population who speak Gaelic, and so long ago as to have been forgotten by the instructed who speak English and study foreign languages."[2]

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[1] See Mr. Cowell's Paper "On the Hindu Version of the Story of Rhampsinitos," in the *Journal of Philosophy*, No. I. p. 66. The imprisonment of the king's daughter in the treasure-chamber can scarcely fail to remind us of Brynhild within her flaming walls; and thus the myth seems to exhibit an affinity to the legends which tell of unsuccessful attempts to rescue the imprisoned maiden, who is finally won only by the peerless knight or irresistible warrior who can leap the hedge of spears or cross the fiery barrier. See also book ii. ch. viii. sect. 2.

Point and drift of these stories.

In the Norse and Teutonic versions it seems impossible not to see the most striking incident of the Egyptian tale in a connexion and under forms which force on us the conclusion that they are not related to each other in any other way than by their growth from a common root. In these versions the king is represented by a good-humoured squire who makes himself merry over the successful devices of the Master Thief, as he accomplishes the several tasks imposed upon him. These tasks taken separately are much the same in each, but the difference of order indicates that no one was regarded at the first as essentially more difficult than another. In none of them, however, does the humour of the story turn on the force of public opinion. The whole point lies in the utter inability of any one to guard against the thief, even when they know that they are going to be robbed and have themselves pointed out the object to be stolen. Here, as in the stories of Rhampsinitos and the Shifty Lad, the means for achieving one of the tasks is wine: but the thief has to take away not the dead body of a man, but a living horse, on which sits a groom, or, as in the Norse tale, twelve horses, each with a rider guarding them. The disguise assumed by the thief is the dress of a beggar-woman, and her wine, which in the German story is powerfully drugged, soon puts the guards to sleep as soundly as the soldiers of the Egyptian king. In this version the thief swings the rider, saddle and all, in the air by ropes tied to the rafters of the stable; in the Norse tale, the twelve grooms find themselves astride the beams in the morning. The theft of the sheet and ring from the persons of the squire and his wife is an incident not found in either the Egyptian or the Scottish stories; but the trick practised on the priest occurs again in the Hindu tale of the nautch-girl Champa Ranee, under a disguise which cannot hide the common source from which the stories have come down to us, while it leaves no room for the notion that the one version has been suggested by the other.

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[1] The theft of treasure by a clever rogue occurs in the story of the Travels of Dummling, who is Boots under another name. Compare also Grimm's stories of "The Four Accomplished Brothers," "The Rogue and his Master," and of the "Young Giant." In the latter tale Hermes takes more the form of the Maruts, or Crushers; and the myth of the Molionids is re-enacted with singular exactness. The young giant brings up from the water a huge mill-stone which he places round his neck, and so keeps watch all night. He is assailed by evil demons, but he returns every blow with interest—a description which reminds us of the Hesiodic narrative of the toil of Hermes the whole night through. The only reward which he asks is the pleasure of kicking his master, who is sent spinning into the air and is never more seen.

[2] *Tales of the West Highlands*, i. 352.

The Hellenic Master Thief.

But in truth the supposition is in this case wholly uncalled for. The story of the Master Thief was told in Europe, probably ages before the Homeric poems were put together, certainly ages before Herodotos heard the story of the Egyptian treasure-house. In all the versions of the tale the thief is a young and slender youth, despised sometimes for his seeming weakness, never credited with his full craft and strength. No power can withhold him from doing aught on which he has set his mind: no human eye can trace the path by which he conveys away his booty. It is the story of the child Hermes, and even under the most uncouth disguise it has lost but little either of its truthfulness or its humour. Bolts and bars are no defence against him; yet the babe whom Phoibos can shake in his arms is the mighty marauder who has driven off all his oxen from Pieria. When his work is done, he looks not much like one who needs to be dreaded; and the soft whistling sound which closes his defence wakes a smile on the face of Phoibos,[1] as the Teutonic squire laughs on finding himself tricked in the northern story. In each case the robber is exalted to the same high dignity.

"Well, friend," said Apollôn with a smile, "thou wilt break into many a house, I see, and thy followers after thee; and thy fancy for beef will set many a herdsman grieving. But come down from the cradle, or this sleep will be thy last. Only this honour can I promise thee, to be called the Master Thief for ever."[2]

The origin of the story of the Master Thief.

The thief in the northern stories marries the squire's daughter, as the architect's son marries the daughter of Rhampsinitos. The marriage represents the compact made between Phoibos the all-seeing and Hermes the sweet singer. In this peaceful alliance with the squire the Teutonic tale leaves him; but there are other sides to the character of the Master Thief, and each of these describes with singular fidelity the action and power of air in motion. He is the child breathing softly in the cradle, he is the giant rooting up trees in his fury. No living thing can resist the witchery of his harping. As he draws nigh, life is wakened where before he came there had been stillness as of the dead. With him comes joy or sorrow, health or the pestilence. His lyre is the harp of Orpheus, and it discourses the music of the Vedic Ribhus, or of the Finnic Wäinämöinen, the son of Ilmatar, the daughter of the Air,[3] whose singing draws the sun and moon from heaven. The beasts of the field come to hear him, like the clouds which gather in the sky when the wind blows; the trees move along his track when he comes in his sterner moods. Nothing can remain still when he pipes. The leaf must wave on the hill-side, the Jew must dance in the thorn-bush, while. the music lasts.[4] He is the Erlking, whose mysterious harmony is heard by the child nestled in his father's arms.[1] He is the piper of Hameln,[2] who drives away the noisome rats, but who also draws the children of the town happy and joyous to the blue river where they leave all griefs behind them, as gently as the Homeric Psychopompos guides the souls across the waters of Lethe. But in all his offices he retains his character of searching subtlety. The barred gates of the unseen land cannot stay the harping breeze, whether he comes as Orpheus or Wäinämöinen: and his curious searching into every nook and cranny, his mocking laugh at those who come to see the mischief wrought by him, are reproduced under a strange disguise in Paul Pry and Peeping Tom of Coventry. Nay, the Hindu deity Rudra, the "bountiful," the "gracious," the "thousand quivered," appears sometimes in an aspect scarcely more dignified. Like Hermes and the Shifty Lad, he too is "the lord of thieves, the robber, the cheater, the deceiver, the lord of pilferers and robbers."[3]

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[1] This is precisely reproduced by Horace in his well-known ode, with an incident which is not mentioned in the Homeric hymn, but is in close agreement with the spirit of the Norse tale. —*Carm.* i. x.

[2] τοῦτο γὰρ οὖν καὶ ἔπειτα μετ ἀθα-
νάτοις γέρας ἕξεις,
ΑΡΧΟΣ ΦΗΛΗΤΕΩΝ κεκλήσεαι
ἤματα πάντα.

Hymn to Hermes, 292.

This may, I think, be considered demonstrative evidence that the story of the Master Thief belongs to the class of myths which Professor Max Müller calls organic, as being legends "which were known to the primeval Aryan race, before it broke up into Hindus, Greeks, Romans, Germans, and Celts," all stories imported in later times from one literature into another being secondary or inorganic. The number of stories belonging to the latter class is probably much smaller than is generally supposed.

[3] As Hermes is one of the fire-making or fire-bringing gods, so Wäinämöinen catches the fish that has swallowed the fire, which, struck by Ukko, the lord of the air, from the new sun and moon, has fallen into the sea. For an examination of the Finnic epic, see Gubernatis, *Zoological Mythology*, i. 147, *et seq.* As the Finnish thunder-god, Ukko has his hammer, like the Slavonic Perkunos and the Teutonic Thor.

[4] This story of "The Jew among the Thorns," in Grimm's *Household Tales*, is reproduced under a hundred forms;

Limits to the hypothesis of conscious borrowing.

Thus, then, in the story of the Master Thief, the idea of any lateral transmission becomes inadmissible. But as this tale in all its modifications can be traced back to phrases denoting physical phenomena, we have yet to see whether there are other tales which apparently cannot be resolved into such expressions, and for which the idea of any such borrowing is equally untenable or superfluous. If any such stories be forthcoming, we cannot avoid the conclusion that before the several branches of the Aryan race separated from their common home, they not only had in their language the germs of all future mythological systems, but carried with them as nursery tales a number of stories not evolved from phrases descriptive of natural phenomena, the ideas of which were impressed on their minds not less firmly than the more strictly mythical words and phrases were impressed on their memories. These stories were, however, little more than outlines, for it cannot be too often repeated that even

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but in few or none of these can it be maintained with any show of reason that one has been deliberately adapted from another. The fiddle which makes the Jew dance is reproduced in the form of a stick in "The Lad who went to the North Wind" (Dasent, *Norse Tales*, 263). The stick is of course the gift of the wind, just as Hermes gives the harp to Phoibos. In the German story the Jew is made to yield up his purse to the fiddler, who, when brought to trial, excuses himself by a quibble like that of Hermes. He had not robbed any one: the Jew gave the money of his own free will. Hermes is a very truthful person and knows not how to tell a lie.

[1] "Hörest du nicht
Was Erlenkönig mir leise verspricht?"
Goethe.

[2] The magic pipe or lyre reappears in the legend of "The Rose of the Alhambra," where it is applied with great humour to cure the mad freak of Philip V.—Irving's *Alhambra.*

[3] Muir, *Sanskrit Texts*, part iv. ch. iii. section vii. Slightly altered, the story of Godiva in Coventry is told again in the tale of Allah-ud-deen, who sees through a crevice the king's daughter on her way to the bath, when it is death for any one to be seen abroad or to be found looking on her.

in the tales which exhibit the closest likeness in their most developed forms, the points of difference in detail and colouring are so striking as to leave no room for doubt that the Aryan tribes carried away with them for these stories no rigid types to which they were compelled to adhere with Egyptian slavishness, but living ideas which each tribe might from time to time clothe in a different garb. How these ideas were furnished is a question which it may be by no means as easy to answer as it is to resolve the life of Achilleus and Meleagros into the daily course of the sun through the heavens. It becomes therefore of the utmost importance in such an inquiry as this, to bring together and compare the popular traditions of nations whose geographical positions show that their parting when they left the common home was for them a final separation. No one could have the hardihood to maintain that the countrymen of Herman had access to the pages of Pausanias, or that the soldiers of Varus had in their childhood listened to stories borrowed from the epic of Wäinämöinen. Yet the children's tales gathered during the last half-century have established the general affinity of the folk-lore of Greeks, Romans, Germans, and Scandinavians, and a likeness not less astonishing runs through the popular tales of these races and those of the Hindu.[1] In India, as in Germany, old women, who doubtless thought themselves fit for nothing, have preserved to us a series of exquisite legends which pour a flood of light on the early history of the human mind. The Hindu child is still roused and soothed by the stories of the sweet Star-Lady and the lovely Queen of the Five Flowers, just as the young German and Norseman used to listen to the tale of the beautiful Briar-rose sleeping in death-like stillness until the kiss of the pure Knight rouses her from her slumber. We are clearly debtors to the old women for the preservation of thousands of lovely and touching legends which have never found their way into epic poetry. Had it not been for the grandmothers of Hellas, we should in all likelihood never have heard of the grief of Dêmêtêr, as she sank down by the fountain in Eleusis, or of the woe of Telephassa, which ended as she sank to rest on the Thessalian plain in the evening. Schools in Athens, Thebes, or Argos, doubtless did their inevitable destructive work; but we can as little doubt that many an Athenian mother pointed on the slopes of Hymettos to the spot where the glistening form of Prokris first met the eye of Kephalos as he stepped forth on the shore, and the young Delian learnt to be proud of the rugged island, where the nymphs bathed the infant Phoibos in pure water and swathed him in broad golden bands. Clearly we have to thank old crones for the story of Narkissos who died for love of his own fair face, and of Selênê gazing on Endymion as he slept on the hill of Latmos.

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[1] *Old Deccan Days*, a series of tales taken down from the dictation of Anna Liberata de Souza, and translated by Miss Frere. The stories are of great importance; but their value is indefinitely enhanced if, as the translator assures us, they are given precisely as they came from the lips of the narrator, without additions or embellishments.

Framework of popular stories.

Among these Hindu tales we find a large class of stories which have little or nothing in common with the epic poems of the Aryan nations, but which exhibit a series of incidents in striking parallelism with those of the corresponding Teutonic versions. These incidents are in themselves so strange, and the result is brought about by turns so unexpected, that the idea of their independent developement among separated tribes who had carried away with them nothing but some proverbial sayings as the groundwork of these stories becomes a wild extravagance. Whatever the consequences may be, the conclusion seems irresistible that these stories had been wrought out into some detail, while these tribes or nations still continued to form a single people; and if these tales can scarcely be resolved into phrases denoting physical phenomena, they are perhaps more wonderful even than the epic poems, the growth of which from common germs would be inevitable if the theory of comparative mythologists be regarded as established. The resemblances between these stories may perhaps bring down the time of separation to a comparatively late period; but the geographical position of Hindu and German tribes must still throw that time back to an indefinitely distant past; and close as the parallelism may be, the differences of detail and colouring are such that we cannot suppose these Aryan emigrants to have carried away with them to their new abodes more than the leading incidents grafted on the leading idea. The fidelity with which the Hindu and the German tales adhere to this framework is indeed astonishing.

The story of the Dog and the Sparrow.

One of the most remarkable of these coincidences is furnished by the story of the "Dog and the Sparrow," in Grimm's collection,[1] as compared with an episode in the "Wanderings of Vicram Maharaja." In both a bird vows to bring about the ruin of a human being; in both the bird is the helper and avenger of the innocent against wanton injury, and in both the destruction of the guilty is the result of their own voluntary acts. There are other points of likeness, the significance of which is heightened by points of singularly subtle difference. In the German story, the sparrow is offended

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[1] For a Russian variant of the "Dog and Sparrow," see Gubernatis, *Zoological Mythology*, ii. 268.

BOOK I. because a carter, not heeding the warning which she had given him, drove his waggon over a dog which she had saved from starving.

"You have killed my brother, the dog," she said, "and that shall cost you your horses and your cart."

"Horses and cart, indeed," said the carrier. "What harm can you do to me?" and he drove on.

But presently the sparrow contrived to force out the cork from the bunghole of one of the casks in the waggon, and all the wine ran out on the ground. "Ah me! I am a poor man now," cried the carter, when he saw it. "Not poor enough yet," said the sparrow, as she perched on the head of one of the horses, and picked out his eye. The carter in his rage took up his hatchet to kill the bird, but instead of it, he hit his horse, which fell down dead. So it fared with the second cask and the two remaining horses. Leaving his waggon on the road, the carter found his way home, and bemoaned to his wife the loss of his wine and his beasts.

"Ah my husband," she replied, "and what a wicked bird has come to this house; she has brought with her all the birds in the world, and there they sit among our corn, and are eating every ear of it."

"Ah me, I am poorer than ever," said the man, as he beheld the havoc. "Still not poor enough, carrier; it shall cost you your life," said the bird as she flew away. By and by the sparrow appeared at the window-sill, and uttered the same words, and the carrier, hurling his axe at it, broke the window-frame in two. Every other piece of furniture in the house was demolished as he vainly attempted to hit the bird. At length he caught her, and his wife asked if she should kill her.

"No," said he, "that were too merciful; she shall die much more horribly, for I will eat her alive." So saying, he swallowed her whole; but she began to flutter about in his stomach, and presently came again into his mouth, and cried out, "Carrier, it shall cost you your life."

Thereupon the man handed the axe to his wife, saying, "Kill me the wretch dead in my mouth." His wife took it, and aimed a blow, but missing her mark struck her husband on the head and killed him. Then the sparrow flew away and was never seen there again.[1]

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[1] This last incident is clearly the same as that which brings about the death of the bald carpenter, who being attacked by a mosquito called his son to drive it away. The son aiming a blow at the insect, splits his father's head with the axe. This story from the Panchatantra Professor Max Müller (*Chips, &c.*, ii. 232) identifies with the fable in Phædrus, of the bald man who, trying to kill a gnat, gives himself a severe blow in the face, and he attri-

The story of the Nautch-girl and the Parrot.

In the Hindu story the bird is a parrot, and the dog's place is taken by a poor woodcutter, from whom a dancing-girl attempts to extort a large sum of money by deliberate falsehood. The girl thus represents the carter, and at once the framework of the tale is provided; but the method by which the sparrow wreaks her vengeance on the man is thoroughly awkward and unartistic when compared with the simple scheme which brings about the ruin of the nautch-woman. She, like the carrier, is rich; but she cannot resist the temptation of making more money by charging the woodcutter with the dowry which she said that he had promised to pay on marrying her, the promise and the marriage being alike purely imaginary. The raja, being called to give judgement in the case, determines to abide by the decision of a parrot famed for his wisdom, and belonging to a merchant in the town. When the woodcutter had given his version of the matter, the parrot bade Champa Ranee, the nautch-girl, tell her story. After hearing it, he asked where the house was to which her husband had taken her. "Far away in the jungles," was the reply. "And how long ago?" The day was named, and twenty witnesses proved that Champa was at the time in the city. The parrot then gave judgement for the woodcutter against the nautch-girl, as the sparrow had befriended the dog against the carter. Great was the praise bestowed on the wise parrot, but the incensed nautch-girl said, "Be assured I will get you in my power, and when I do, I will bite off your head."

Then follows the vow of the parrot, answering to the oath of the sparrow; but he has no need to repeat it.

"Try your worst, madam," said he, "but in return I tell you this; I will live to make you a beggar. Your house shall be by your own orders laid even with the ground, and you for grief and rage shall kill yourself."

Time goes on, and the nautch-girl, summoned to the merchant's house, dances so well that he asks her to name her own reward; and the price which she demands is the parrot. Taking the bird home, she ordered her servants to cook it for her supper, first cutting off its head and bringing it to be grilled, that she might eat it before tasting any other dish. The parrot is accordingly plucked, but while the servant goes to fetch water wherein to boil him, the bird, who had pretended to be dead and thus escaped having his neck wrung, slipped into a hole let into the wall for carrying off the kitchen sewage. In this dilemma the maid grilled a chicken's head, and placed it before Champa Ranee, who, as she eat it, said—

butes it, therefore, to some old Aryan proverb. The German story of the carter has certainly all the appearance of a more independent growth.

"Ah! pretty Polly, so here is the end of you. This is the brain that thought so cunningly and devised my overthrow; this the tongue that spoke against me; this is the throat through which came the threatening words. Ha! ha! who is right now, I wonder?"

With some little fear the parrot heard her words, for the loss of his wing feathers had left him unable to fly; but at length he contrived to find his way to a neighbouring temple, and to perch behind the idol. It was the favourite god of Champa Ranee, who, in her abject fear of death, had long besought him to translate her to heaven without the process of dying. So when she next came to offer her wonted supplication, the parrot spoke, and the nautch-girl at once took its words for the utterances of the god.

"Champa Ranee, nautch-girl, your prayer is heard, this is what you must do; sell all you possess, and give the money to the poor, and you must also give money to all your servants and dismiss them. Level also your house to the ground, that you may be wholly separated from earth. Then you will be fit for heaven, and you may come, having done all I command you, on this day week to this place, and you shall be transported thither body and soul."[1]

The infatuated woman does as she is bidden, and after destroying her house and giving away all her goods, she returns to the temple, attended by a vast train of men and women whom she had invited to be witnesses of her glorification.

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[1] This incident recurs in the Norse version of the Master Thief. Here, however, there is no real bird, but only the thief disguised as a bird, nor are the victims of the trick actually killed, but they are grievously mauled, and are robbed as effectually as the nautch-girl. What is more to the point is, that the property is in each case abandoned by an act of their own free will. Having undertaken to cheat the priest and his clerk, the thief "dressed himself up like a bird, threw a great white sheet over his body, took the wings of a goose and tied them to his back, and so climbed up into a great maple which stood in the priest's garden, and when the priest came home in the evening the youth began to bawl out, 'Father Lawrence, Father Lawrence,'—for that was the priest's name. 'Who is that calling me?' said the priest. 'I am an angel,' said the Master Thief, 'sent from God to let you know that you shall be taken up alive into heaven for your piety's sake. Next Monday night you must hold yourself ready for the journey, for I shall come then to fetch you in a sack; and all your gold and your silver and all that you have of this world's goods you must lay together in a heap in your dining-room.' Well, Father Lawrence fell on his knees before the angel and thanked him; and the very next day he preached a farewell sermon and gave it out how there had come down an angel into the big maple in his garden, who had told him that he was to be taken up alive into heaven for his piety's sake, and he preached and made such a touching discourse that all who were at church wept, both young and old."—Dasent, *Norse Tales*, "Master Thief." Here, as in the Hindu story, the time is fixed, and the farewell sermon answers to the invitations sent out by Champa Ranee to all her friends that they should come and witness her ascension. Another priest is deceived in the admirable Gaelic story of the "Son of the Scottish Yeoman who stole the Bishop's Horse and Daughter, and the Bishop Himself." See also Mr. Campbell's excellent remarks on this story, *Tales of the West Highlands*, ii. 263.

As they waited, a fluttering of little wings was heard, and a parrot flew over Champa Ranee's head, calling out, "Nautch-girl, nautch-girl, what have you done?" Champa Ranee recognised the voice as Vicram's: he went on, "Will you go body and soul to heaven? Have you forgotten Polly's words?"

Champa Ranee rushed into the temple, and falling on her knees before the idol, cried out, "Gracious Power, I have done all as you commanded; let your words come true; save me, take me to heaven."

But the parrot above her cried, "Good-bye, Champa Ranee, good-bye; you ate a chicken's head, not mine. Where is your house now? Where are your servants and all your possessions? Have my words come true, think you, or yours?"

Then the woman saw all, and in her rage and despair, cursing her own folly, she fell violently down on the floor of the temple, and, dashing her head against the stone, killed herself.[1]

Origin and growth of these stories.

It is impossible to question the real identity of these two stories, and incredible that the one could have been invented apart from the other, or that the German and the Hindu tale are respectively developements merely from the same leading idea. This idea is that beings of no repute may be avengers of successful wrongdoers, or to put it in the language of St. Paul, that the weak things of the earth may be chosen to confound the strong, and foolish things to confound the wise. But it was impossible that this leading idea should of itself suggest to a Hindu and a Teuton that the avenger should be a bird, that the wrongdoer should punish himself, and should seal his doom by swallowing his persecutor or by at least thinking that he was devouring him. There is no room here for the argument which Professor Max Müller characterises as sneaking when applied even to fables which are common to all the members of the Aryan family.[2] A series of incidents such as these could never have been thought out by two brains working apart from each other; and we are driven to admit that at least the machinery by which the result was to be brought about had been devised before the separation, or to maintain that the story has in the one case or in the other been imported bodily. Probably no instance could be adduced in which a borrowed story differs so widely from the original. In all cases of adaptation the borrower either improves upon the idea or weakens it. Here both the stories exhibit equally clear tokens of vigorous and independent growth.[3]

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[1] Frere, *Old Deccan Days*, p. 127.

[2] *Chips from a German Workshop*, ii. 233.

[3] It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that there is scarcely one important feature of the Hindu popular stories

The stories of Vicram and Hermotimos.

But the story of the nautch-girl is only one incident in a larger drama. The bird of the German tale is a common sparrow; the parrot which brings about the death of Champa Ranee is nothing less than the Maharaja Vicram, who has received from the god of wisdom the power of transporting his soul into any other body, while by an antidote he keeps his own body from corruption. And here we are brought to a parallelism which cannot be accounted for on any theory of mediæval importation. The story of Vicram is essentially the story of Hermotimos of Klazomenai, whose soul wanders at will through space, while his body remains undecayed at home, until his wife, tired out by his repeated desertions, burns his body while he is away, and thus effectually prevents his resuming his proper form. A popular Deccan tale, which is also told by Pliny and Lucian, must have existed, if only in a rudimentary state, while Greeks and Hindus still lived as a single people. But a genuine humour, of which we have little more than a faint germ in the Greek legend, runs through the Hindu story. In both the wife is vexed by the frequent absence of her husband: but the real fun of the Deccan

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which are not to be found in those of Germany and Scandinavia, and which are not repeated in Celtic traditions. In each case the story is the same, yet not the same, and the main question becomes one rather of historical than of philological evidence. The substantial identity of the tales is indisputable; and if the fact be that these stories were in the possession of Germans and Norwegians, Irishmen and Scottish Highlanders, long before any systematic attempt was made to commit to writing and publish the folklore of Europe, the further conclusion is also involved that these stories do not owe their diffusion to book-learning; and assuredly the commercial intercourse which would account for them implies an amount and a frequency of communication beyond that of the most stirring and enterprising nations of the present day. Mr. Campbell, in his invaluable collection of *Popular Tales of the West Highlands*, dismisses the hypothesis as wholly untenable. Of the notion that these Highland traditions may have sprung up since the publication of Grimm's and Dasent's collections of German and Norse tales, he asserts that a manuscript lent to him by the translator proves that the stories were known in Scotland before these translations were made public (vol. i. p. xlvi.), and adds, reasonably enough, that "when all the narrators agree in saying that they have known these stories all their lives, and when the variation is so marked, the resemblance is rather to be attributed to common origin than to books" (*ib.* xlviii.). More definitely he asserts, "After working for a year and weighing all the evidence that has come in my way, I have come to agree with those who hold that popular tales are generally pure traditions" (*ib.* 227). The care with which he has examined the large bodies of Celtic traditions, gives his judgement the greatest weight, and fully justifies his conclusion that "popular tales are woven together in a network which seems to pervade the world, and to be fastened to everything in it. Tradition, books, history, and mythology hang together; no sooner has the net been freed from one snag, and a mesh gained, than another mesh is discovered; and so, unless many hands combine, the net and the contents will never be brought to shore" (*ib.* 229). It is not a little startling to find that the so-called classical mythology of the Greeks, in which the myth of Psychê was supposed to be almost the only popular tale accidentally preserved to us, contains the germs, and more than the germs, of nearly every story in the popular traditions of Germany, Norway, India, and Scotland.

tale rises from the complications produced by the carpenter's son, who overhears the god Gunputti as he teaches Vicram the mystic words which enable him to pass from his own body into another; but as he could not see the antidote which Vicram received to keep his tenantless body from decay, the carpenter's son was but half enlightened. No sooner, however, had Vicram transferred his soul to the parrot's body, than the carpenter's son entered the body of Vicram, and the work of corruption began in his own. The pseudo-raja is at once detected by the Wuzeer Butti, who stands to Vicram in the relation of Patroklos to Achilleus, or of Theseus to Peirithoös, and who recommends the whole court to show a cold shoulder to the impostor, and make his sojourn in Vicram's body as unpleasant as possible. Worn out at last with waiting, Butti sets off to search for his friend, and by good luck is one of the throng assembled to witness the ascension of Champa Ranee. Butti recognises his friend, and at once puts him into safe keeping in a cage. On reaching home it became necessary to get the carpenter's son out of Vicram's body, and the Wuzeer, foreseeing that this would be no easy task, proposes a butting match between two rams, the one belonging to himself, the other to the pseudo-raja. Butti accordingly submits his own ram to a training, which greatly hardens his horns; and so when the fight began, the pretended raja, seeing to his vexation that his favourite was getting the worst in the battle, transported his soul into the ram's body, to add to its strength and resolution. No sooner was this done, than Vicram left the parrot's body and re-entered his own, and Butti, slaying the defeated ram, put an end to the life of the carpenter's son, by leaving him no body in which to take up his abode. But fresh troubles were in store for Butti; and these troubles take us back to the legends of Brynhild and Persephonê, of Tammuz (Athamas), Adonis, and Osiris. Not yet cured of his wandering propensities, Vicram goes to sleep in a jungle with his mouth open, into which creeps a cobra who refuses to be dislodged—the deadly snake of winter and darkness, which stings the beautiful Eurydikê, and lies coiled around the maiden on the glistening heath. The raja, in his intolerable misery, leaves his home, just as Persephonê is taken away from Dêmêtêr, and Butti seeks him in vain for twelve years (the ten years of the struggle at Ilion), as he roams in the disguise of a fakeer. Meanwhile, the beautiful Buccoulee, who had recognised her destined husband under his squalid rags as Eurykleia recognises Odysseus, had succeeded in freeing Vicram from his tormentor, and thus all three returned to the long forsaken Anar Ranee. But before we examine incidents which take us into the more strictly mythical regions of Aryan folk-lore, it is necessary to show how large is that class of stories to which the tale of the Dancing Girl and the Woodcutter belongs. There are some which are even more remarkable for their agreement in the general scheme with thorough divergence in detail.

The Table, the Ass, and the Stick.

In the story entitled "The Table, the Ass, and the Stick," in Grimm's collection, a goat, whose appetite cannot be satisfied, brings a tailor into grievous trouble by leading him to drive his three sons away from their home on groundless charges. At last, finding that he had been cheated, he scourges the goat, which makes the best of its way from his dwelling. Meanwhile, the three sons had each been learning a trade, and each received his reward. To the eldest son was given a table, which at the words "Cover thyself," at once presented a magnificent banquet; the second received a donkey, which on hearing the word "Bricklebrit" rained down gold pieces,[1] and both were deprived of their gifts by a thievish innkeeper, to whom they had in succession revealed their secret. On reaching home, the eldest son, boasting to his father of his inexhaustible table, was discomfited by finding that some common table had been put in its place; and the second in like manner, in making trial of his ass, found himself in possession of a very ordinary donkey. But the youngest son had not yet returned, and to him they sent word of the scurvy behaviour of the innkeeper. When the time of the third son's departure came, his master gave him a sack, adding, "In it there lies a stick." The young man took the sack as a thing that might do him good service, but asked why he should take the stick, as it only made the sack heavier to carry. The stick, however, was endowed with the power of jumping out of the sack and belabouring any one against whom its owner had a grudge. Thus armed, the youth went cheerfully to the house of the innkeeper, who, thinking that the sack must certainly contain treasure, tried to take it from the young man's pillow while he slept. But he had reckoned without his host. The stick hears the fatal word, and at once falls without mercy on the thief, who roars out that he will surrender the table and the ass. Thus the three gifts reach the tailor's house.[1] As for the goat, whose head the tailor had shaven, it ran into a fox's house, where a bee stung its bald pate, and it rushed out, never to be heard of again.

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[1] This donkey is, in fact, Midas, at whose touch everything turns to gold—a myth which reappears in the Irish tradition of Lavra Loingsech, who had horse's ears, as Midas had those of an ass. The reeds betrayed the secret in the case of Midas; the barber of Lavra whispered the secret in the Irish story to a willow; the willow was cut down and the harp made of the wood murmured "Lavra Loingsech has horse's ears." (Fergusson, *The Irish before the Conquest.*) The horse and the ass doubtless represent the Harits of Hindu mythology; the production of gold (the golden light) by the sun or the dawn recurs again and again in Aryan legends. In Grimm's story of the "Three Little Men in the Wood," the kindly dawn-child shares her bread with the dwarfs, who, as in the Volsung tale, guard the treasures of the earth, and in return they grant to her the power of becoming more beautiful every day, and that a piece of gold shall fall out of her mouth every word that she speaks. But she has a step-sister, the winter, who, not having her kindly feelings, refuses to share her bread with the dwarfs, who decree that she shall grow more ugly every day, and that toads shall spring from her mouth whenever she speaks. This is the story of "Bushy Bride" in Dasent's *Norse Tales.* The dawn-children reappear in the story of Hansel and Grethel, who, wandering into the forest (of night or winter), come upon a house with windows made of clear sugar (ice), where they fall into the power of a witch (Hades), who, like the dwarfs, guards the hoard of treasure. The old witch is destroyed by Grethel after the fashion of the cannibal in the Zulu tale. (Max Müller, *Chips*, ii. 214.)

The Brahman, the Jackal, and the Barber.

In the Deccan tale we have a jackal and a barber in the place of the goat and the tailor: and the mischief is done, not by leading the barber to expel his children, but by cheating him of the fruits of his garden. The parallel, however, is not confined to the fact of the false pretences; the barber retaliates, like the tailor, and inflicts a severe wound on the jackal. As before, in the German story, the goat is a goat; but the jackal is a transformed raja, none other in short than the Beast who is wedded to Beauty and the monster who becomes the husband of Psyche, and thus even this story lies within the magic circle of strictly mythical tradition. But before he wins his bride, the jackal-raja is reduced to sore straits, and his adventures give occasion for some sharp satire on Hindu popular theology. Coming across a bullock's carcass, the jackal eats his way into it, while the sun so contracts the hide that the jackal finds himself unable to get out. Fearing to be killed if discovered, or to be buried alive if he escaped notice, the jackal, on the approach of the scavengers, cries out, "Take care, good people, how you touch me, for I am a great saint." The mahars in terror ask him who he is, and what he wants. "I," answered the jackal, "am a very holy saint. I am also the god of your village, and I am very angry with you, because you never worship me nor bring me offerings." "O my lord," they cried, "what offerings will please you? Tell us only, and we will bring you whatever you like." "Good," said the jackal; "then you must fetch hither plenty of rice, plenty of flowers, and a nice fat chicken: place them as an offering beside me, and pour a great deal of water over them, as you do at your most solemn feasts, and then I will forgive you your sins." The wetting, of course, splits the dry bullock's skin, and the jackal, jumping out, runs with the chicken in his mouth to the jungle. When again he was nearly starved, he heard a Brahman bewailing his property, and declaring that if a dog or a jackal were to offer to marry one of his daughters, he should have her—an eagerness in complete contrast with the reluctance of the merchant who is obliged to surrender his child to the beast. The jackal takes him at his word, and leads his wife away to a splendid subterranean palace, where she finds that each night the jackal lays aside his skin, and becomes a beautiful young man. Soon the Brahman comes to the jackal's cave to see how his child gets on; but just as he is about to enter, the jackal stops him, and, learning his wants, gives him a melon, the seeds of which will bring him some money. A neighbour, admiring the fruit produced from these seeds, buys some from the Brahman's wife, and finding that they are full of diamonds, pearls, and rubies, purchases the whole stock, until the Brahman himself opens a small withered melon, and learns how he has been overreached. In vain he asks restitution from the woman who has bought them; she knows nothing of any miraculous melons, and a jeweller to whom he takes the jewels from the withered melon, accuses him of having stolen the gems from his shop, and impounds them all. Again the Brahman betakes himself to the jackal, who, seeing the uselessness of giving him gold or jewels, brings him out a jar which is always full of good things.[1] The Brahman now lived in luxury; but another Brahman informed the raja of the royal style in which his once poorer neighbour feasted, and the raja appropriated the jar for his own special use. When once again he carried this story of his wrongs to his son-in-law, the jackal gave him another jar, within which was a rope and a stick, which would perform their work of chastisement as soon as the jar was opened. Uncovering the jar while he was alone, the Brahman had cause to repent his rashness, for every bone in his body was left aching. With this personal experience of the powers of the stick, the Brahman generously invited the raja and his brother Brahman to come and test the virtues of his new gift; and a belabouring as hearty as that which the wicked innkeeper received in the German tale made them yield up the dinner-making jar. The same wholesome measure led to the recovery of the precious stones from the jeweller, and the melons from the woman who had bought them. It only remained now, by burning the enchanted raja's jackal-skin, the lion-skin of Heraklês, to transform him permanently into the most splendid prince ever seen on earth.[1]

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[1] The Norse story of "The Lad who went to the North Wind" turns on the same machinery.

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[1] This jar is, of course, the horn of Amaltheia, the napkin of Rhydderch, the never-failing table of the Ethiopians, the cup of the Malee's wife in the Hindu legend; but the countless forms assumed by the mysterious vessel which serves as the source of life and wealth will be more fitly examined when we come to analyse the myth of the divine ship Argo. See the section on the Vivifying Sun, Book ii.

The Lad who went to the North Wind.

The independent growth of these tales from a common framework is still more conclusively proved by the fact that the agreement of the Norse with the Hindu legend is far more close and striking than the likeness which it bears to the German story. In the Norse version we have not three brothers, but one lad, who represents the Brahman; and in the Norse and Hindu stories alike, the being who does the wrong is the one who bestows the three mysterious gifts. The goat in the German version is simply mischievous: in the Norse tale, the North Wind, which blows away the poor woman's meal, bestows on her son the banquet-making cloth, the money-coining ram, and the magic stick.[2] The jackal and the cloth are thus alike endowed with the mysterious power of the Teutonic Wish.[3] This power is exhibited under a thousand forms, among which cups, horns, jars, and basins hold the most conspicuous place, and point to the earliest symbol used for the expression of the idea.

The story of Punchkin.

The points of likeness and difference between the Hindu story of Punchkin and the Norse tale of the "Giant who had no Heart in his Body" are perhaps still more striking. In the former a rajah has seven daughters, whose mother dies while they are still children, and a stepmother so persecutes them that they make their escape. In the jungle they are found by the seven sons of a neighbouring king, who are hunting; and each takes one of the princesses as a wife, the handsomest of course marrying the youngest. After a brief time of happiness, the eldest prince sets off on a journey, and does not return. His six brothers follow him, and are seen no more. After this, as Balna, the youngest princess, rocks her babe in his cradle, a fakeer makes his appearance, and having vainly asked her to marry him, transforms her into a dog, and leads her away. As he grows older, Balna's son learns how his parents and uncles have disappeared, and resolves to go in search of them. His aunts beseech him not to do so; but the youth feels sure that he will bring them all back, and at length he finds his way to the house of a gardener, whose wife, on hearing his story, tells him that his father and uncles have all been turned into stone by the great magician Punchkin, who keeps Balna herself imprisoned in a high tower because she will not marry him. To aid him in his task, the gardener's wife disguises him in her daughter's dress, and gives him a basket of flowers as a present for the captive princess. Thus arrayed, the youth is admitted to her presence, and while none are looking, he makes himself known to his mother by means of a ring which she had left on his finger before the sorcerer stole her away. But the rescue of the seven princes seemed to be as far off as ever, and the young man suggests that Balna should now change her tactics, and by playing the part of Delilah to Samson, find out where his power lies, and whether he is subject to death. The device is successful, and the sorcerer betrays the secret.

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[1] In the mythology of Northern Europe the lion-skin becomes a bear-sack, and thus, according to the story of Porphyry, Zalmoxis, the mythical legislator of the Getai, was a Berserk, as having been clothed in a bearskin as soon as he was born. Probably the explanation is about as trustworthy as that which traces the name Tritogeneia to a Cretan word trito, meaning head. The other form of the name, Zamolxis, has been supposed (Nork, *Real-Wörterbuch*, s.v.) to point to mulgeo, mulceo, and thus to denote the wizard or the sorcerer. The story of his remaining hidden for years in a cave, and then reappearing among the Getai, is a variant of the myths of Persephonê, Adonis, Baldur, Osiris, and other deities of the waxing and waning year.

[2] Dasent, *Tales from the Norse*, xciv. cxli. 266.

[3] Tylor, *Primitive Culture*, i. 327.

"Far away, far away, hundreds of thousands of miles away from this, there lies a desolate country covered with thick jungle. In the midst of the jungle grows a circle of palm trees, and in the centre of the jungle stand six jars full of water, piled one above another; below the sixth jar is a small cage which contains a little green parrot; on the life of the parrot depends my life, and if the parrot is killed I must die."[1]

But this keep is guarded by myriads of evil demons, and Balna tries hard to dissuade her son from the venture. He is resolute, and he finds true helpers in some eagles whose young he saves by killing a large serpent which was making its way to their nest. The parent birds give him their young to be his servants, and the eaglets, crossing their wings, bear him through the air to the spot where the six water jars are standing. In an instant he upsets the jar, and snatching the parrot from his cage, rolls him up in his cloak. The magician in his dismay at seeing the parrot in the youth's hands yields to every demand made by him, and not only the seven princes but all his other victims are restored to life—a magnificent array of kings, courtiers, officers, and servants.[2] Still the magician prayed to have his parrot given to him.

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[1] In the Gaelic story of the "Young King of Easaidh Ruadh," which contains this story, this puzzle is thus put: "There is a great flagstone under the threshold. There is a wether under the flag. There is a duck in the wether's belly, and an egg in the belly of the duck, and it is in the egg that my soul is."

[2] This portion of the story is found in the *Arabian Nights'* tale of "The Two Sisters who were jealous of their Younger Sister." Here also the enchantments are overcome by gaining possession of a bird, and the malignant demons who guard it are represented by dismal cries and jeering voices which assail all who attempt the task. The

"Then the boy took hold of the parrot, and tore off one of his wings, and when he did so, the magician's right arm fell off.

"Punchkin then stretched out his left arm, crying, 'Give me my parrot.' The prince pulled off the parrot's second wing, and the magician's left arm tumbled off.

"'Give me my parrot,' cried he, and fell on his knees. The prince pulled off the parrot's right leg, the magician's right leg fell off; the prince pulled off the parrot's left leg, down fell the magician's left.

"Nothing remained of him save the limbless body and the head; but still he rolled his eyes, and cried, 'Give me my parrot!' 'Take your parrot, then,' cried the boy; and with that he wrung the bird's neck, and threw it at the magician, and as he did so, Punchkin twisted round, and with a fearful groan he died."[1]

The Giant who had no Heart in his Body.

In its key-note and its leading incidents this story is precisely parallel to the Norse tale of the "Giant who had no Heart in his Body." Here, as in the Deccan legend, there is a king who has seven sons, but instead of all seven being sent to hunt or woo, the youngest is left at home; and the prince whose children they marry has six daughters, not seven. This younger brother who stays at home is the Boots of European folk-lore, a being of infinitely varied character, and a subject of the highest interest for all who wish to know whence the Aryan nations obtained the materials for their epic poems. Seemingly weak and often despised, he has keener wit and more resolute will than all who are opposed to him. Slander and obloquy are to him as nothing, for he knows that in the end his truth shall be made clear in the sight of all men. We see him in a thousand forms.[2] He is the Heraklês on whom the mean Eurystheus de-

bird, as in the Hindu tale, is won by the youngest of the family, but it is the princess Parizade disguised as a man who performs the exploit, having, like Odysseus, as he approached the Seiren's land, filled her ears with cloth. Nor is the bird less mighty than the magician, although he is not killed off in the same way. See also Tylor, *Primitive Culture*, i. 305.

[1] For Slavonic stories of external hearts see Ralston, *Russian Folk Tales*, 109; *Songs of the Russian People*, 165.

[2] Dasent, *Norse Tales*, cliv. Some of the stories told of Boots are very significant. Among the most noteworthy is Grimm's story of "One who travelled to learn what shivering meant." The stupid boy in this tale shows marvellous strength of arm, but he is no more able to shiver than the sun. At midnight he is still quick with the heat of fire, which cannot be cooled even by contact with the dead. Like Sigurd, he recovers the treasures in the robber's keeping, and he learns to shiver only when his bride pours over him at night a pail of water full of fish—in other words, when Helios plunges into the sea as Endymion. Elsewhere, he is not only the wanderer or vagabond, but the discharged soldier, or the strolling player, who is really the king Thrushbeard in the German story, who tames the pride of the princess as Indra subdues Danaâ; or he is the countryman who cheats the Jew in the story of the "Good Bargain." He is the young king of Easaidh Ruadh in the Scottish story, who gets for the giant the Glaive

lights to pour contempt; he is Cinderella sitting in the dust, while her sisters flaunt their finery abroad; he is the Oidipous who knows nothing,[1] yet reads the mysterious riddle of the Sphinx; he is the Phoibos who serves in the house of Admêtos and the palace of Laomedon; he is the Psyche who seeks her lost love almost in despair, and yet with the hope still living in her that her search shall not be unsuccessful; above all, he is the Ithakan chief, clothed in beggar's rags, flouted by the suitors, putting forth his strength for one moment to crush the insolent Arnaios, then sitting down humbly on the threshold,[2] recognised only by an old nurse and his dog, waiting patiently till the time comes that he shall bend the unerring bow, and having slain his enemies appear once more in glorious garb by the side of a wife as radiant in beauty as when he left her years ago for a long and a hard warfare far away. Nay, he even becomes an idiot, but even in this his greatest humiliation the memory of his true greatness is never forgotten. Thus the Gaelic "Lay of the Great Fool" relates the

Tale of wonder, that was heard without lie,
Of the idiot to whom hosts yield,
A haughty son who yields not to arms,
Whose name was the mighty fool.

The might of the world he had seized
In his hands, and it was no rude deed;
It was not the strength of his blade or shield,
But that the mightiest was in his grasp.[3]

He becomes, of course, the husband of Helen,

The mighty fool is his name,
And his wife is the young Fairfine;
The men of the world are at his beck,
And the yielding to him was mine;

and the Helen of the story has, of course, her Paris. The fool goes to sleep, and as he slumbers a Gruagach gives her a kiss, and like Helen "the lady was not ill-pleased that he came." But his coming

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of Light (Excalibur, or the spear of Achilleus), and who rides a dun filly, gifted like the horse Xanthos with the power of speech. He is the "bald rough-skinned gillie" of the smithy in the Highland tale of "The Brown Bear of the Green Glen," on whose head the mysterious bird alights to point him out as the father of the dawn-child. In the story of the "Three Soldiers" in the same collection, he is the poor soldier who is wheedled of his three wish-gifts, but recovering them in the end is seen in his native majesty.

[1] *ὁ μηδὲν' εἰδώς Οἰδίπους.*
Sophokles, *Oid. Tyr.* 397.

So again of Odysseus, ἄφρονα τ' αὔτως.—*Il.* iii. 220.

[2] *Odyssey*, xviii. 110.

[3] Campbell, *Tales of the West Highlands*, iii. 154.

is for evil luck, and the deceiver shall be well repaid when the fool comes to take vengeance.

> Still will I give my vows,
> Though thou thinkest much of thy speech;
> When comes the Gruagach of the tissue cloak,
> He will repay thee for his wife's kiss.

Mythical repetitions and combinations.

Boots then acts the part of Balna's son in the Hindu story, while the sorcerer reappears in the Norse tale as a giant, who turns the six princes and their wives into stone. The incident is by no means peculiar to this tale, and the examples already adduced would alone warrant the assertion that the whole mass of folk-lore in every country may be resolved into an endless series of repetitions, combinations, and adaptations of a few leading ideas or of their developements, all sufficiently resembling each other to leave no doubts of their fundamental identity, yet so unlike in outward garb and colouring, so thoroughly natural and vigorous under all their changes, as to leave no room for any other supposition than that of a perfectly independent growth from one common stem. If, speaking of the marvels wrought by musical genius, Dr. Newman could say, "There are seven notes in the scale; make them thirteen, yet how slender an outfit for so vast an enterprise,"[1] we may well feel the same astonishment as we see the mighty harvest of mythical lore which a few seeds have yielded, and begin to understand how it is that ideas so repeated, disguised, or travestied never lost their charm, but find us as ready to listen when they are brought before us for the hundredth time in a new dress, as when we first made acquaintance with them.

Agency of beasts in these stories.

In the modified machinery of the Norse tale, the remonstrances addressed to Balna's son in the Hindu story are here addressed to Boots,[2] whose kindness to the brute creatures who become his friends is drawn out in the more full detail characteristic of Western legends. The Hindu hero helps eagles only; Boots succours a raven, a salmon, and a wolf, and the latter having devoured his horse bears him on its back with the speed of light to the house of the giant who has turned his brothers into stone.[1] There he finds, not his mother, like Balna's son, but the beautiful princess who is to be his bride, and who promises to find out, if she can, where the giant keeps his heart, for, wherever it be, it is not in his body. The

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[1] *University Sermons*, p. 348. In these two stories the Magician Punchkin and the Heartless Giant are manifestly only other forms of the dark beings, the Panis, who steal away the bright treasures, whether cows, maidens, or youths, from the gleaming west. In each case there is a long search for them; and as Troy cannot fall without Achilleus, so here there is only one who can achieve the exploit of rescuing the beings who have been turned into stone, as Niobê is hardened into rock. The youthful son of Balna in his disguise is the womanlike Theseus, Dionysos, or Achilleus. Balna herself imprisoned in the tower with the sorcerer whom she hates is Helen shut up in Ilion with the seducer whom she loathes; and as Helen calls herself the dog-faced, so Balna is transformed into a dog when Punchkin leads her away. The eagles whose young he saves, like the heroes of so many popular tales, are the bright clouds who bear off little Surya Bai to the nest on the tree-top.

[2] The stories of Boots and Cinderella lead us to a vast family of kindred myths. In all of these the beauty of the hero or heroine is disfigured by a squalid dress, and sometimes by a dark-brown staining of the face and arms. In each case, while the heroine carries away in nutshells or in other tiny receptacles dresses gleaming with the splendour of the stars, the moon,

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and the sun, she is clothed with the skin of a cat, a dog, or an ass, or, as in the instance of Allerleirauh, of all the beasts of the land. In each case, after escaping from desperate dangers by the help of a horse or a bull, she becomes a scullion, whose abode is a cellar into which the light of day cannot penetrate. From this noisome dungeon she is rescued by a threefold ordeal. In the English story of Catskin, the cook, in the first case, dashes a basin of water in her face; in the second, he breaks her head with the ladle; in the third, he smites her with the skimmer. In other versions the person who so ill-treats her under her mean disguise is the king or prince, whom she afterwards marries; but the three smitings, followed each by a greater display of splendour, are to be found in all. Whence came these features? That they could suggest themselves spontaneously to the fancy of savages in all parts of the world is beyond all bounds of belief. In its oldest shape seemingly the myth comes before us in the Vedic story of Apala (the water-maiden), who comes down from the mountain to draw water, and in so doing draws Soma, or ambrosia, which she presents to the sun-god Indra. But the maiden is ugly and deformed, and to free her of her loathsomeness, Indra consents to pass over her three times. This threefold smiting is brought out more clearly in a legend of the Brihaddevatâ, in which the water-maiden beseeches Indra to make for her a beautiful and faultless skin. Indra accordingly passes over her with wheel, chariot, and rudder. By three efforts he takes off her ugly skin, and Apala appears in a beautiful one. The Soma which Apala brings to Indra becomes in the popular stories of Europe the soup which the kitchen drudge prepares for the king, or prince, or lord in the story, who in each case marries her. But the three smitings of Indra constitute his marriage with the maiden, and there can be little doubt that the rudder of his chariot in the torn bosom of Apala has a fuller signification. This legend is cited in the "Zoological Mythology" of De Gubernatis, of which Mr. Coote, *Folk Lore Record*, vol. iii. part i., speaks as "one of the most remarkable combinations of erudition and imagination which this age has produced."

[1] The constant agency of wolves and foxes in the German stories at once suggests a comparison with the Myrmidons whom the Homeric poet so elaborately likens to wolves, with Phoibos himself as the wolf-god of Æschylos, and with the jackal princes of eastern story. In Grimm's story of "The Two Brothers," the animals succoured are the hare, fox, wolf, and lion, and they each, as in the Hindu tale, offer their young as ministers to the hero who has spared their lives. In the beautiful legend of the Golden Bird, the youngest brother and the fox whom by his kindness he secures as his ally, alike represent the disguised chieftain of Ithaka, and the rajas of the Hindu stories. The disguise in which the youngest brother returns home is put on by himself. He has exchanged clothes with a beggar; the fox is of course enchanted, and can be freed only by destroying the body in which he is imprisoned. But this idea of enchantment would inevitably be suggested by the magic power of Athênê in seaming the face of Odysseus with the wrinkles of a squalid old age, while the Christianised Northman would convert Athênê herself into a witch. In this story the mere presence of the disguised youth, who was supposed to be murdered, just as the suitors supposed Odysseus to be dead, makes the golden bird begin to sing, the golden horse begin to eat, and the beautiful maiden to cease weeping. The meaning is obvious.

colloquies which lead at length to the true answer exhibit the giant in the more kindly and rollicking character frequently bestowed on trolls, dwarfs, elves, and demons, in the mythology of the Western Aryans. The final answer corresponds precisely to that of Punchkin. "Far, far away in a lake lies an island; on that island stands a church; in that church is a well; in that well swims a duck; in that duck there is an egg; and in that egg there lies my heart, you darling." His darling takes a tender farewell of Boots, who sets off on the wolf's back, to solve, as in the Eastern tale, the mystery of the water and the bird. The wolf takes him to the island; but the church keys hang high on the steeple, and the raven is now brought in to perform an office analogous to that of the young eaglets in the Deccan legend. At last, by the salmon's help, the egg is brought from the bottom of the well where the duck had dropped it.

"Then the wolf told him to squeeze the egg, and as soon as ever he squeezed it, the giant screamed out.

"'Squeeze it again,' said the wolf; and when the prince did so, the giant screamed still more piteously, and begged and prayed so prettily to be spared, saying he would do all that the prince wished if he would only not squeeze his heart in two.

"'Tell him if he will restore to life again your six brothers and their brides, you will spare his life,' said the wolf. Yes, the giant was ready to do that, and he turned the six brothers into king's sons again, and their brides into king's daughters.

"'Now squeeze the egg in two,' said the wolf. So Boots squeezed the egg to pieces, and the giant burst at once."

Influence of written literature on Folk-lore.

The supposition that these stories have been transmitted laterally is tenable only on the further hypothesis, that in every Aryan land, from Eastern India to the Highlands of Scotland, the folk-lore of the country has had its character determined by the literature of written books, that in every land men have handled the stories introduced from other countries with the deliberate purpose of modifying and adapting them, and that they have done their work in such a way as sometimes to leave scarcely a resemblance, at other times scarcely to effect the smallest change. In no other range of literature has any such result ever been achieved. In these stories we have narratives which have confessedly been received in the crudest form, if the fable of the Brahman and the goat is to be taken as the original of the Master Thief, and which have been worked up with marvellous vigour and under indefinitely varied forms, not by the scholars who imported the volumes of the Kalila and Dimna, or the Exploits of the Romans, but by unknown men among the people. The tales have been circulated for the most part only among those who have no books, and many, if not most, of them have been made known only of late years for the first time to the antiquarians and philologists who have devoted their lives to hunting them out. How then do we find in Teutonic or Hindu stories not merely incidents which specially characterise the story of Odysseus, but almost the very words in which they are related in the Odyssey? The task of analysing and comparing these legends is not a light one even for those who have all the appliances of books and the aid of a body of men working with them for the same end. Yet old men and old women reproduce in India and Germany, in Norway, in Scotland, and in Ireland, the most subtle turns of thought and expression, and an endless series of complicated narratives, in which the order of incidents and the words of the speakers are preserved with a fidelity nowhere paralleled in the oral tradition of historical events. It may safely be said that no series of stories introduced in the form of translations from other languages could ever thus have filtered down into the lowest strata of society, and thence have sprung up again, like Antaios, with greater energy and heightened beauty, and "nursery tales are generally the last things to be adopted by one nation from another."[1] But it is not safe to assume on the part of Highland peasants or Hindu nurses a familiarity with the epical literature of the Homeric or Vedic poets; and hence the production of actual evidence in any given race for the independent growth of popular stories may be received as throwing fresh light on questions already practically solved, but can scarcely be regarded as indispensable. It can scarcely be necessary to prove that the tale of the Three Snake Leaves was not derived by the old German story-tellers from the pages of Pausanias, or that Beauty and the Beast was not suggested by Appuleius. There is nothing therefore which needs to surprise us in the fact that stories already familiar to the western Aryans have been brought to us in their eastern versions only as yesterday.

Faithful John.

Probably no two stories furnish more convincing evidence of the extent to which the folk-lore of the Aryan tribes was developed, while they still lived as a single people, than that which we find in the German legend of Faithful John and the Deccan story of Rama and Luxman, who reflect the Rama and Laxmana of Purana legends. A comparison of these legends clearly shows that at least the following framework must have been devised before Hindus and Germans started on the long migration which was to lead the one to the regions of the Ganges and the Indus, and the other to the countries watered by the Rhine and the Elbe. Even in those early days the story must have run that a king had seen the likeness of a maiden whose beauty made him faint with love; that he could not be withheld from seeking her; that his faithful friend went with him and helped him to win his bride; that certain wise birds predicted that the trusty friend should save his master from three great dangers, but that his mode of rescuing him should seem to show that he loved his master's wife; that for his self-sacrifice he should be turned into a stone, and should be restored to life only by the agency of an innocent child. That two men in two distant countries knowing nothing of each other could hit upon such a series of incidents as these, none probably will have the hardihood to maintain. Still less can any dream of urging that Hindus and Germans agreed together to adopt each the specific differences of their respective versions. In the German story the prince's passion for the beautiful maiden is caused by the sight of her portrait in a gallery of his father's palace, into which the trusty John had been strictly charged not to let the young man enter.[1] Having once seen it, he cannot be withheld from going to seek her, and with his friend he embarks as a merchant in a ship laden with all manner of costly goods which may tempt the maiden's taste or curiosity. The scheme succeeds; but while the princess is making her purchases the Faithful John orders all sail to be set, and the ship is far at sea when the maiden turns to go home. At once we recognise the form in which Herodotos at the outset of his history has recorded the story of Iô, and are tempted to think that Herodotos did not in this instance invent his own rationalistic explanation of a miraculous story, but has adopted a version of the myth current in his own day. The comparative freedom from supernatural incidents would of course determine his choice. The next scene in the drama is a colloquy between three crows, whose language Faithful John understands, and who foretell three great dangers impending over the prince, who can be saved only at the cost of his preserver. On his reaching shore a fox-coloured horse would spring towards him, which, on his mounting it, would carry him off for ever from his bride. No one can save him except by shooting the horse, but if any one does it and tells the king, he will be turned into stone from the toe to the knee. If the horse be killed, the prince will none the more keep his bride, for a bridal shirt will lie on a dish, woven seemingly of gold and silver, but composed really of sulphur and pitch, and if he puts it on it will burn him to his bones and marrow. Whoever takes the shirt with his gloved hand and casts it into the fire may save the prince; but if he knows and tells him, he will be turned to stone from his knee to his heart. Nor is the prince more safe even if the shirt be burnt, for during the dance which follows the wedding the queen will suddenly turn pale and fall as if dead, and unless some one takes three drops of blood from her right breast she will die. But whoever knows and tells it shall be turned to stone from the crown of his head to the toes of his feet. The friend resolves to be faithful at all hazards, and all things turn out as the crows had foretold; but the king, misconstruing the act of his friend in taking blood from his wife, orders him to be led to prison. At the scaffold he explains his motives, but the act of revelation seals his doom; and while the king intreats for forgiveness the trusty servant is turned into stone. In an agony of grief the king has the figure placed near his bed, and vainly prays for the power of restoring him to life. Years pass on; twin sons are born to him, and one day, as he gives utterance to the longing of his heart, the statue says that it can be brought back to life if the king will cut off the heads of the twins and sprinkle the statue with their blood. The servant is restored to life, and when he places the children's heads on their bodies they spring up and play as merrily as ever.

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[1] Max Müller, *Chips*, ii. 216.

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[1] This is substantially the Rabbinical story of "The Broken Oath," the difference being that the young man is already in Fairy Land, and finds in the forbidden chamber, not the picture, but the maiden herself. The sequel of this story exhibits the maiden as the Fairy Queen, who lays the man under a pledge to remain with her. After a while he feels a yearning to return to his earthly home. He is suffered to do so on pledging his word that he will come back. But the pledge redeemed without murmuring by Thomas of Ercildoune is set at nought by the hero of this tale. The forsaken fairy carries the case before the Rabbis, who decide that he must go back; but on his persistent refusal, she beseeches him to suffer her to take leave of him and to embrace him. "He replied that she might, and as soon as she embraced him, she drew out his soul, and he died." Thus far the story runs like that of Fouqué's Undine; but in the sequel the insensibility of the Jew to the ludicrous is shown in the words put into the mouth of the fairy, who leaves her son Solomon in the keeping of the Rabbis, assuring him that he will pass examinations satisfactorily.—Keightley, *Fairy Mythology*, 505.

Rama and Luxman.

In truth and tenderness of feeling this story falls far short of the Deccan tale, in which the prince Rama sees the image of his future bride, not in a picture, but in a dream. Having won her by the aid of Luxman, he is soon after attacked by the home-sickness which is common to the heroes of most of these tales, and which finds its highest expression in the history of Odysseus. During the journey, which answers to the voyage of the king with Faithful John, Luxman, who, like John, understands the speech of birds, hears two owls talking in a tree overhead, and learns from them that three great perils await his master and his bride. The first will be from a rotten branch of a banyan-tree, from the fall of which Luxman will just save them by dragging them forcibly away; the next will be from an insecure arch, and the third from a cobra. This serpent, they said, Luxman would kill with his sword.

"But a drop of the cobra's blood shall fall on her forehead. The wuzeer will not care to wipe off the blood with his hands, but shall instead cover his face with a cloth, that he may lick it off with his tongue; but for this the raja will be angry with him, and his reproaches will turn this poor wuzeer into stone.

"'Will he always remain stone?' asked the lady owl. 'Not for ever,' answered the husband, 'but for eight long years he will remain so.' 'And what then?' demanded she. 'Then,' answered the other, 'when the young raja and ranee have a baby, it shall come to pass that one day the child shall be playing on the floor, and, to help itself along, shall clasp hold of the stony figure, and at that baby's touch the wuzeer will come to life again.'"

As in the German tale, everything turns out in accordance with the predictions of the birds. When, therefore, Luxman saw the cobra creep towards the queen, he knew that his life must be forfeited for his devotion, and so he took from the folds of his dress the record of the owl's talk and of his former life, and, having laid it beside the sleeping king, killed the cobra. The raja, of course, starts up just as his friend is licking the blood from his wife's forehead, and, drawing the same inference with the German prince, overwhelms him with reproaches.

"The raja had buried his face in his hands: he looked up, he turned to the wuzeer; but from him came neither answer nor reply. He had become a senseless stone. Then Rama for the first time perceived the roll of paper which Luxman had laid beside him; and when he read in it of what Luxman had been to him from boyhood, and of the end, his bitter grief broke through all bounds, and falling at the feet of the statue, he clasped its stony knees and wept aloud."

Eight years passed on, and at length the child was born. A few months more, and in trying to walk, it "stretched out its tiny hands and caught hold of the foot of the statue. The wuzeer instantly came back to life, and stooping down seized the little baby, who had rescued him, in his arms and kissed it."[1]

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[1] The calamity which overtakes Luxman and Faithful John is seen in an earlier and less developed form in the German story of the Frog Prince. Here the faithful friend is overwhelmed with grief because his master is turned into a frog. But this transformation is merely the sinking of the sun into the western waters (see note 3, p. 165), and the time of his absence answers to the charmed sleep of Endymion. Trusty Henry is so grieved at the loss that he

Mythical imagery of these stories.

There is something more quiet and touching in the silent record of Luxman which stands in the place of Faithful John's confession at the scaffold, as well as in the doom which is made to depend on the reproaches of his friend rather than on the mere mechanical act of giving utterance to certain words. But the Hindu legend and the German story alike possess a higher interest in the links which connect them, like most of the popular stories already noticed, with the magnificent epic to which we give the name of Homer, with the songs of the Volsungs and Nibelungs, with the mythical cycle of Arthur and Charlemagne, and the Persian Rustem. The bridal shirt of sulphur and pitch, which outwardly seemed a tissue of gold and silver, carries us at once from the story of Faithful John to the myth of Deïaneira and the poisoned coat which put an end to the career of Heraklês. We enter again the charmed circle, where one and the same idea assumes a thousand different forms, where we can trace clearly the process by which one change led to another, but where any one disregarding the points of connexion must fail to discern their sequence, origin, and meaning. In the legend of Deïaneira, as in that of Iasôn and Glaukê, the coat or shirt is laden with destruction even for Heraklês. It represents, in fact, "the clouds which rise from the waters and surround the sun like a dark raiment." This robe Heraklês tries to tear off, but the "fiery mists embrace him, and are mingled with the parting rays of the sun, and the dying hero is seen through the scattered clouds of the sky, tearing his own body to pieces, till at last his bright form is consumed in a general conflagration."[1] In the story of Medeia this robe is the gift of Helios, which imparts a marvellous wisdom to the daughter of the Kolchian king. It is the gleaming dress which reappears in story after story of Hindu folk-lore. "That young raja's wife," people said, "has the most beautiful saree we ever saw: it shines like the sun, and dazzles our eyes. We have no saree half so beautiful." It is the golden fleece of the ram which bears away the children of the Mist (Nephelê) to the Eastern land. In other words, it is the light of Phoibos, the splendour of Helios, the rays or spears of the gleaming Sun. As such, it is identified with the sword of Apollon the Chrysâôr, with the sword which Aigeus leaves to be discovered by Theseus under the broad stone, with the good sword Gram which Odin left in the

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binds three iron bands round his heart for fear it should break with grief and sorrow. When the Frog Prince sets out with his bride in the morning, the iron bands break and Trusty Henry is set free. This is the stony sleep of Luxman, brought on by grief, and broken only by the light touch of early morning, there represented by the innocent child of Rama.

[1] Max Müller, *Chips from a German Workshop*, ii. 89.

tree trunk for Volsung to draw out and wield, with the lion's skin of Heraklês, with the jackal's skin worn by the enchanted rajas of Hindu story, with the spear of Achilleus and the deadly arrows of Philoktêtês, with the invincible sword of Perseus and the sandals which bear him through the air like a dream, with the magic shoes in the story of King Putraka and of the Lad who went to the North Wind, with the spear of Artemis and the unerring darts of Meleagros.[1] Whether under the guise of spears or fleece or arrows, it is the golden hair on the head of Phoibos Akersekomês, which no razor has ever touched; the wonderful carpet of Solomon, which figures in the Arabian Nights as the vehicle for relieving distressed lovers from their difficulties.

The sleep or death of Summer.

In the Hindu story, the bride of Rama is won after an exploit which in its turn carries us away to the deeds of Hellenic or Teutonic heroes. When the prince tells Luxman of the peerless beauty whom he has seen in his dream, his friend tells him that the princess lives far away in a glass palace.[2] "Round this palace runs a large river, and round the river is a garden of flowers. Round the garden are four thick groves of trees. The princess is twenty-four years old, but she is not married, for she has determined only to marry whoever can jump across the river and greet her in her crystal palace; and though many thousand kings have assayed to do so, they have all perished miserably in the attempt, having either been drowned in the river or broken their necks by falling." The frequent recurrence of this idea in these Hindu tales might of itself lead any one who knew nothing of the subject previously to doubt whether such images could refer to any actual facts in the history of any given man or woman. In the story of Rama it has lost much of its old significance. The death-like cold of a northern winter gives place to the mere notion of solitude and seclusion. Running streams and luxuriant gardens show that the myth has been long transferred to a more genial climate; but it is scarcely necessary to say that the changes in the story indefinitely enhance its value, so long as the idea remains the same. In some form or other this idea may be said to run through almost all these legends. In the story of "Brave Seventee Bai" it assumes a form more closely akin to the imagery of Teutonic mythology; and there we find a princess who declares that she will marry no one who has not leaped over her bath, which "has high marble walls all round, with a hedge of spikes at the top of the walls." In the story of Vicram Maharaja the parents of Anar Ranee "had caused her garden to be hedged round with seven hedges made of bayonets, so that none could go in nor out; and they had published a decree that none should marry her but he who could enter the garden and gather the three pomegranates on which she and her maids slept." So, too, Panch Phul Ranee, the lovely Queen of the Five Flowers, "dwelt in a little house, round which were seven wide ditches, and seven great hedges made of spears." The seven hedges are, however, nothing more than the sevenfold coils of the dragon of the Glistening Heath, who lies twined round the beautiful Brynhild. But the maiden of the Teutonic tale is sunk in sleep which rather resembles death than life, just as Dêmêtêr mourned as if for the death of Persephone while her child sojourned in the dark kingdom of Hades. This idea is reproduced with wonderful fidelity in the story of Little Surya Bai, and the cause of her death is modified in a hundred legends both of the East and the West. The little maiden is high up in the eagle's nest fast asleep, when an evil demon or Rakshas seeks to gain admission to her, and while vainly striving to force an entrance leaves one of his finger-nails sticking in the crack of the door. When on the following morning the maiden opened the doors of her dwelling to look down on the world below, the sharp claw ran into her hand, and immediately she fell dead. The powers of winter, which had thus far sought in vain to wound her, have at length won the victory; and at once we pass to other versions of the same myth, which tell us of Eurydikê stung to death by the hidden serpent, of Sifrit smitten by Hagene (the Thorn), of Isfendiyar slain by the thorn or arrow of Rusten,[1] of Achilleus vulnerable only in his heel, of Brynhild enfolded within the dragon's coils, of Meleagros dying as the torch of doom is burnt out, of Baldur the brave and pure smitten by the fatal mistletoe, of the sweet Briar Rose plunged in her slumber of a hundred years.

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[1] In a number of little Russian songs this invincible hero is represented as besieging a town, and gaining from it a bride. "He is tall and radiant; he sits within a tent made of white silk, or rides on a horse with a mane of gold; his sabre flashes like the sun, and so do the swords of his trusty comrades, who enable him to drive away his foes and gain his bright bride."—Ralston, *Songs of the Russian people*, 191. The search of this hero for the peerless maiden is described in another song.—*Ibid.* 223.

[2] The glass or marble of the Hindu tale answers to the ice of the Norse legends.

Origin of all myths relating to charmed sleep of beautiful maidens.

The idea that all these myths have been deliberately transferred from Hindus or Persians to Greeks, Germans, and Norsemen may be dismissed as a wild dream. Yet of their substantial identity in spite of all points of difference and under all the disguises thrown over them by individual fancies and local influences, there can be no question. The keynote of any one of the Deccan stories is the keynote of almost all; and this keynote runs practically through the great body of tales gathered from Germany, Scandinavia, Ireland, and Scotland. It is found again everywhere in the mythology of the Greeks, whether in the legends which have furnished the materials for their magnificent epics, or have been immortalised in the dramas of their great tragedians, or have remained buried in the pages of mythographers like Pausanias or Diodoros. If then all these tales have some historical foundation, they must relate to events which took place before the dispersion of the Aryan tribes from their original home. If the war at Troy took place at all, as the Homeric poets have narrated it, it is, to say the least, strange that precisely the same struggle, for precisely the same reasons, and with the same results, should have been waged in Norway and Germany, in Wales and Persia. Unless we are to adopt the hypothesis of conscious borrowing in its most exaggerated form, the dream of a historical Ilion and a historical Carduel must fade away before the astonishing multitude of legends which comparative mythologists have traced to phrases descriptive of physical phenomena. At the least it must be admitted that the evidence seems to point in this direction. To take these stories after any system, and arrange their materials methodically, is almost an impossible task. The expressions or incidents worked into these legends are like the few notes of the scale from which great musicians have created each his own world, or like the few roots of language which denoted at first only the most prominent objects and processes of nature and the merest bodily wants, but out of which has grown the wealth of words which feed the countless streams of human thought. In one story we may find a series of incidents briefly touched, which elsewhere have been expanded into a hundred tales, while the incidents themselves are presented in the countless combinations suggested by an exuberant fancy. The outlines of the tales, when these have been carefully analysed, are simple enough; but they are certainly not outlines which could have been suggested by incidents in the common life of mankind. Maidens do not fall for months or years into death-like trances, from which the touch of one brave man alone can arouse them. Dragons are not coiled round golden treasures or beautiful women on glistening heaths. Princes do not everywhere abandon their wives as soon as they have married them, to return at length in squalid disguise and smite their foes with invincible weapons. Steeds which speak and which cannot die do not draw the chariots of mortal chiefs, nor do the lives of human kings exhibit everywhere the same incidents in the same sequence. Yet every fresh addition made to our stores of popular tradition does but bring before us new phases of those old forms of which mankind, we may boldly say, will never grow weary. The golden slipper of Cinderella is the slipper of Rhodôpis, which an eagle carries off and drops into the lap of the Egyptian king as he sits on his seat of judgement at Memphis.[1] This slipper reappears in the beautiful Deccan story of Sodewa Bai, and leads of course to the same issue as in the legends of Cinderella and Rhodôpis. The dragon of the Glistening Heath represents the seven-headed cobra of the Hindu story, and in the legend of Brave Seventee Bai the beautiful Brynhild becomes his daughter, just as the bright Phoibos is the child of the sombre Leto. In the Greek myth dragons of another kind draw the chariot of Medeia, the child of the sun, or impart mysterious wisdom to Iamos and Melampous, as the cobras do to Muchie Lal. That the heroes of Greek and Teutonic legends in almost every case are separated from, or abandon, the women whom they have wooed or loved is well known; and the rajas and princes of these Hindu stories are subjected to the same lot with Heraklês and Odysseus, Oidipous and Sigurd, Kephalos and Prokris, Paris and Oinônê. Generally the newly-married prince feels a yearning to see his father and his mother once more, and, like Odysseus, pines until he can set his face homewards. Sometimes he takes his wife, sometimes he goes alone; but in one way or another he is kept away from her for years, and reappears like Odysseus in the squalid garb of a beggar.

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[1] Tylor, *Primitive Culture*, i. 323.

Charms or spells in the Odyssey and in Hindu stories.

Curiously enough, in these Hindu stories the detention of the wandering prince or king is caused by one of those charms or spells which Odysseus in his wanderings discreetly avoids. The Lotos-eaters and their magic fruit reappear in the nautch-people or conjurors, whom the rajah who has married Panch Phul Ranee, the Lady of the Five Flowers, asks for rice and fire. The woman whom he addresses immediately brings them. "But before she gave them to him, she and her companions threw on them a certain powder, containing a very potent charm; and no sooner did the raja receive them than he forgot about his wife and little child, his journey and all that had ever happened to him in his life before: such was the peculiar property of the powder. And when the conjuror said to him, 'Why should you go away? Stay with us and be one of us,' he willingly consented."[2] Unless the translator has designedly modified the language of the Deccan tale-teller (and in the absence of any admission to this effect we cannot suppose this), we may fairly quote the words as almost a paraphrase from the Odyssey :—

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[1] Ælian, *V. H.* xiii. 33; Strabo, xvii. p. 808. Gubernatis, *Zoological Mythology*, i. 31, 126.

[2] This forgetfulness of his first love on the part of the solar hero is brought about in many of the German stories by his allowing his parents to kiss him on one side of his face, or on his lips. In the Gaelic story of the Battle of the Birds neither man nor other crea-

> τῶν δ' ὅς τις λωτοῖο φάγοι μελιηδέα καρπόν,
> οὐκ ἔτ' ἀπαγγεῖλαι πάλιν ἤθελεν οὐδὲ νέεσθαι,
> ἀλλ' αὐτοῦ βούλοντο μετ' ἀνδράσι Λωτοφάγοισιν
> λωτὸν ἐρεπτόμενοι μενέμεν νόστου τε λαθέσθαι.[1]

The nautch-woman here has also the character of Kirkê, and the charm represents the *κακὰ φάρμακα* which turn the companions of Eurylochos into swine, while Kirkê's wand is wielded by the sorcerers who are compelled to restore to life the victims whom they had turned into stone, and by the Rakshas from whom Ramchundra, in the story of Truth's Triumph, seeks to learn its uses. "The rod," she replies, "has many supernatural powers; for instance, by simply uttering your wish, and waving it in the air, you can conjure up a mountain, a river, or a forest, in a moment of time." At length the wanderer is found; but Panch Phul Ranee and Seventee Bai have the insight of Eurykleia, and discern his true majesty beneath the fakeer's garb.[2] "The raja came towards them so changed that

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ture is to kiss him, and the mischief is done by his greyhound, who recognises him as Argos knows Odysseus. Campbell, i. 34.

[1] *Od.* ix. 97.

[2] This garment of humiliation appears in almost innumerable legends. In the German story of the Golden Bird the prince puts it on when, on approaching his father's house, he is told that his brothers are plotting his death. In the tale of the Knapsack, the Hat, and the Horn, the wanderer who comes in with a coat torn to rags has a knapsack from which he can produce any number of men, and a horn (the horn of the Maruts) at whose blast the strongest walls fall down. He thus takes on his enemies a vengeance precisely like that of Odysseus, and for the same reason. In the story of the Golden Goose, Dummling, the hero who never fails in any exploit, is despised for his wretched appearance. In that of the Gold Child the brilliant hero comes before the king in the guise of a humble bear-hunter. The tale of the King of the Golden Mountain repeats the story of King Putraka, and shows the Gold Child in a shepherd's ragged frock. Elsewhere he is seen as the poor miller's son (the Miller's Son and the Cat), and he becomes a discharged soldier in the story of "The Boots made of Buffalo Leather." The beggar reappears in the Norse tale of Hacon Grizzlebeard, the Thrushbeard of Grimm's collection, while Boots, who grovels in the ashes, is the royal youth who rides up the mountain of ice in the story of the Princess on the Glass Hill. In another, Shortshanks, who by himself destroys all the Trolls opposed to him, is a reflexion of Odysseus, not only in his vengeance, but in his bodily form. Odysseus is Shortshanks when compared with Menelaos (*Iliad* iii. 210–11). In the tale of the Best Wish (Dasent), Boots carries with him in the magic tap the horn of Amaltheia, and is seen again as a tattered beggar in the story of the Widow's Son. In the legend of Big Bird Dan he is the wandering sailor, who, like Odysseus, is tossed, worn and naked, on the Phaiakian shore; in that of Soria Moria Castle (a tale in which the Sun seeks for the Dawn, the reverse of the Psychê story) he is Halvor who grubs among the ashes—the connexion with fire and light being never forgotten in these stories, for these ashes are always living embers. The adventure of Halvor is for the recovery of a Helen, who has been stolen away by a Troll; but no sooner is the Ilion

not even his own mother knew him; no one recognised him but his wife. For eighteen years he had been among the nautch-people; his hair was rough, his beard untrimmed, his face thin and worn, sunburnt, and wrinkled, and his dress was a rough common blanket." Can we possibly help thinking of the wanderer, who in his beggar's dress reveals himself to the swineherd; or of his disguise, when Athênê destroyed his golden locks and clothed him in tatters;[1] and lastly of his recognition by his old nurse when she saw the wound made by the bite of the boar who slew Adonis? So in the Vengeance of Chandra we see the punishment of the suitors by Odysseus, an incident still further travestied in Grimm's legend of the King of the Golden Mountain. So too as we read of the body of Chundun Raja, which remained undecayed though he had been dead many months, or of Sodewa Bai, who a month after her death looked as lovely as on the night on which she died, we are reminded of the bodies of Patroklos[2] and of Hektor[3] which Aphroditê or Apollôn anointed with ambrosial oil, and guarded day and night from all unseemly things.

The Snake Leaves.

But though the doom of which Achilleus mournfully complained to Thetis lies on all or almost all of these bright beings, they cannot be held in the grasp of the dark power which has laid them low. Briar-Rose and Surya Bai start from their slumbers at the magic touch of the lover's hand, and even when all hope seemed to be lost, wise beasts provide an antidote which will bring back life to the dead. In the story of Panch Phul Ranee these beneficent physicians are jackals, who converse together like the owls of Luxman or the crows in the tale of Faithful John. "Do you see this tree?" says the jackal to his wife. "Well, if its leaves were crushed, and a little of the juice put into the raja's two ears and upon his upper lip, and some upon his temples also, and some upon the spear-wound in his side, he would come to life again, and be as well as ever." These leaves reappear in Grimm's story of the Three Snake Leaves, in which the snakes play the part of the jackals. In this tale a prince is buried alive with his dead wife, and seeing a snake approaching her body, he cuts it in three pieces. Presently another snake, crawling from the corner, saw the other lying dead, and going away soon returned with three green leaves in its mouth; then, laying the parts of the body together, so as to join, it put one leaf on each

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or stronghold of the robber demolished than, like Odysseus, he begins to feel an irresistible longing to see his father and his home once more.

The story of Shortshanks is told in the Gaelic tale of the Sea-Maiden, Campbell, i. 101.

[1] *Od.* xvi. 175, 207; xiii. 435; xxi. 208.

[2] *Il.* xix. 32.

[3] *Ib.* xxiv. 20.

wound, and the dead snake was alive again. The prince applying the leaves to his wife's body restores her also to life. The following are the words of Apollodoros[1] in relating the story, also told by Ælian, of Glaukos and Polyidos:—"When Minos said that he must bring Glaukos to life, Polyidos was shut up with the dead body; and, being sorely perplexed, he saw a dragon approach the corpse. This he killed with a stone, and another dragon came, and, seeing the first one dead, went away, and brought some grass, which it placed on the body of the other, which immediately rose up. Polyidos, having beheld this with astonishment, put the same grass on the body of Glaukos, and restored him to life."[2]

The Two Brothers.

These magic leaves become a root in the German story of the Two Brothers, a tale in which a vast number of solar myths have been rolled together. The two brothers, "as like one another as two drops of water," are the Dioskouroi and the Asvins, or the other twin deities which run through so large a portion of the Aryan mythology. They are also the Babes in the Wood, although it is their father himself who, at the bidding of his rich brother, thrusts them forth from their home, because a piece of gold falls from the mouth of each every morning. They are saved by a huntsman, who makes them marksmen as expert as Kastor and Polydeukes. When at length they set out on their adventures, the huntsman gives them a knife, telling them that if, in case of separation, they would stick it into a tree by the wayside, he who came back to it might learn from the brightness or the rusting of the blade whether the other is alive and well. If the tale thus leads us to the innumerable stories which turn on sympathetic trees, gems, and stones, it is not less noteworthy as bringing before us almost all the brute animals, whose names were once used as names of the sun. The two brothers lift their weapons to shoot a hare, which, begging for life, promises to give up two leverets. The hare is suffered to go free, and the huntsmen also spare the leverets, which follow them. The same thing happens with a fox, wolf, bear, and lion, and thus the youths journey, attended each by five beasts, until they part, having fixed the knife into the trunk of a tree. The younger, like Perseus, comes to a town where all is grief and sorrow because the king's daughter is to be given up on the morrow to be devoured by a dragon on the summit of the dragon's mountain. Like Theseus and Sigurd, the young man becomes possessed of a sword buried beneath a great stone, and, like Perseus, he delivers the maiden by slaying the dragon. Then on the mountain-top the youth rests with the princess, having charged his beasts to keep watch, lest any one should surprise them. But the victory of the sun is followed by the sleep of winter, and the lion, overcome with drowsiness, hands over his charge to the bear, the bear to the wolf, the wolf to the fox, the fox to the hare, until all are still. The Marshal of the kingdom,[1] who here plays the part of Paris, now ascends the mountain, and, cutting off the young man's head, leads away the princess, whom, as the dragon-slayer, he claims as his bride. At length the sleep of the lion is broken by the sting of a bee, and the beast rousing the bear asks the reason of his failing to keep watch. The charge is passed from one beast to the other, until the hare, unable to utter a word in its defence, begs for mercy, as knowing where to find a root which, like the snake leaves, shall restore their master to life. A year has passed away, and the young man, again approaching the town where the princess lived, finds it full of merriment, because she is going on the morrow to be married to the Marshal. But the time of his humiliation is now past. The huntsman in his humble hostel declares to the landlord that he will this day eat of the king's bread, meat, vegetables, and sweetmeats, and drink of his finest wine. These are severally brought to him by the five beasts, and the princess, thus learning that her lover is not dead, advises the king to send for the master of these animals. The youth refuses to come unless the king sends for him a royal equipage, and then, arrayed in royal robes, he goes to the palace, where he convicts the Marshal of his treachery by exhibiting the dragon's tongues which he had cut off and preserved in a handkerchief bestowed on him by the princess, and by showing the necklace, of which she had given a portion to each of his beasts, and which is, in fact, the necklace of Freya and the Kestos or cestus of Aphrodite. But the tale is not told out yet, and it enters on another cycle of the sun's career. The youth is no sooner married to the princess than, like Odysseus or Sigurd, he is separated from her. Following a white doe into a forest, he is there deceived by a witch, at whose bidding he touches his beasts with a twig, and turns them into stones, and is then changed into a stone himself. Just at this time the younger brother returns to the place where the knife, now partially covered with rust, remained fixed in the tree. He becomes, of course, as in the myth of Baldur, the avenger of his brother, and the witch undergoes the doom of Punchkin or of the Giant who had no heart in his body; but when he tells the younger brother that even his wife had taken him to be her husband, and admitted him into her chamber, the latter cuts off the elder's head. The magic root is again brought into use, and he learns how faithful his brother had been when his wife asks him why, on the two previous nights, he had placed a sword in the bed between them. The story thus, in its last incident, runs into the tales of Sigurd and the Arabian Allah-ud-deen.[1]

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[1] iii. 3, 1. See further Professor Max Müller's "Essay on the Migration of Fables," *Selected Essays*, vol. i. p. 500. In this essay the strange and unexpected ramifications of stories are traced with wonderful skill; and the presence of a story in Iceland and Italy, without its being found in other parts of Europe, is shown to be not necessarily conclusive proof of their independent origin. But the chronological test, wherever it can be applied, dispenses with this inquiry. The presence of the story of the Snake Leaves in India and in Germany in our own day leaves it barely possible that it may have been taken straight from Germany to India, or from India to Germany; but when we find it in the pages of Apollodoros, the fact of its having been known in Europe two thousand years ago is established beyond dispute. It is the same with the story of the Master Thief, who has his familiar title in the so-called Homeric Hymn—a hymn, whatever its date, older than the days of Thucydides.

[2] Apollodoros, iii. 3, 1. Mr. Gould, referring to this story as introduced in Fouqué's "Sir Elidoc," places these flowers or leaves in the large class of things which have the power of restoring life, or splitting rocks, or opening the earth and revealing hidden treasures. The snake leaves represent in short the worms or stones which shatter rocks, the sesame which opens the robbers' cave, and finally the vulgar hand of glory, which, when set on fire, aids the treasure-seeker in his search. All these fables Mr. Gould refers to one and the same object—lightning.—*Curious Myths of the Middle Ages*, second series, p. 145, &c.

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[1] In the romance of Tristram, the Steward of the King of Ireland plays the part of the Marshal.

Myths of the Night, the Moon, and the Stars.

If we sought to prove the absolute identity of the great mass of Hindu, Greek, Norse, and German legends, we surely need go no further. Yet there are other points of likeness, at least as striking as any that have been already noticed, between the stories which in the East and West alike relate to the phenomena of night. In the Hindu tale the disguised wife of Logedas Raja finds Tara Bai on a gold and ivory throne. "She was tall and of a commanding aspect. Her black hair was bound by long strings of pearls, her dress was of fine-spun gold, and round her waist was clasped a zone of restless, throbbing, light-giving diamonds. Her neck and her arms were covered with a profusion of costly jewels, but brighter than all shone her bright eyes, which looked full of gentle majesty." But Tara Bai is the star (boy) child, or maiden, the Asteropaios of the Iliad, of whom the Greek myth said only that he was the tallest of all their men, and that he was slain after fierce fight by Achilleus, whom he had wounded.[2] Elsewhere she reappears as Polydeukes, the glittering twin brother of Kastor, and more particularly as the fairy Melusina, who is married to Raymond of Toulouse. This beautiful being, who has a fish's tail, as representing the moon which rises and sets in the sea, vanishes away when her full form is seen by her husband.[3] In another phase she is Kalypsô, the beautiful night which veils the sun from mortal eyes in her chamber flashing with a thousand stars, and lulls to sleep the man of many griefs and wanderings.[1] Lastly, she is St. Ursula, with her eleven thousand virgins (the myriad stars), whom Cardinal Wiseman, in a spirit worthy of Herodotos, transforms into a company, or rather two companies, of English ladies, martyred by the Huns at Cologne, but whose mythical home is on Horselberg, where the faithful Eckhart is doomed to keep his weary watch. Labouring on in his painful rationalism, Cardinal Wiseman tells us of one form of the legend which mentions a marriage-contract made with the father of St. Ursula, a very powerful king, by which it was arranged that she should have eleven companions, and each of these a thousand followers.[2] There are thus twelve, in addition to the eleven thousand attendants, and these twelve reappear in the Hindu tales, sometimes in dark, sometimes in lustrous forms, as the twelve hours of the day or night, or the twelve moons of the lunar year. Thus in the story of Truth's Triumph a raja has twelve wives, but no children. At length he marries Guzra Bai, the flower girl, who bears him a hundred sons and one daughter; and the sequel of the tale relates the result of their jealousy against these children and their mother. Their treacherous dealing is at last exposed, and they suffer the fate of all like personages in the German and Norse tales.

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[1] The Norse tale of Shortshanks (Dasent) is made up in great part of the materials of this story.

[2] *Il.* xxi. 166, &c.

[3] The name Melusina is identified by Mr. Gould with that of the Babylonian

The battle of light and darkness.

There is, in fact, no end to the many phases assumed by the struggle of these fairy beings, which is the warfare between light and darkness. But the bright beings always conquer in the end, and return like Persephonê from the abode of Hades to gladden the heart of the Mater Dolorosa.[3] The child in the Deccan stories appears not only as Guzra Bai, but as Panch Phul Ranee, as Surya Bai, as the wife of Muchie Lal, the fish or frog-sun.[4] All these

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Mylitta, the Syrian moon-goddess.—*Curious Myths of the Middle Ages*, second series, "Melusina."

Mr. Gould connects Melusina, as first seen close to a fountain, with the Apsaras, or water-maidens, of Vedic mythology, and the swan maidens of Teutonic legend. She thus belongs to the race of Naiads, Nixies, and Elves, the latter name denoting a running stream, as the Elbe, the Alpheios. The fish's or serpent's tail is not peculiar to Melusina, and her attributes are also shared with the Assyrian fish-gods, and the Hellenic Proteus.

[1] *Od.* v. 60, &c.

[2] *Essays on Religion and Literature*, edited by Archbishop Manning (1865), p. 252.

[3] Grote, *History of Greece*, i. 55.

[4] The frog prince or princess is only one of the thousand personifications of names denoting originally the phenomena of day and night. As carrying the morning light from the east to the west, the sun is the bull bearing Eurôpê from the purple land (Phoinikia); and the same changes which converted the Seven Shiners into the Seven Sages, or the Seven Sleepers of Ephesus, or the Seven Champions of Christendom, or the Seven Bears, transformed the sun into a wolf, a bear, a lion, a swan. As resting on the horizon in the morn-

women are the daughters of a gardener or a milkwoman, in whom we see the image of Dêmêtêr, the bountiful earth, who lavishes on her children her treasures of fruits, milk, and flowers. In her hand she holds her mystic cup, into which falls the ripe mango, which is her child transformed, as the ripe fruit falls on the earth. This cup, again, is the horn of Amaltheia, the table of the Ethiopians, of which Herodotos speaks as laden continually with all good things, the cup into which Helios sinks each night when his course is run, the modios of Serapis,[1] the ivory ewer containing the book of Solomon's occult knowledge, which Rehoboam placed in his father's tomb, the magic oil-bowl or lamp of Allah-ud-deen, and finally the San-Greal which furnishes to the knights of Arthur's round table as splendid a banquet as their hearts can desire.

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ing, he is Apollôn swathed by the water-maidens in golden bands, or the wounded and forsaken Oidipous; as lingering again on the water's edge before he vanishes from sight, he is the frog squatting on the water, a homely image of Endymion and Narkissos. In this aspect the sun is himself an apsara, or water-maiden; and thus the Sanskrit Bhekî is a beautiful girl, whom a king wins to be his wife on the condition that he is not to let her see a drop of water. Of course the king one day forgets his promise, shows her water, and Bhekî vanishes. This is the counterpart to the legend of Melusina, who also dies if seen in the water. The sun and moon must alike sink when they reach the western sea. "This story," says Professor Max Müller, "was known at the time when Kapila wrote his philosophical aphorisms in India, for it is there quoted as an illustration. But long before Kapila, the story of Bhekî must have grown up gradually, beginning with a short saying about the sun—such as that Bhekî, the sun, will die at the sight of water, as we should say that the sun will set when it approaches the water from which it rose in the morning."—*Chips from a German Workshop*, ii. 248. In the Teutonic version, the change of the sun into the form of a frog is the result of enchantment; but the story of the Frog Prince has more than one point of interest. The frog is compelled to jump into the fountain, out of which only the youngest daughter of the king has the power of drawing him. These daughters again are the companions of Ursula; the daughters of the raja who are jealous of their youngest sister; the hours of the night, sombre in their beauty, and envious of the youngest and the fairest of all the hours, the hour of the dawn, which alone can bring the frog prince out of the pond. In the German story the enchantment can be ended only by the death of the frog; but this answers to the burning of the enchanted raja's jackal skin in the Hindu tale. The sun leaping fully armed into the heaven as Chrysâôr might well be another being from the infant whom the nymphs swathe with golden bands in his gleaming cradle. The warrior comes to life on the death of the child, and the frog on being dashed against the wall becomes a beautiful prince. Of course he takes away his bride, "early in the morning as soon as the sun rose, in a carriage drawn by eight white horses with ostrich feathers on their heads, and golden bridles," the Harits who draw the car of Indra, the glistening steeds of Helios, the undying horses who are yoked to the chariot of Achilleus. But with Achilleus comes Patroklos; and as Luxman attends on Rama, so "Trusty Henry,' who comes with the carriage of the Frog Prince, represents the Faithful John of the Teutonic legend.

[1] Duncker, *History of Antiquity*, i. 139. "The living Apis was called the Hapi-anch, or Living Apis," as the incarnation of the god Ptah. "At his death he was canonized, and became Osir-Hapi," or the dead Apis—a name which the Greeks converted into Serapis.—Brown, *Great Dionysiak Myth*, i. 198; ii. 122.

Character of Aryan folklore.

It is scarcely necessary to go further. If we do, we shall only be confronted by the same astonishing parallelism which is exhibited by the several versions of the stories already cited. The hypothesis of conscious borrowing is either superfluous or dangerous. It is unnecessary, if adduced to explain the distant or vague resemblances in one story, while they who so apply it admit that it cannot account for the far more striking points of likeness seen in many others. It is dangerous because it may lead us to infer an amount of intercourse between the separated Aryan tribes for which we shall vainly seek any actual evidence. It is inadequate, because in a vast number of instances the point to be explained is not a similarity of ideas, but a substantial identity in the method of working them out, extending to the most unexpected devices and the subtlest turns of thought and expression. That the great mass of popular tradition has been thus imported from the East into the West, or from the West into the East, has never been maintained; and any such theory would rest on the assumption that the folk-lore of a country may be created by a few scholars sitting over their books, and deliberately determining the form in which their stories shall be presented to the people. It would be safer to affirm, and easier to prove, that no popular stories have thus found their way from learned men to the common people The ear of the people has in all ages been deaf to the charming of the scholars, charm they never so wisely. Bookmen may, if they please, take up and adapt the stories of the people; but the legend of "the Carter, the Dog, and the Sparrow" would never have found its way into the nurseries of German peasants if written by Grimm himself in imitation of some other Aryan tale. The importation of one or two stories by means of written books is therefore a matter of very slight moment, so long as it is admitted that legends, displaying the most astonishing parallelism in the most distant countries of Europe and Asia, cannot be traced to any intercourse of the tribes subsequent to their dispersion from a common home. We thus have before us a vast mass of myths, fables, legends, stories, or by whatever name they are to be called, some in a form not much advanced beyond the proverbial saying which was their kernel, others existing apparently only as nursery tales, others containing the germs of the great epics of the Eastern and the Western world. All these may be placed together in one class, as springing from phrases which at first denoted physical phenomena; and enough has perhaps been already said to show that this class includes a very large proportion of strictly popular stories which seem at first sight to be in no way connected with epical mythology. There remain the comparatively few stories which seem to have had their origin in proverbs or adages; and it is, of course, possible that some or all of these may belong to those more recent times when men had attained to some notion of the order of a moral world, to some idea of law and duty. But it is impossible not to see that some at least of these stories turn on notions suggested by the older mythical speech. The dog and the parrot in the stories of the Carter and the Nautch-girl are weak things which bring down the pride of those who oppress the helpless; but this is simply the character and the office of Boots in Teutonic stories, and Boots and Cinderella, Oidipous and Heraklês, alike represent the sun, who, weak and powerless as he starts on his course, is at length victorious over all his enemies. The phenomena of nature present analogies to the order of the moral world, which are perhaps closer than theologians have imagined. If the words which we use to denote the most abstract ideas were at first mere names of sensible things,[1] the phrases which described the processes of nature must be capable of receiving a moral meaning. The story of the sun starting in weakness and ending in victory, waging a long warfare against darkness, clouds, and storms, and scattering them all in the end, is the story of all heroism, of all patient self-sacrifice, of all Christian devotion. There is, therefore, nothing to surprise us if the phrases which we use with a spiritual meaning, and the proverbs in which we sum up our spiritual experience, should have been suggested by the very phenomena which furnished the groundwork of Aryan epic poetry. The tendency of physical science is to resolve complex agencies into a single force: the science of language seems to be doing the same work for the words and the thoughts of men.

Historical value of Aryan popular traditions.

But the story of the heroes of Teutonic and Hindu folk-lore, the stories of Boots and Cinderella, of Logedas Raja, and Surya Bai, are the story also of Achilleus and Oidipous, of Perseus and Theseus, of Helen and Odysseus, of Baldur and Rustem and Sigurd. Everywhere there is the search for the bright maiden who has been stolen away, everywhere the long struggle to recover her.[1] The war of Ilion has been fought out in every Aryan land. Either, then, the historical facts which lie at the root of the narrative of the Iliad took place before the dispersion of the Aryan tribes from their common home, or they are facts which belong to the beautiful cloudland, where the misty Ilion "rises into towers" at early dawn.

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[1] If there be monotony in the character thus imparted to popular stories, the monotony is not confined to these tales. Sir Walter Scott was not thinking of mythology when he said, "It is curious to remark at how little expense of invention successive ages are content to receive amusement."

CHAPTER VI.

MYTHICAL PHRASES AS FURNISHING MATERIALS FOR THE TEUTONIC EPIC POEMS, AND THE LEGENDS OF ARTHUR AND ROLAND.

Points of likeness between the Greek and Teutonic epics.

THE results obtained from an examination of Greek epic poetry, so far as it has come down to us, have a direct and important bearing on the mythology of northern Europe, and on the estimate which we must take of it. Of the general character of the Hellenic tribes we can form a notion more or less exact from the evidence of contemporary documents, as soon as we reach the historical age; but, whatever may be its defects or its vices, we are fully justified in saying that it is not the character of the great Achaian chieftains as exhibited either in the Iliad or the Odyssey. We have absolutely no warrant for the belief that the ancestors of Perikles or Themistokles, within ten or even more generations, were men who would approve the stabbing of enemies behind their backs, the use of poisoned arrows, and the butchery of captives deliberately set apart to grace the funeral sacrifices of a slain chief. Nay, more, we shall look in vain in any historical record for any portrait which will justify the belief that the picture of Achilleus in the Iliad is the likeness of an actual Achaian chieftain, while on any psychological analysis we seem to be driven to the conclusion that the character is one removed altogether from the bounds of humanity. If the analysis[1] of the character of Odysseus and Achilleus shows that almost every feature is traditional, and that the portraits, as a whole, are not of the poet's making, that the wisdom and the falsehood, the truthfulness and the sullenness, whether of the one hero or the other, were impressed upon each by a necessity which no poet could resist, and that these conclusions are proved by the evidence, overwhelming in its amount, which shows that Achilleus and Odysseus are reflexions of Perseus, Theseus, Heraklês, and these, again, of Phoibos and Helios, or of other deities who share their attributes—if the whole story which has gathered round the names of these great national heroes resolves itself into the cloudland of heaven with its never-ceasing changes, we are at once justified in thinking that the history of the Teutonic heroes may be of much the same kind; and if on examining it we not only find this suspicion borne out, but discern in it some of the most important incidents and sequences which mark the Greek legends, the conclusion is forced upon us that the Teutonic epics, like the Hellenic, are the fruit of one and the same tree which has spread its branches over all the Aryan lands, and that the heroes of these epics no more exhibit the actual character of Northmen and Germans than the portraits of the heroes in the Iliad and Odyssey are the pictures of actual Achaian chieftains. When we find further that the action in each case turns on the possession of a beautiful woman and the treasures which make up her dowry, that this woman is in each case seduced or betrayed, while the hero with his invincible weapons is doomed to an early death after the same stormy and vehement career, we see that we are dealing with materials which under different forms are essentially the same; and our task becomes at each stage shorter and simpler.

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[1] For this analysis I must refer the reader to my *Introduction to the Science of Comparative Mythology*, ch. ix. section 2.

The Volsung Tale.

Hence as we begin the story of Volsung (who is Diogenes or the son of Odin, his father Rerir and his grandfather Sigi being the only intermediate links), we suspect at once that we are carried away from the world of mortal men, when we find that he is one of those mysterious children whose birth from a mother destined never to see them[1] portends their future greatness and their early end; and as we read further of the sword which is left for the strongest in the roof-tree of Volsung's hall, no room is left for doubt that we have before us the story of Theseus in another dress. The one-eyed guest with the great striped cloak and broad flapping hat, who buries the sword up to its hilt in the huge oak stem,[2] is Odin, the lord of the air, who in Teutonic mythology is like the Kyklops, one-eyed, as Indra Savitar is one-handed. But Aigeus in the Argive story is but one of the many names of Zeus Poseidôn, and as the husband of Aithra, the ether, he also is lord of the air. In vain, when Odin has departed, do Siggeir, the husband of Volsung's daughter Signy, and the other guests at her marriage-feast, strive to draw the sword. It remains motionless in the trunk until it is touched by Sigmund,[1] the youngest and bravest of Volsung's sons—a reproduction in part of Volsung himself, as Odysseus is of Autolykos. To Sigmund's hand, as to Arthur, the sword yields itself at once, without an effort. Theseus lifts the huge stone beneath which Aigeus had placed his magic sword and sandals. The weapon of the Greek story is the sword of Chrysâôr; that of the Teutonic legend is the famous Gram, the Excalibur of Arthur and the Durandal of Roland, and Sigmund thus becomes, like Achilleus, the possessor of an irresistible arm. In truth, the whole myth of Volsung and his children is but a repetition, in all its phases, of that great drama of Greek mythology which begins with the loss of the golden fleece and ends with the return of the Herakleidai. This drama represents the course or history of the sun in all its different aspects, as ever young or growing old, as dying or immortal, as shooting with poisoned weapons or as hating a lie like death, as conquering the powers of darkness or as smitten by their deadly weapons; and thus in the defeat of Sigmund we have an incident belonging as strictly to the solar myth as the victory of Achilleus over Hektor, or the discomfiture of the Sphinx by Oidipous. It could not be otherwise. Odin and Phoibos live while Baldur and Asklepios die, but these rise again themselves or live in their children. So, too, there must be a struggle between Siggeir and Sigmund for the possession of Gram, for Siggeir stands to Sigmund in the relation of Polydektês to Perseus, or of Paris to Menelaos. But he is the dark being regarded for the present as the conqueror, and Sigmund and his ten brothers, the hours of the sunlit day, are taken and bound. The ten brothers are slain; Sigmund himself is saved by his sister Signy, and with his son Sinfiötli, now runs as a were-wolf through the forest, the Lykeian or wolf-god wandering through the dark forest of the night—a dreary picture which the mythology of sunnier lands represented under the softer image of the sleeping Helios sailing in his golden cup from the western to the eastern ocean. But the beautiful Signy is no other than Penelopê, and

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[1] So in the Hindu popular story, Vikramaditya (the child of Aditi, Kronos, or the Dawn-land of the East), is the son of Gandharba-sena. When his sire died, his grandfather, the deity Indra, resolved that "the babe should not be born, upon which his mother stabbed herself. But the tragic event duly happening during the ninth month, Vikramaditya came into the world by himself." — Burton, *Tales of Indian Devilry*, preface, p. xv. One of the most remarkable and, from a certain point of view, most important of the stories of fatal children is that of Havelok the Dane, which has assumed its final shape as Hamlet under the hand of Shakespeare. For the history of this myth and its variants, the tales of Argentile and Curan, &c., see *Introduction to Comparative Mythology*, 304–309.

[2] This tree grows through the roof of the hall and spreads its branches far and wide in the upper air. It is manifestly the counterpart of Yggdrasil.

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[1] The Sigmund of Beowulf and the Volsung Tale bears a name which is an epithet of Odin, the giver of victory. He is drawn by Regin from the trunk of a poplar tree, he is loved by the Valkyrie Brynhild, and instructed by the wise Gripir, as Achilleus and other heroes are taught by Cheiron. He wears the invisible helmet, and like many or most mythical champions, can be wounded only in one part of his body. If again Fafnir, when dying by his hand, tells him of the things which shall happen hereafter, we must remember that the Pythian dragon guarded the oracle of Delphi.—Grimm, *Deutsche Mythologie*, 343.

Siggeir's followers are the suitors who eat up the substance of Sigmund, as they had deprived him of his armour. There remains therefore to be wrought again a vengeance like that of Odysseus: and when Sinfiötli is, like Telemachos, strong enough to help his father, the two, like the Ithakan chieftains, burn up Siggeir and all his followers, the mode in which they are slain pointing to the scorching heat of the sun not less clearly than the deadly arrows which stream from the bow of Odysseus. Sigmund now regains his heritage, and for him, as for Odysseus, there follows a time of serene repose. Like Nestor, who is exaggerated in Tithonos, he reaches a good old age: but as Odysseus must yet go through the valley of death, so Sigmund has to fight the old battle over again, and is slain in a war with the sons of King Hunding, in whom are reflected the followers of Siggeir. But Achilleus is slain only when Apollôn guides the spear of Paris; and so when Sigmund's hour is come, the one-eyed man with the flapping hat and the blue garment (of ether) is seen again. As he stretches out his spear, Sigmund strikes against it his good sword Gram, and the blade is shivered in twain. The hero at once knows that Odin stands before him, and prepares to die on the battle-field. But Iolê stood by the funeral pile of Heraklês, and Sigmund dies in the arms of his young wife Hjordis, youthful as Daphnê or Arethousa, "refusing all leechcraft and bowing his head to Odin's will," as in the Trojan myth Paris cannot be healed even though Oinônê would gladly save him.

The Story of Sigurd.

So ends the first act of the great drama; but the wheel has only to make another turn, and bring back the same series of events with slight differences of names and colouring. Sigmund leaves Hjordis the mother of an unborn babe, the Phoibos, who is the child of Lêtô, and of the Sun who sank yestereve beneath the western waters. This child, who receives the name of Sigurd, is born in the house of Hialprek, who is localised as king of Denmark, but who represents Laios or Akrisios in the Theban and Argive legends; and these, we need not say, are simply reflexions of Vritra, the being who wraps all things in the veil of darkness. Sigurd himself is the favourite hero of northern tradition. Like Achilleus, he is the destined knight who succeeds where all others have failed before him. Troy cannot fall if the son of Peleus be absent; Fafnir cannot be slain, nor Brynhild rescued, except by the son of Sigmund. Physically, there is no difference between them. Both have the keen blue eyes, and golden locks, and invincible weapons of Phoibos and Athênê; on both alike rests the glory of a perfect beauty; and to both their weapons and their armour come from the god of fire. But in the Norse story there is a connexion between Regin, the mysterious smith of King

Hialprek, and the dragon Fafnir, which cannot be traced between Hephaistos and the Delphian Python, but which is fully explained by the differences of a northern and a mediterranean climate. In the Norse story, there is enmity between Fafnir and Regin, between the serpent who has coiled round the treasure of Brynhild (as the Panis hide the cows of Indra), and the faculties of life and growth represented by the dwarfs to whose race Regin belongs.[1] Regin, in short, is one of that class of beings who supply warmth and vigour to all living things; Fafnir is the simple darkness or cold, which is the mere negation of life and light. Hence from Regin comes the bidding which charges Sigurd to slay Fafnir; but the mode in which this enmity is said to have been excited is singularly significant. In their wanderings, Odin, Loki, and Hahnir, the gods of the glistening heavens, come to a river where, nigh to a ford, an otter is eating a salmon with its eyes shut. Loki, slaying the beast with a stone, boasts that at one throw he has got both fish and flesh. This is the first blow dealt by the lords of light to the powers of cold and darkness: but the way is as yet by no means open before them. Many a day has yet to pass, and many a hero yet to fall, before the beautiful summer can be brought out from the prison-house hedged in by its outwork of spears or ice. The slain otter is a brother of Fafnir and Regin, and a son of Reidmar, in whose house the three gods ask shelter, showing at the same time their spoil. At Reidmar's bidding his two surviving sons bind Loki, Odin, and Hahnir, who are not set free until they promise to fill the otter's skin with gold, and so to cover it that not a white hair shall be seen—in other words, the powers of the bright heaven are pledged to loosen the ice-fetters of the earth, and destroy every sign of its long bondage. But the gold is the glistening treasure which has been taken away when Persephonê was stolen from her mother Dêmêtêr and Brynhild left to sleep within the walls of flame. Hence Loki must discharge the office of Hermes when he goes to reclaim the maiden from the rugged lord of Hades; and thus Odin sends Loki to the dwelling of the dark elves, where he compels the dwarf Andvari (who reappears as Alberich in the Nibelung legend) to give up the golden treasures which he had hoarded in the stony caves, whose ice-like walls answer to the dismal den of the Vedic Panis. One ring alone Andvari seeks to keep. It is the source of all his wealth, and ring after ring drops from it. He wishes, in other words, to keep his hold of the summer itself as represented by the symbol of the reproductive power in nature. The ring is the magic necklace of Harmonia and Eriphyle, the kestos of Aphroditê, the ship of Isis and Athênê, the Yoni of Vishnu, the Argo which bears within itself all the chieftains of the Achaian lands. Andvari prays in vain, but before he surrenders the ring, he lays on it a curse, which is to make it the bane of every man who owns it. It is, in short, to be the cause of more than one Trojan war,[1] the Helen who is to bring ruin to the hosts who seek to rescue her from thraldom. The beauty of the ring tempts Odin to keep it, but the gold he yields to Reidmar. It is, however, not enough to hide all the white hairs of the otter's skin. One yet remains visible, and this can be hidden only by the ring which Odin is thus compelled to lay upon it, as the ice cannot be wholly melted till the full warmth of summer has come back to the earth. Thus the three Æsir go free, but Loki lays again on the ring the curse of the dwarf Andvari. The working of this curse is seen first in the death of Reidmar, who is slain by Regin and Fafnir, because he refuses to share with them the gold which he had received from the Æsir. The same cause makes Regin and Fafnir enemies. Fafnir will not yield up the treasure, and taking a dragon's form he folds his coils around the golden heaps upon the glistening heath, as the Python imprisons the fertilising streams at Delphoi. Thus foiled, Regin beseeches Sigurd to smite the dragon; but even Sigurd cannot do this without a sword of sufficient temper. Regin forges two, but the blades of both are shivered at the first stroke. Sigurd exclaims bitterly that the weapons are untrue, like Regin and all his race,—a phrase which points with singular clearness to the difference between the subterranean fires and the life-giving rays of the sun, which alone can scatter the shades of night or conquer the winter's cold. It is clear that the victory cannot be won without the sword which Odin drove into the oak trunk, and which had been broken in the hands of Sigmund. But the pieces remain in the keeping of Hjordis, the mother of Sigurd, and thus the wife of Sigmund plays here precisely the part of Thetis. In each case the weapons with which the hero is to win his victory come through the mother, and in each case they are forged or welded by the swarthy fire-god; but the Norse tale is even more true than the Homeric legend, for the sword which smites the darkness to-day is the same blade which the enemies of the sun yestereve snapped in twain. With the sword thus forged from the shattered pieces of Gram Regin bids Sigurd smite the Dragon: but the hero must first avenge his father's death, and King Hunding, his sons, and all his host are slain, like the suitors by the arrows of Odysseus, before Sigurd goes forth on his good steed Gran, which Odin had brought to him as Athênê brought Pegasos to Bellerophôn, to encounter the guardian of the earth's treasures. But no sooner is the Dragon slain than Regin in his turn feels the desire of vengeance for the very deed which he had urged Sigurd to do, and he insists that the hero shall bring him his brother's heart roasted. Then filling himself with Fafnir's blood, Regin lies down to sleep, and Sigurd, as he roasts the heart, wonders whether it be soft, and putting a portion to his lips, finds that he understands the voices of the birds, who, singing over his head, bid him eat it all and become the wisest of men, and then, cutting off Regin's head, take possession of all his gold. This is manifestly the legend of Iamos and Melampous, while the wisdom obtained by eating the heart of Fafnir has a further connexion with the Python as the guardian of the Delphic oracle.[1]

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[1] "The dwarfs of Teutonic mythology are distinguished from its giants, because they do not, like the latter, represent the wild and lawless energies of nature, but the contrivance and wonderful properties present in the mineral and vegetable kingdoms, and shown in form and shape, in colour and growth, in various hurtful or useful qualities." Bunsen (*God in History*, ii. 484) rightly adds, "The word must be a simple Teutonic one, and we most likely come on the traces of its primary significance in our word *Zwerch*, as equivalent to *quer*, wicked or cross, the intellectual application of which has survived in the English *queer*."

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[1] This ring reappears with precisely the same qualities and consequences in many of the sagas of Northern Europe; and it is absurd to suppose that such a series of incidents was constantly recurring in actual history.

The rescue of Brynhild.

With this exploit begins the career of Sigurd as Chrysâôr. As Achilleus is taught by Cheiron, so is Sigurd instructed by Gripir, the wise man, and thus in the fulness of wisdom and strength, with his golden hair flowing over his shoulders, and an eye whose glance dazzled all who faced it, he rides over the desolate heath, until he comes to the circle of flame within which sleeps the Valkyrie Brynhild.[2] No other horse but Gran can leap that wall of fire, no knight but Sigurd can guide him across that awful barrier: but at his touch the maiden is roused from the slumber which had lasted since Odin thrust the thorn of sleep or winter into her cloak, like the Rakshas' claw which threw the little sun-girl of the Hindu tale into her magic trance. At once she knows that before her stands the only man who never knew fear, the only man who should ever have her as his bride. But Brynhild also has the gift of marvellous wisdom, and as the Teutonic Alrune,[1] she reflects the knowledge of the Greek Athênê and the Latin Minerva. From her Sigurd receives all the runes, but these scarcely reveal to him so much of the future as had been laid bare for him in the prophecies of Gripir.[2] By the latter he had been told that Brynhild (like Helen) would work him much woe: but Brynhild knew, as Sigurd rode on to the hall of Giuki the Niflung, that her place was now to be taken by another, and that her own lot was to be that of Ariadnê, Aithra, Oinône, or Medeia. It is the old tale, repeated under a thousand different forms. The bright dawn who greeted the newly risen sun cannot be with him as he journeys through the heaven; and the bride whom he weds in her stead is nearer and more akin to the mists of evening or the cold of winter. Thus Gudrun, loving and beautiful as she is, is still the daughter of Niflung, the child of the mist, and stands to Sigurd precisely in the relation of Dêianeira to Heraklês, as the unwitting cause of her husband's ruin. But Brynhild yet lives, and Gunnar, who, like Hogni or Hagene, is a son of the Niflung and brother of Gudrun, seeks to have

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[1] Grimm regards the words Python and Fafnir as standing to each other in the relation of *θὴρ* and *φὴρ*. "Die Erlegung des Drachen Fâfnir gemahnt an Πύθων, den Apollo besiegte, und wie Python das delfische Orakel hütete, weissagt der sterbende Fâfnir."—*Deutsche Mythologie*, 345. In the lay of Beowulf this serpent or dragon appears under the name Grendel; and, in fact, the whole story of Sigurd is in that poem related substantially, although not with the same fulness of detail, of Sigmund the father of Beowulf, the Waelsing, who, having slain the worm, becomes the possessor of the ring hoard which he may enjoy at pleasure. Like the Norse Sigurd, Sigmund is "of wanderers by far the greatest throughout the human race:" he is, in short, the Odysseus who wanders very far over many lands, after the fall of Ilion, which again answers to the slaying of the dragon. The Fitela of Beowulf is clearly the Sinfiötli of the Volsung tale. For some remarks on the comparative antiquity of these two legends see Ludlow, *Popular Epics of the Middle Ages*, i. 41. The substantial identity of the two myths renders the question of date of comparatively little importance. The real point for consideration is that these stories are further identical with the sagas of the three Helgis, and of Baldur, and thus also with the myths of Adonis, Dionysos, Sarpêdôn, Memnôn, and other gods and heroes of Hellenic tradition.

[2] Brynhild, as we might suppose, reappears in many Teutonic stories. In

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the story of Strong Hans (Grimm), she is the chained maiden who is guarded by the dwarf (Andvari). When Hans (Sigurd) slays the dwarf, the chains immediately fall off her hands. In the story of the True Bride, the prince is as faithless as Sigurd, but the princess recovers him in the end with the happier lot of Penelopê. In the story of the Woodcutter's Child the Knight has to cut his way through the thorny hedges, as Sigurd has to ride through the flames. As the fearless hero, Sigurd is the theme of the story of the "Prince who was afraid of Nothing," and whose fortunes are much like those of the deliverer of Brynhild.

[1] The Aurinia of Tacitus, *Germ.* 8. —Bunsen, *God in History*, ii. 454.

[2] With the runes he also receives a great deal of good advice, pointing precisely to those features in the myths of Phoibos, Helios, Hermes, and Heraklês, which, when translated into the conditions of human morality, become faults or vices; Helios may burn his enemies without scruple or shame, but Sigurd must not do this, nor must he be, like Indra and Paris, *γυναιμανής*, nor a liar like Odysseus. The warnings which she adds are much of the same sort.

The winter sleep of Brynhild is travestied in the later story of Dietrich and Sigenot (Ludlow, *Popular Epics*, i. 263). Dietrich is here the Sigurd or bright hero, who wears the helmet of Grein whom he has slain, and who is the nephew of the giant Sigenot. Sigenot now carries off Dietrich and shuts him up in a hollow stone or tower, where, like Ragnar Lodbrog, he is attacked by many a strong worm or serpent—the snakes of night. One of his followers tries to raise him by a rope, which breaks, and Dietrich tells him that the wounds which he has received cannot be healed. Things, however, turn out better than he expects; but the one night which he spent in the house seemed to him as thirty years.

her as his wife. His desire can be satisfied only through Sigurd, who by the arts and philtres of Grimhild has been made to forget his first love and betroth himself to Gudrun. In vain Gunnar[1] strives to ride through the flames that encircle Brynhild, until at last, by the arts of Grimhild, Sigurd is made to change shapes and arms with Gunnar, and, mounting on Gran, to force Brynhild to yield. Thus Sigurd weds the Valkyrie in Gunnar's form, and lies down by her side with the unsheathed blade of Gram between them.[2] In the morning he gives to Brynhild the ring which was under the double curse of Andvari and Loki, receiving from her another ring in return. This ring is necessarily connected with the catastrophe; but in the mode by which it is brought about, the Northern poets were left free to follow their fancy. In the Volsung tale, Gudrun and Brynhild are washing their hair in the same stream, when Brynhild says that no water from Gudrun's head shall fall upon her own, as her husband is braver than Gudrun's. When Gudrun replies that Sigurd, to whom she was wedded, had slain Fafnir and Regin and seized the hoard, Brynhild answers that Gunnar had done yet a braver deed in riding through the flames which surrounded her. A few words from Gudrun show her how things really are, and that the seeming Gunnar who had placed on her finger the ring won from the spoils of Andvari was really Sigurd who had transferred to Gudrun the ring which he had received from Brynhild. Thus her old love is re-awakened, only to be merged in the stinging sense of injustice which makes Oinônê in one version of the myth refuse to heal the wounded Paris, and leads Dêianeira to resolve on the death of Heraklês. The three instances are precisely the same, although Oinônê is of the three the most gentle and the most merciful. But in all there is the consciousness of betrayal and the determination to punish it, and the feeling which animates them is reflected again in the hate of Helen for Paris after he has shut her up in Ilion. Thus Brynhild urges Gunnar to avenge her on Sigurd, like the summer twilight allying itself with the powers of winter to blot out the glory of the sun from the heavens. But Gunnar and his brothers cannot accomplish her will themselves: they have made a compact of friendship with Sigurd, and they must not break their oath. But Guttorm their half-brother is under no such covenant, and so this being, who represents the cold of winter, plunges a sword into the breast of Sigurd, who is sleeping in the arms of Gudrun. This weapon is the thorn which is fatal to the Persian Rustem and the gentle Surya Bai of modern Hindu folk-lore. But Sigurd is mighty even in death, and the blade Gram, hurled by his dying hand, cleaves Guttorm asunder, so that the upper part of his body fell out of the chamber, while the lower limbs remained in the room. The change which his death causes in the mind of Brynhild answers precisely to the pity which Oinônê feels when her refusal to heal Paris has brought about his death. Like Helen, who hates herself, or is hated, for bringing ruin on ships, men, and cities, she bewails the doom which brought her into the world for everlasting damage and grief of soul to many men. Like Dêianeira, and Oinônê, and Kleopatra, she feels that without the man whom she loves life is not worth living for, and thus she lies down to die on the funeral pile of Sigurd.

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[1] "Gunnar Gjukason seems to signify darkness, and thus we see that the awakening and budding spring is gone, carried away by Gunnar, like Proserpine by Pluto; like Sîtâ by Râvana. Gudrun, the daughter of Grimhild, and sometimes herself called Grimhild, whether the latter name meant summer (cf. Gharma in Sanskrit), or the earth and nature in the latter part of the year, is a sister of the dark Gunnar, and though now married to the bright Sigurd, she belongs herself to the nebulous regions."—Max Müller, *Chips*, ii. 110. For some analysis of the Ramayana, which tells the story of Sîtâ, Rama, and Râvana, see *Introduction to Comparative Mythology*, 347.

[2] This incident recurs in Grimm's story of the Two Brothers, and in the romance of Tristram. In the Norse legend of the Big Bird Dan, who is no other than the Arabian Roc, the princess lays the bare sword between her and Ritter Red. Sir G. W. Dasent adds many more instances, as the story of Hròlf and Ingegerd, of Tristan and Isolt, and he rightly insists that "these mythical deep-rooted germs, throwing out fresh shoots from age to age in the popular literature of the race, are far more convincing proofs of the early existence of their traditions than any mere external evidence."—*Norse Tales*, introduction, cxlii. It is certainly worth noting that the incident is related also of Allah-ud-deen in the Arabian Nights' legend.

The Story of Gudrun.

The sequel reproduces the same incidents under other names, and with different colours. As Sigurd, like Theseus and Heraklês, first woos the Dawn, and then has to dwell with the maiden who represents the broad and open day, so Gudrun, the loving companion of the Sun in his middle journey, has to mourn his early death, and in her widowhood to become the bride, first of the gloaming, then of the darkness. Between these there is a necessary enmity, but their hatred only serves the more thoroughly to avenge the death of Sigurd. Atli, the second husband of Gudrun, claims all the gold which Sigurd had won from the dragon, but which the chieftains of Niflheim had seized when he died. In fair fight he could never hope to match them; so Atli invites Hogni (Haugn or Hagen) and Gunnar to a feast, in which he overpowers them. Hogni's heart is then cut out, an incident which answers to the roasting of the heart of Fafnir; and as the latter is associated with the recovery of the golden treasure, so the former is connected with the subsequent loss which answers to the coming on of the night when the sun has reached the end of his glorious course. When Sigurd died, Gunnar and his brothers had thrown the hoard into the Rhine—the water which receives Endymion as he plunges into his dreamless sleep; and the secret of it is lost when Gunnar is cast into a pit full of snakes, all of whom, like Orpheus, he lulls to sleep by his harping, except one which flies at his heart, and kills him—a tale told over again in the transparent myth of Thora, Aslauga, and Ragnar Lodbrog. Thus the beings who, though they might be akin to the mist and cold of night, had made a covenant of peace and friendship with Sigurd, are all gone, and to Gudrun remains the task of avenging them. The story of her vengeance is practically a repetition of the legend of Medeia. Like the Kolchian woman, she slays the two sons whom she had borne to Atli; but the ferocity of the Northern sentiment colours the sequel in which we see a sunset as blood-red and stormy as that in which Heraklês rose from earth to the mansions of the undying gods. Gudrun makes Atli eat the flesh and drink the blood of his sons; and then, having slain him as he sleeps, by the aid of the son of her brother Hogni, she sets fire to the hall, and consumes everything within it. The shades of autumn are now fast closing in, and Gudrun, weary of her life, hastens to the sea shore to end her woes by plunging into the deep. But the waters carry her over to the land of King Jonakr, who makes her his bride, and she now becomes the mother of three sons, Saurli, Hamdir, and Erp, whose raven black hair marks them as the children of clouds and darkness. Once more the magic wheel revolves, and in the fortunes of Svanhild, the daughter of Sigurd and Gunnar, we see the destiny of the fateful Helen. Like her, Svanhild is the most beautiful of women, and Hermanric, the Gothic king, sends his son Randver to woo her for him; but the young man is advised by the treacherous Bikki to woo her for himself, and he follows the counsel which chimes in only too well with his own inclinations, as with those of Svanhild. Hermanric orders that his son shall be hanged. Presently he receives a plucked hawk which Randver had sent to show him the weakness of parents who deprive themselves of the support of their children, and he gives orders to stop the execution. The messenger comes too late, Randver is already slain; and Svanhild is trampled to death by the steeds of Hermanric's horsemen as she combs out her golden locks. But Hermanric must pay the penalty for his ill-doing not less than Sigurd or Atli. Gudrun's command goes forth to her three Niflung sons, Saurli, Hamdir, and Erp, to avenge Svanhild; and thus, armed with helmets and cased in mail which no weapons can pierce, they take the way to the house of Hermanric. As they go, the Niflungs quarrel among themselves, and Saurli and Hamdir slay Erp, because he is his mother's darling.[1] The two brothers cut off Hermanric's hands and feet; but Erp is not there to smite off his head, and Hermanric has strength to call out to his men, who bind the Niflungs and stone them to death, by the advice of a one-eyed man who tells them that no steel can pierce their panoply. Here the one-eyed man is again the stranger who had left the sword in the oak tree of Volsung's hall, and the men of Hermanric answer to the Achaians in their struggle with the robbers of Ilion. It was time, however, that the tale should end, and it is brought to a close with the death of Gudrun, for no other reason probably than that the revolutions of the mythic wheel must be arrested somewhere. The difference between the climates of northern and southern Europe is of itself enough to account for the more cheerful ending of the Hellenic story in the triumphant restoration of the Herakleidai.

Helgi Sagas.

The very fact that in all this story there is, as we have seen, scarcely an incident which we do not find in the traditions of other Aryan nations or tribes, renders it impossible to judge of the character of Northmen or Germans from the legends themselves. It is possible, of course, and even likely that the poets or narrators have in each case thrown over the characters and events of their tale a colouring borrowed from the society of the time; but that as portraits of actual manners they are gross and impossible exaggerations we are justified in concluding not only from the story itself, but from the recurrence of the myth in many lands unchanged in its essence, and even in its most prominent features. It is thrice repeated in the legends of the three Helgis, who, it is scarcely necessary to say, are mere reflexions, the one of the others. These are the holy ones, or saviours, who make whole or restore life, like the Paieôn or Asklepios of Greek mythology.[1]

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[1] The story of this murder has worked its way into the traditional history of Æthelstan and Godwine. At the least, it seems impossible to shut our eyes to the striking similarity of these stories; and as their non-historical character in the case of Æthelstan and Godwine has been placed beyond reach of questioning, we are the more justified in saying that the old myth has served as the foundation of the later legend. The Volsung story runs as follows:—"As the three went along, the two asked Erp what help he would give them when they got to Hermanric. 'Such as hand lends to foot,' he said. 'No help at all,' they cried; and passing from words to blows, and because their mother loved Erp best, they slew him. A little farther on Saurli stumbled and fell forward, but saved himself with one hand, and said, 'Here hand helps foot; better were it that Erp lived.' So they came on Hermanric as he slept, and Saurli hewed off his hands, and Hamdir his feet, but he awoke and called for his men. Then said Hamdir, 'Were Erp alive, the head would be off, and he couldn't call out.'" In the story of Æthelstan and of Godwine we have the same phrases about the hands and feet; in each case a brother is slain, and in each case the loss of this brother is subsequently felt as a source of weakness. For the several shapes assumed by the legend see Freeman, *Norman Conquest*, ii. 611–12.

he first lelgi.

Of these Helgis, the first is called the son of Hiorvardur, and he is loved by Swava, the daughter of King Eilimir. But his brother Hedin makes a vow on the yule eve that Swava shall be his wife, not the bride of Helgi. He has been misled by the sorceress Hrimgerda, who seeks to make him her own, as Kirkê and Kalypso use all their arts to detain Odysseus; but the northern hero is more scrupulous than the Ithakan chieftain, and he not only rejects her love, but compels her to prophesy till the day dawns and her power is at an end,—a sufficiently clear token of her nature. Soon, however, he repents him of the oath which the sorceress had led him to take, and he confesses his guilt to Helgi, who, foreboding his own death in the coming struggle with Alfur, the son of Hrodmar, promises that when he is slain Swava shall be Hedin's. When he has received the death-wound, he tells Swava of this promise; but she refuses to abide by it or to have any other husband but Helgi, and Helgi in his turn declares that though he must now die, he will come back again when his death has been avenged. This is manifestly the avenging of Baldur, and Helgi is thus another form of Adonis, or Memnôn, or Dionysos. The younger brother is the waning autumn sun, who thinks to obtain his brother's wife when the sun of summer has lost its power.

The Second Helgi.

At the birth of the second Helgi, known as Hundingsbana, the Nornas came and fixed the lot of the babe, like the Moirai in the legend of Meleagros.[2] When fifteen years old, he slays King Hunding and his sons, and afterwards wins the love of Sigrun, daughter of Hogni, who, like Swava, is a Valkyrie and a sister of Bragi and Dag, the brilliant heaven and the day. She promises Helgi that she will be his wife if he will vanquish the sons of Granmar, the bearded spirit, to one of whom she had been betrothed. Thus again we have the woman whom two heroes seek to obtain, the Helen for whom Menelaos and Paris contend together. In the battle which follows, Sigrun, as a Valkyrie, cheers him on, and Dag alone is spared of all the sons of Granmar. But although Dag swears allegiance to the

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[1] They are the Alcis mentioned by Tacitus, Germ. 43, as worshipped by the Nahanarvali, and as answering to the Roman Castor and Pollux. They are the [illegible] Dioskouroi or Asvins; and as the loss of the aspirate in the name as given by Tacitus, Bunsen cites the analogous forms Irmin and Hermin, [illegible] and Hisicion.—*God in History*, ii. 470.

[2] He is also identified as Hermodhur, Heermuth, the son of Odin, who is sent to fetch up Baldur from the under world and is thus the returning or conquering sun who comes back after the winter solstice.—Bunsen, *God in History*, ii. 471.

Volsungs, he yet treacherously stabs Helgi (another of the many forms of Baldur's death), and tells Sigrun that he is dead. The sequel, although essentially the same, shows the working of a new vein of thought. Sigrun curses Dag as one who had broken his oath, and refuses to live

> Unless a glory should break from the prince's grave,
> And Vigblar the horse should speed thither with him;
> The gold-bridled steed becomes him whom I fain would embrace.

Her tears disturb the repose of Helgi in his grave, and he rebukes her as making his wounds burst open afresh. But Sigrun is not to be scared or driven away. She prepares a common resting-place for him and for herself, a couch free from all care, and enters of her own free will the land of the dead.

> "Nothing I now declare
> Unlooked for,
> At Sefafiöll
> Late or early,
> Since in a corpse's
> Arms thou sleepest,
> Högni's fair daughter,
> In a mound,
> And thou art living,
> Daughter of kings.
>
> Time 'tis for me to ride
> On the reddening ways;
> Let the pale horse
> Tread the aerial path;
> I toward the west must go
> Over Vindhiälm's bridge,
> Ere Salgofnir
> Awakens heroes."[1]

The Third Helgi.

The third Helgi, Haddingaheld, is but a reproduction of the second Helgi, while Kara, the daughter of Halfdan, takes the place of Swava or Sigrun. In all these tales the heroes and the heroines stand in precisely the same relations to each other;[2] and thus, having seen that the myths of these heroes merely reproduce the legends of Baldur and of Sigurd the Volsung, we are prepared for the conclusion that the story of Siegfried, in the Lay of the Nibelungs, is only another form of the oft-repeated tale. For the most part the names are the same, as well as the incidents. The second Helgi is a son of Sigmund, his mother also being called Sigurlin; and so Sigurd of the Volsung and Siegfried of the Nibelung Saga are each the son of Sigmund. The slaying of Hunding by Helgi answers to the slaughter of Fafnir and Regin by Sigurd, Siegfried being also a dragon-slayer like Phoibos, or Oidipous, or Heraklês. So too, as Sigurd first won the love of Brynhild and then marries Gudrun, for whose brother he finally wins Brynhild as a wife, so Siegfried in his turn marries Kriemhild, sister of the Burgundian Gunther, having wooed Brynhild for his brother-in-law. If, again, Brynhild causes the death of Sigurd, the man in whom she has garnered up her soul, so Siegfried is murdered at Brynhild's instigation. If in the Helgi Saga the son of Hogni bears the news of Helgi's death to Sigurd, so in the Volsung tale Hogni informs Gudrun of Sigurd's death, and in the Nibelung song Hagen brings to Kriemhild the tidings of the death of Siegfried. Like Swava and Sigrun, Brynhild kills herself that her body may be burnt with that of Sigurd; and as in the story of the Volsungs, Atli (who appears as the comrade of the first Helgi) gets possession of Gunnar and Hogni and has them put to death, so Kriemhild in the Nibelungenlied marries Etzel, who catches Gunther and his brothers in the same trap in which Gunnar and Hogni had been caught by Atli.[1]

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[1] Second Lay of Helgi Hundingsbana, 46, 47. This is the legend of Lenore, of which Bunsen says that "Bürger caught the soul of the story as it was on the point of extinction, and lent it a new and immortal life among the German people."—*God in History*, ii. 466. For the resurrection of Helgi and Sigrun see *Introduction to Comparative Mythology*, p. 289.

[2] For a tabular view of these parallelisms see Bunsen, *ib.* 470, &c.

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[1] On the historical residuum which may possibly be contained in the later forms of these myths it is really unnecessary to say anything. In Bunsen's words, "The fundamental element common to them all is purely mythological, namely, the combat of the Sun-God, who is slain by his brother and avenged by a younger brother. . . . This element constitutes the basis of the Sigurd Saga, and the substance of the Helgi Saga, with the exception of some later additions; it is the oldest form of the German myth of Heraklês."—*God in History*, ii. 474. Nevertheless, Bunsen thinks it worth while to make an attempt to determine the amount of historical matter wrapped up in it. He finds the name Atli or Etzel, and this represents the historical Attila, a conclusion which is strengthened by the mention of Bludi as the father of Attila, whereas history speaks of Bleda as his brother. He finds also Gunnar, the brother of Gudrun, and Gunther the king of the Burgundians. Beyond this, seemingly, it is impossible to advance. "It is certainly difficult to make an expedition by Attila himself to the Rhine fit in with what we know of the history of these years. This, no more and no less, is the historical element in that great tragedy of the woes of the Nibelungs."—*God in History*, ii. 478. If any can be satisfied with claiming for this belief a historical sanction on such evidence as this, it may perhaps be a pity to break in upon their self-complacence; but on the other side it may fairly be asserted that two or three names, with which not a single known historical event is associated, and of which the stories told cannot be reconciled with anything which comes down to us on genuine historical testimony, furnish a miserably insecure foundation for any historical inferences. If this is all that we learn from the popular tradition, can we be said to learn anything? In the one Bleda is the brother of Attila, in the other he is not: it seems rash, then, to speak of Bludi as a "perfectly historical person." To us they must remain mere names; and while we turn aside from the task of measuring the historical authority of these Sagas as a mere waste of time, we cannot on the same plea refuse consideration to evidence which may seem to trace such names as Atli, Bleda, and Gunnar to a time long preceding the days of Attila, Bludi, and Gunther. It might have been supposed that this question had been long since set at rest. But the controversy has been reopened with singular boldness of assertion by Mr. Mahaffy in his *Prolegomena to Ancient History*. Mr. Mahaffy takes comfort from the thought that the historical basis of the Nibelungenlied is so certain that not even the mythologers can gainsay it; but he admits that this basis is one resting on the names of some few of the actors in the drama, and on these alone. Nor does he pretend to believe that the historical Attila, or Siegbert, or Gundicar, did any of the things which they are said to do in the

The Nibelungen Lay.

That the later forms into which the Volsung story has been thrown may contain some incidents which may be either truly told or else travestied from real history, it is impossible to deny. When at the best they who insist most on the historical character of these poems can but trace a name here and there, or perhaps see in the account of some fight a reference to some actual battle with which it has no likeness beyond the fact that men fought and were killed in both, as the fishes swim in the streams of Macedon and Monmouth, it seems useless to affirm it. When the motives are alike in all, when in each case there is a wealthily dowered maiden whose hoard is stolen, a robber who refuses to disclose the secret of the lost treasure, and bloody vengeance by those who lay claim to this wealth, when thousands are murdered in a single hall, and men lie down contentedly in flaming chambers floating in blood, treading out the falling brands in the gore and recruiting their strength by sucking the veins of the dead, we can scarcely regard it as a profitable task to search amidst such a mass of impossibilities the materials for a picture of society as existing whether amongst Northmen or amongst Greeks. That the colouring thrown over them is in part reflected from the manners of the age, there is no room to doubt; but when the groundwork of the story has been shown to be purely mythical, this fact will not carry us far. We are confined to mere names or mere customs; and the attempt to advance further lands us in the region of guesswork. Thus to Mr. Kemble's assertion that Attila "drew into his traditional history the exploits of others, and more particularly those of Chlodowic and his sons in the matter of the Burgundian kingdom," and that this fact will be patent to any one who will look over the accounts of the Burgundian war in Gregory of Tours, Mr. Ludlow replies that the search yields only two names, Godegiselus namely, and Theudericus, answering to the Giselher and Dietrich of the Nibelungen Lay.[1] Nor do we gain much if we find Gundicar, the Burgundian king, as one of the sovereigns conquered by Attila, if the Atli of the Volsung story belonged to the myth long before the days of the Hunnish devastator. The name of the Bishop Pilgrim seems to be more genuinely historical; but even if he can be identified as a prelate who filled the see of Passau in the tenth century, we know no more about him from the poem than we learn of Hruodlandus from the myth of the Roland who fell at Roncesvalles.

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poem. The end at which Mr. Mahaffy aims is clear enough, but it is scarcely one which reflects much credit on the critic. I have examined his position more at length in Appendix II. of the *Introduction to Comparative Mythology*.

[1] Ludlow, *Popular Epics of the Middle Ages*, i. 180.

Sigurd, Siegfried, and Baldur.

The points of difference between the Norse and the German traditions are simply such as the comparison of one Greek myth with another would lead us to expect. Phoibos may be called the child of the darkness, as strictly as he may be said to be born in Delos or Ortygia. The offspring of Chrysâor, the lord of the golden sword of day, is the three-headed Geryoneus; and Echidna, the throttling snake, who is united with Heraklês, is the daughter of Kallirhoê, the fair-flowing stream of the ocean. Hence there is nothing surprising in the fact that in the one set of myths Sigurd fights with, or is slain by, the Niflungs, while in the other he is said to be a Niflung himself.[1] The real difference between the Teutonic and the Greek epics lies, not so much in the fact that a complex poem exhibits a being like Paris, sometimes in the garb of the Panis, sometimes with the attributes of Surya, as in the greater compass of the northern poems. The Iliad relates the incidents only of a portion of a single year in the Trojan war; the Nibelung lay adds two or three complete histories to the already completed history of Siegfried. The antiquity of these several portions of a poem, which by the confession of all has certainly been pieced together, is a question into which we need not enter. It is possible that the portion which relates to Siegfried may have been added at a later time to explain the intense hatred of Kriemhild for her brothers, and that this may be the most modern addition to the Nibelungenlied; but it is not less certain that the myth of Siegfried is the myth of Baldur, and has existed in many shapes in every Aryan land. The Volsung story may represent the rougher songs of Norse sea-rovers, while the Nibelung song may introduce us to the more stately life and elaborate pageants of German kings and princes; but the heroes have changed simply their conditions, not their mind and temper, by crossing the sea or passing into another land. The doom of perpetual pilgrimage is laid on Perseus, Theseus, Bellerophôn, Heraklês, Odysseus; and Sigurd and Siegfried are not more exempt from it.[2] In their golden locks and

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[1] Ludlow, *Popular Epics*, i. 137.

[2] This doom is brought out with singular clearness in the Gaelic story, where the Dame of the Fine Green Kirtle lays the Fair Gruagach under her spell, that he shall not rest by night or by day (Iason, Sisiphos). "'Where thou takest thy breakfast that thou take not thy dinner, and where thou takest thy dinner that thou take not thy supper, in whatsoever place thou be, until thou findest out in what place I may be under the four brown quarters of the world.'

"So it was in the morning of the morrow's day he went away without dog, without man, without calf, without child.

"He was going and going and journeying; there was blackening on his soles, and holes in his shoes; the black clouds of night coming, and the bright quiet clouds of the day going away, and without his finding a place of staying or rest for him." He is, in short, the wandering Wuotan (Wegtam), Savitar, Odysseus, Bellerophôn, Phoibos, Diogodlike countenances, in their flashing swords and unerring spears, there is no difference between them; and every additional point of likeness adds to the weight of proof that these epic poems represent neither the history nor the national character of Northmen, Greeks, or Germans. In each case the spirit of the tradition has been carefully preserved, but there is no servile adherence. In the Volsung story, Gudrun becomes the wife of Siegfried; in the Nibelung song, her mother Kriemhild takes her place. The Hogni of the former tale becomes in the latter the Hagen of Tronege, against whom Siegfried is warned when he desires to marry Kriemhild, the sister of Gunther, Gernot, and Giselher, and who recognises Siegfried as the slayer of the Niblungs, the conqueror of their magic sword, Balmung, and of all their treasures, and the possessor of the tarnkappe, or cape of darkness—all of them features with which the earlier legend has made us familiar. The story of Thetis or Dêmêtêr plunging Achilleus and Triptolemos into the bath of fire is here represented by the myth that Siegfried cannot be wounded, because he had bathed himself in the blood of a dragon whom he had slain—the Fafnir or Python of the Norse and Delphic legends. At the first glance Kriemhild is filled with love for Siegfried, but the latter cannot see her until he has sojourned for a year in the country of King Gunther—a condition which answers to that under which Hades suffered Orpheus to lead away Eurydikê. Here, like Sigurd in the Volsung myth, Siegfried wins Brynhild for Gunther or Gunnar; but though there is here not the same complication, the narrative scarcely becomes on this account the more human. Like Perseus with the helmet of Hades, Siegfried can make himself invisible at will, and like Apollôn Delphinios, he pushes a ship through the sea—a myth in which we recognise also the Wish breeze.[1] Here also, as in the Norse story, the ring and girdle of Brynhild come through Siegfried into the

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nysos, Heraklês, Perseus, Sigurd, Indra, Oidipous, Theseus; and it is unnecessary to say that in the end he becomes the husband of the Dame of the Fine Green Kirtle, who is none other than Medeia with the magic robe of Helios. (Campbell, ii. 435.)

[1] The power of the Fish Sun is strikingly shown in the German stories of the Gold Children and of the Fisherman and his Wife. In the former a poor man catches the Golden Fish which makes him the possessor of the palace of Helios, and bids the man divide him into six pieces; two to be given to his wife, two to his mare, and two to be put into the ground. The necessary consequence is that the woman has two golden children who, mounting on the two golden foals of the mare, represent the Asvins and the Dioskouroi, the pieces put into the ground producing two golden lilies on which the lives of the children depend. In the tale of the Fisherman and his Wife, the fish accomplishes the wishes of the woman, who chooses to become first a lady, then queen, then pope; but when she wishes to become the ruler of the universe, the flounder sends her back to her old hovel,—an incident reflecting the fall of Tantalos, Sisyphos, and Ixiôn.

possession of Kriemhild; and at this point the myth assumes a form which reminds us of the relations of Heraklês with Eurystheus. Like Hêrê in the Greek tale, Brynhild holds that Siegfried ought to do service to Gunther, as Heraklês did to his lord, and thus urges him to summon Siegfried to Worms. The hero, who is found in the Niflung's castle on the Norwegian border, loads the messengers with treasures, and Hagen cannot suppress the longing that all this wealth may yet come into the hands of the Burgundians.[1] No sooner has Siegfried, with his father Sigmund and his wife Kriemhild, reached Worms, than Brynhild hastens to impress on Kriemhild that Siegfried is Gunther's man, and that, like Theseus to Minos, he must pay tribute. In deep anger Kriemhild resolves to insult her adversary, and when they go to church, she presses on before Brynhild who bids her as a vassal stand back, and taunting her as having been won by Siegfried, shows him her girdle and ring as the evidence of her words. Gunther, urged by his wife, rebukes Siegfried for betraying the secret, but his anger is soon appeased. It is otherwise with Hogni, or Hagen, who here plays the part of Paris, by whose spear Achilleus is to fall. He sees his sister weeping, and, swearing to revenge her, spreads false tidings of the approach of an enemy, and when he knows that Siegfried is ready to set out against them, he asks Kriemhild how he may best insure her husband's safety. Not knowing to whom she spake, she tells him that when Siegfried bathed himself in the dragon's blood a broad linden leaf stuck between his shoulders, and there left him vulnerable, this place between the shoulders answering to the vulnerable heel of Achilleus. To make still more sure, Hagen asks Kriemhild to mark the spot, and the wife of the hero thus seals his doom. The narrative at this point becomes filled with all the tenderness and beauty of the Odyssey. Kriemhild is awakened to her folly in betraying Siegfried's secret to Hagen. Still, in vain she prays him not to go. He is the knight who knows no fear, and without fear he accompanies Hagen, doing marvellous things, until one day he asks Hagen why he has brought no wine to drink, when Hagen offers to show him the way to a good spring. Siegfried hastens thither with him, and as he stoops to drink Hagen shoots him through the back on the spot marked by the silver cross. It is scarcely necessary to compare this with the vast number of myths in which the death of the sun is connected with water, whether of the ocean or the sea. In the spirting out of Siegfried's blood on Hagen, in the wonderful stroke with which he almost smites his betrayer dead, in the death wrestle which covers the flowers all around with blood and gore, we have the chief features of the blood-stained sunset which looms out in the legend of the death of Heraklês. The body of Siegfried, placed on a golden shield, is borne to the chamber of Kriemhild, who feels, before she is told, that it is the corpse of her murdered husband. "This is Brynhild's counsel," she said, "this is Hagen's deed;" and she swears to avenge his death by a vengeance as fearful as that of Achilleus. As Siegfried had spoken, so should Hagen assuredly rue the day of his death hereafter. She gives orders to awaken Siegfried's men and his father Sigmund; but Sigmund has not slept, for, like Peleus, he has felt that he should see his son again no more. Then follows the burial of Siegfried, when Gunther swears that no harm has come to the hero either from himself or from his men: but the lie is given to his words when the wounds bleed as Hagen passes before the dead body. When all is over, Sigmund says that they must return to their own land; but Kriemhild is at last persuaded to remain at Worms, where she sojourns for more than three years in bitter grief, seeing neither Gunther nor Hagen. The latter now makes Gernot press Kriemhild to have her hoard brought from the Niblung land, and thus at length gaining possession of it, he sinks it all in the Rhine. In other words, Adonis is dead, and the women are left mourning and wailing for him; or the maiden is stolen away from Dêmêtêr, and her wealth is carried to the house of Hades; or again, as in the Norse tale, the dwarf Andvari is keeping watch over the treasures of Brynhild: and thus ends the first of the series of mythical histories embodied in the Nibelung Lay. Whether this portion of the great Teutonic epic be, or be not, older than the parts which follow it, it is indubitably an integral narrative in itself, and by no means indispensable to the general plan of the poem, except in so far as it accounts for the implacable hatred of Kriemhild for her brothers.

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[1] These Burgundians in the later portion of the epic are often spoken of as Niblungs, as mythically they assuredly are. The fact evidently shows, in Mr. Ludlow's opinion, "that the poem in its present state is put together out of two different legends."—*Popular Epics of the Middle Ages*, i. 133. At the most, it would be but one of two versions of the legend.

The Story of Hagen.

The second part of the drama begins with the death of Helche, the wife of Etzel or Atli, who longs to marry Kriemhild, and who is restrained only by the recollection that he is a heathen while the widow of Siegfried is a Christian. This objection, however, is overruled by the whole council, who, with the one exception of Hagen, decide that Etzel shall marry Kriemhild. Hagen is opposed to it, because Siegfried swore that he should rue the day on which he touched him, and on account of the prophecy that if ever Kriemheld took the place of Helche, she would bring harm to the Burgundians, as Helen did to the fleet, the armies, and the cities of Hellas. But as the forsaken Ariadnê was wedded to Dionysos, so the messengers of Etzel tell Kriemhild that she shall be the lady of twelve rich crowns, and rule the lands of thirty princes. Kriemheld refuses to give an immediate answer; and the great struggle which goes on within her answers to the grief and sickness of soul which makes the mind of Helen oscillate between her affection for her husband Menelaos and the unhallowed fascinations of the Trojan Paris. So is brought about the second marriage of the bride of Siegfried, a marriage the sole interest of which lies in the means which it affords to her of avenging the death of Hagen's victim. This vengeance is now the one yearning of her heart, although outwardly she may be the contented wife of Etzel, just as Odysseus longed only to be once more at home with Penelopê even while he was compelled to sojourn in the house of Kirkê or the cave of Kalypsô; and if the parallel between Etzel and Paris is not close, yet it is closer than the likeness between the Etzel of the Niblungs' Lay and the Attila of history. The poet declares that her deadly wrath is roused by the reflexion that at Hagen's instigation she has given herself to a heathen; but throughout it is clear that her heart and her thoughts are far away in the grave of the golden-haired youth who had wooed and won her in the beautiful spring-time, and that of Etzel she took heed only so far as it might suit her purpose to do so. Her object now is to get Hagen into her power, and she sends messengers to Gunther bidding him bring all his best friends, whom Hagen can guide, as from his childhood he has known the way to the Huns' land.[1] All are ready to go except Hagen, and he is loth to put his foot into the trap which he sees that Kriemhild is setting for him; but he cannot bear the taunts of his brother Gunther, who tells him that if he feels guilty on the score of Siegfried's death he had better stay at home. Still he advises that if they go they should go in force. So Gunther sets out with three thousand men, Hagen, and Dankwart, his brother, and other chiefs with such as they can muster; and with them goes Volker, the renowned musician, who can fight as well as he can play.[2]

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[1] Mr. Ludlow here remarks that "this is one of the passages which imply the legend contained in "Walthar of Aquitaine," where Hagen is represented as a fellow hostage with Walthar at Etzel's court."—*Popular Epics*, i. 130. It may be so; yet the phrase resolves itself into the simple statement that the Panis know their way to the land whence they steal the cattle of Indra.

[2] I must confine myself to those portions of the epic which call for a comparison with other legends, and which, taken together, show the amount of material which the poets of the Nibelung song, like those of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, found ready to their hand. The close agreement of the framework of the poem with that of the Volsung story and the legends of the Helgis, and the identity of all these with the myth of Baldur, has been already shown. It

Hagen necessarily discerns evil omens as they journey on. The waters of the Danube are swollen, and as he searches along the banks for a ferryman, he seizes the wondrous apparel of two wise women who are bathing, one of whom promises that if he will give them their raiment, they will tell how he may journey to the Huns' land. Floating like birds before him on the flood, they lure him with hopes of the great honours which are in store for him, and thus they recover their clothes—a myth which feebly reflects the beautiful legends of the Swan maidens and their knights. No sooner, however, are they again clothed, than the wise woman who has not yet spoken tells him that her sister has lied, and that from the Huns' land not one shall return alive, except the king's chaplain. To test her words, Hagen, as they are crossing the river, throws the priest into the stream; but although he tries to push him down under the water, yet the chaplain, although unable to swim, is carried by Divine aid to the shore, and the doomed Burgundians go onwards to meet their fate. In the house of Rudiger they receive a genial welcome; but when Rudiger's daughter approaches at his bidding to kiss Hagen, his countenance seemed to her so fearful that she would gladly have foregone the duty. On their departure Rudiger loads them with gifts. To Gernot he gives a sword which afterwards deals the death-blow to Rudiger himself, who resolves to accompany them; while Hagen receives the magnificent shield of Nuodung, whom Witege slew. The ominous note is again sounded when Dietrich, who is sent to meet the Burgundians, tells Hagen that Kriemhild still weeps sore for the hero of the Niblung land; and Hagen can but say that her duty now is to Etzel, as Siegfried is buried and comes again no more. It is the story of the Odyssey. When Dietrich is asked how he knows the mind of Kriemhild, "What shall I say?" he answers; "every morning early I hear her, Etzel's wife, weep and wail full sadly to the God of heaven for strong Siegfried's body."[1] It is the sorrow of Penelopê, who mourns for the absence of Odysseus during twenty weary years, though the suitors, like Etzel, are by her side, or though, as other versions went, she became a mother while the wise chief was far away fighting at Ilion or wandering over the wine-faced sea.

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is, therefore, quite unnecessary to give an abstract of the poem throughout, a task which has been performed already by many writers, and among them by Mr. Ludlow, *Popular Epics*, i.

[1] Compare the Gaelic story of the Rider of Grianaig (Campbell, iii. 18), where the dawn-maidens mourn because they have to marry the giant, but are rescued by the man who made the gold and silver cap, as Penelopê is delivered from her suitors by the man who wrought the bed in her bridal chamber.

The vengeance of Kriemhild.

At length Hagen and Kriemhild stand face to face: but when the wife of Etzel asks what gifts he has brought, Hagen answers that one so wealthy needs no gifts. The question is then put plainly, "Where is the Niblungs' hoard? It was my own, as ye well know." Hagen answers that at his master's bidding it has been sunk in the Rhine, and there it must remain till the day of judgment. But when Kriemhild tells the Burgundians that they must give up their arms before going into the hall, Hagen begs to be excused. The honour is greater than he deserves, and he will himself be chamberman. Kriemhild sees that he has been warned, and learns to her grief and rage that the warning has come through Dietrich.[1] But the time for the avenging of Siegfried draws nigh. Etzel's men see Kriemhild weeping as through a window she looks down on Hagen and Volker, and when they assure her that the man who has called forth her tears shall pay for his offence with his blood, she bids them avenge her of Hagen, so that he may lose his life. Sixty men are ready to slay them, but Kriemhild says that so small a troop can never suffice to slay two heroes so powerful as Hagen and the still more mighty Volker who sits by his side,—words which at once show that we have before us no beings of human race, and that Hagen is akin to the Panis, while Volker is the whispering breeze or the strong wind of the night, whose harping, like that of Orpheus, few or none may withstand. Kriemhild herself goes down to them: but Hagen will not rise to greet her. On his knees she sees the gleaming sword which he had taken from Siegfried, the good blade Gram, which Odin left in the house of Volsung. The words which burst from her bespeak the grief of a Penelopê who nurses her sorrow in a harsher clime than that of Ithaka. She asks Hagen how he could venture into the lion's den, and who had sent for him to the Huns' country. To his reply that he had come only by constraint of the masters whose man he was, she rejoins by asking why he did the deed for which she bears hate to him. He has slain her beloved Siegfried, for whom if she weeps all her life long she could never weep enough. It is useless to deny the deed, and Hagen does not care to disown it. He tells the queen that he is in truth the man who slew Siegfried and has done to her great wrong; and the preparations for the last struggle go on with more speed and certainty. It is impossible not to think of the suitors in the house of Odysseus, although the bearing of Hagen and his men is altogether more dignified. The very weakening of the myth, which was too strong to allow the Homeric poet so to paint them, has enabled the Teutonic bard to ascribe to the slayers of Siegfried a character of real heroism. But here, as in the Odyssey, the scene of vengeance is the great hall; and we have to ask where the roof has ever been raised under which thousands have fought until scarcely one has been left to tell the tale of slaughter. In this hall the Burgundians are left to sleep on beds and couches covered with silks, ermine, and sable. But they are full of misgivings, and Hagen undertakes with Volker to keep watch before the door. Volker, the Phemios of the Odyssey, does more. With the soft and lulling tones of the harp of Hermes or of Pan, he lulls to sleep the sorrows of the men who are soon to die. Through all the house the sweet sounds find their way, until all the warriors are asleep; and then Volker takes his shield and goes out to guard his comrades against any sudden onslaught of the Huns. The tragedy begins on the morrow with the accidental slaying of a Hun by Volker at the jousts which follow the morning mass; and the fight grows hot when Dankwart smites off the head of Blödel, whom Kriemhild had sent to slay him because he was Hagen's brother. But Hagen survives to do the queen more mischief. Her son Ortlieb is being carried from table to table in the banqueting hall, and Hagen strikes off the boy's head which leaps into Kriemhild's lap. The hall runs with blood. Seven thousand bodies are flung down the steps; but Hagen is still unconquered, and Irinc who had charged himself with the office of Blödel, and succeeded in wounding him in the face, falls in his turn a victim to his zeal. A fresh thousand are poured in to avenge his death: the Burgundians slay them all, and then sit down to keep watch with the dead bodies as their seats. The tale goes on with increasing defiance of likelihood and possibility. Kriemhild and Etzel gather before the hall twenty-thousand men; but still the Burgundians maintain the strife deep into the night. When at length they ask for a truce, and Giselher tells his sister that he has never done her harm, her answer is that he is the brother of Siegfried's murderer, and therefore he and all must die unless they will yield up Hagen into her hands. This they refuse, and Kriemhild sets fire to the hall, an incident which occurs in other sagas, as those of Njal and Grettir. Drink there is none, unless it be human blood, which is gushing forth in rivers; but with this they slake their thirst and nerve their arms, while the burning rafters fall crashing around them, until the fire is extinguished in the horrid streams which gush from human bodies. Thousands have been slain within this fated hall; six hundred yet remain; the Huns attack them two to one. The fight is desperate. Rudiger, compelled to take part in it sorely against his will, is slain with his own sword by Gernot; and at length Volker the minstrel is killed by Hildebrand, who strives in vain to wound Hagen, for he is the master of Balmung, Siegfried's sword, the Gram of the Volsung story. Dietrich is at length more successful, and the slayer of Siegfried is at last brought bound into the presence of the woman who lives only to avenge him. With him comes Gunther, the last of the Burgundian chiefs who is left alive. Once more, in this last dread hour, the story reverts to the ancient myth. Kriemhild places them apart, and then coming to Hagen, tells him that even now he may go free if he will yield up the treasure which he stole from Siegfried. Hagen's answer is that he cannot say where the hoard is as long as any of his masters remain alive. Kriemhild now takes to him the head of Gunther, the last of his liege lords, and Hagen prepares to die triumphantly. She has slain the last man who knew the secret besides himself, and from Hagen she shall never learn it. Frantic in her sorrow, Kriemhild cries that she will at least have the sword which her sweet love bore when the murderer smote him treacherously. She grasps it in her hand, she draws the blade from its sheath, she whirls it in the air, and the victory of Achilleus is accomplished. Hagen is slain like Hektor. Her heart's desire is attained. What matters it, if death is to follow her act of dread revenge, as Thetis told the chieftain of Phthia that his death must follow soon when he has slain Hektor? The night is not far off when the sun appears like a conqueror near the horizon after his long battle with the clouds. The sight of the dead Hagen rouses the grief of Etzel and the fury of Hildebrand who smites Kriemhild and hews her in pieces.

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[1] It is at this point that the passage is inserted which connects the Nibelungenlied with the story of Walthar of Aquitaine. It is of no further interest in our present inquiry than as showing the composite character of the great Teutonic epic.—Ludlow, *Popular Epics*, i. 146.

Historical element in the Nibelungen Lied.

If we put aside the two or three names which may belong to persons of whose existence we have other evidence, the idea that this story of ferocious and impossible vengeance represents in any degree the history of the age of Attila becomes one of the wildest of dreams. Etzel himself is no more like the real Attila than the Alexandros of the Iliad is like the great son of the Macedonian Philip. The tale is, throughout, the story told, in every Aryan land, of the death of the short-lived sun, or the stealing of the dawn and her treasures, and of the vengeance which is taken for these deeds. It is but one of the many narratives of the great drama enacted before our eyes every year and every day, one of the many versions of the discomfiture of the thieves who seek to deceive the beautiful Saramâ. But if this great epic poem contains no history, it is remarkable as showing the extent to which the myth has been modified by the influence of Christianity and the growth of an historical sense in the treatment of national traditions. There is a certain awkwardness in the part played by Etzel, a part ludicrously unlike the action of the historical Attila; and the pitiable weakness or inconsistency which leads him throughout to favour the schemes of his wife, and then, when Hagen is slain, to mourn for him as the bravest and best of heroes, serves only to bring out more prominently the fact that it is Kriemhild who fights single-handed against all her enemies, and that she is in truth a Penelopê who trusts only to herself to deal with the ruffians who have dashed the cup of joy from her lips and stolen away her beautiful treasures. But the religious belief of the poets would not allow them to make use of any other method for bringing about the terrible issue. The bards who recounted the myths of the three Helgis would have brought back Siegfried from the grave, and added another to the heroes who represent the slain and risen gods, Baldur, Dionysos, and Adonis or Osiris. In no other way could Siegfried have been brought back to the aid of his wife, unless like Odysseus he had been represented not as slain, but as fulfilling the doom which compelled him to fight or to wander far away from his home for twenty years. The closeness with which the bards of the Niblung legend followed the Saga of Sigurd rendered this alternative impossible, and it remained only to leave Kriemhild to accomplish that which no one else had the strength or the will to achieve on her behalf. But the myth had been further weakened in other directions. The slayer of Sigurd in the Volsung tale and his kindred alike belong with sufficient clearness to the dark powers who steal the cattle of Indra or Heraklês, and thus they attract to themselves but little sympathy and no love; but the Christian feeling which could brand Hagen as a murderer refused to make his brothers or his kinsfolk or his liege lords partakers of his guilt, and thus the cowards of the first part of the story become the dauntless heroes of the second.[1] But to the remark that "Kriemhild's preferring to reside in the neighbourhood of her husband's murderers remains perfectly unaccountable," we can but say that the difficulty is confined to the hypothesis which would regard the story as a picture of human character and human society. Kriemhild was under the same necessity which kept Penelopê in Ithaka, and the length of time during which the vengeance was delayed is due to the same cause. The sword which slays the darkness cannot fall until the ten long hours of the night have come to an end. Hence the many years during which Kriemhild makes ready for the last dread act, and the many years which go before the fall of Ilion. Nor can we well say that the prominence given to Kriemhild's love for Siegfried as the motive for vengeance over and above the desire to recover the hoard is "the refinement of a later age."[1] The Odyssey shows precisely the same connexion between the desire to avenge Penelopê and the wish to save the substance wasted by the suitors; and we have more than faint signs of the same mingled feeling in the Saga of the Volsungs.

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[1] Ludlow, *Popular Epics*, i. 172.

The Story of Walthar of Aquitaine.

The story of Walthar of Aquitaine, a version of the same myth given by a monk of the eighth or ninth century, is noteworthy chiefly as making the hero bear away both the bride and her hoard, and giving him a tranquil and a happy close to his troubled and stormy life. Here also we have the names of Gibicho, Gunther, Etzel: but the Sigurd of this version is Walthar, while the part of Brynhild is played by Hildegund, who declares her readiness to obey her lover's bidding, when he charges her, as the guardian of the treasure, to take out for him a helmet, a coat of mail, and a breastplate, and to fill two chests with Hunnish rings or money. Thus we have the same magic armour and weapons which we find in all such legends, while Hildegund leads the war-horse, which appears here under the name Lion. But no sooner have they reached the Frank land than the greed of King Gunther is roused, and he resolves to attack Walthar. But Hagen, who accompanies him, is by no means so doughty as in the Niblung Song, and he is not reassured when he finds Walthar performing a series of exploits which reproduce those of Heraklês, Perseus, and Theseus. In the end he decides that he can have a chance of grappling successfully with Walthar only if he pretends to withdraw. His plan succeeds, and he is enabled to come up with Walthar as he is journeying on with Hildegund. In the fight which follows, Walthar smites off a portion of Hagen's armour, and brings Gunther to his knees with a stroke of his sword; but just as he is about to deal him the death-blow, Hagen interposes his helmeted head and the blade is shivered in pieces. Walthar in his impatience and anger throws away the hilt, and Hagen avails himself of the time to smite off Walthar's right hand, the right hand so fearful to princes and people. Here again it is the cap of darkness which is fatal to the gleaming sword, while the loss of Walthar's right hand carries us to the myth of Indra Savitar. The closing scene curiously reflects the death of Sigurd. With failing breath, Walthar deals a blow which strikes out Hagen's right eye; but whereas in the genuine myth Walthar's death ought here to follow, to be avenged afterwards by that of Hagen, here the two heroes, thus sorely bested, make up their quarrel, and Walthar bids Hildegund bring wine and offer the cup to Hagen, who will not drink first, because Walthar is the better man. In short, the story ends with an interchange of courtesies, which have an air of burlesque not unlike that which Euripides has thrown over the Heraklês of his Alkêstis, and the bridal of Hildegund has all the joy and brightness which mark the reunion of Penelopê with Odysseus.[1]

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[1] Ludlow, *Popular Epics*, i. 176.

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[1] The later lay of Gudrun, of which Mr. Ludlow has given a summary (*Popular Epics*, i. 193, &c.), has many of the features of the Nibelungen Lied and the story of Walthar of Aquitaine. It is scarcely necessary to note the endless modifications of myths, with which the poets of successive ages allowed themselves to deal as freely as they pleased; but we are fully justified in referring to the old myth incidents which are found in a hundred mythical traditions, but which never happen in the life of man. Thus, in the Lay of Gudrun, the child who is carried away to the griffin's or eagle's nest, whither three daughters of kings have been taken before, must remind us of the story of Surya Bai, although the child thus taken is Hagen, who grows up so mighty that he becomes celebrated as the Wayland of all kings, a title which sufficiently shows his real nature. Thus, although he is invested with all the splendour of the Trojan Paris, Hagen slays all the messengers sent by princes to sue for the hand of his beautiful daughter, nor can any succeed until Hettel comes—the mighty king at Hegelingen; a tale which merely repeats the story of Brynhild, Dornroschen, and all the enchanted maidens whom many suitors court to their own death. The wonderful ship which Hettel builds to fetch Hilda, capable of holding three thousand warriors, with its golden rudder and anchor of silver, is the counterpart of the Argo, which goes to bring back the wise and fair Medeia. The good knight Horant, at whose singing "the beasts in the wood let their food stand, and the worms that should go in the grass, the fish that should swim in the wave, leave their purpose," is the fiddler of the Nibelung Song, the Orpheus of the Hellenic legend. Of this feature in the story Mr. Ludlow says, "The quaintly poetical incident of Horant's singing is perhaps the gem of the earlier portion," a phrase to which objection can be taken only as it seems to look upon the incident as an original conception of the poets of the Gudrun Lay. From Mr. Ludlow's words no one would necessarily gather that the myth is simply that of Orpheus and nothing more, while the old tradition is further marked by the words put into the mouth of Hilda, that she would willingly become king Hettel's wife, if Horant could sing to her every day at morn and even, like the breeze of the dawn and the twilight in the myth of Hermes. Here also we have the magic girdle of Brynhild, Harmonia, and Eriphyle, the Cestus of Freya and Aphroditê; while in the stealing of Hilda, who is no unwilling captive, and the fury of Hagen, as he sees the ship carry her away beyond the reach of pursuit, we have precisely the fury of Aiêtês and his vain chase after the Argo, which is bearing away Medeia. Here ends the first part of the tale; but it starts afresh and runs into greater complications after the birth of Ortwein and Gudrun, the son and daughter of Hettel and Hilda. Like her mother, Gudrun is carried away by Hartmut and his father, and a great struggle is the consequence. The Lay of King Rother (Ludlow, *ibid.* i. 317) is in great part made up of the same materials. Here also we have the beautiful maiden whose suitors woo her to their own destruction — the wonderful ship which Rother builds to bring away the daughter of King Constantine of Constantinople; the sending of the messengers to the dungeon, where they remain until Rother comes to deliver them. But Rother, who wishes while on his expedition to be called Thiderich or Dietrich, is the splendid prince of the Cinderella story, and he obtains his wife by means of a gold and silver shoe which he alone is able to fit on her foot. But the princess is stolen away again from the home of king Rother, and brought back to Constantinople; and thus we have a repetition of

Dietrich of Bern.

As we approach the later legends or romances, we find, as we might expect, a strange outgrowth of fancies often utterly incongruous, and phrases which show that the meaning of the old myths was fast fading from men's minds. Still we cannot fail to see that the stories, while they cannot by any process be reduced into harmony with the real history of any age, are built up with the materials which the bards of the Volsungs and the Nibelungs found ready to their hand. Thus in the story of Dietrich and Ecke, the latter, who plays a part something like that of Hagen or Paris, is exhibited in more lustrous colours than the Trojan Alexandros in the Iliad, although his nature and his doom are those of the Vedic Panis. Three knights, discoursing at Köln of brave warriors, give the palm to Dietrich of Bern, and Ecke who hears his praise swears that he must search through all lands till he finds him, and that Dietrich must slay him or lose all his praise. The incidents which follow are a strange travesty of the Volsung myth. Three queens hear the three knights talking, and the beautiful Seburk is immediately smitten with a love as vehement and lasting as that of Kriemhild in the Nibelung Song. Her one longing is to see Dietrich of Bern and to have him as her husband; but the means which she adopts to gain this end is to send Ecke in search of him, armed with a breastplate, which answers to the coat of mail wrought for Achilleus by Hephaistos. This breastplate had belonged to the Lombard king Otnit, to whom it had been a fatal possession, for as he slept before a stone wall (the wall of glass in the Hindu fairy tale) a worm found him and carried him into the hollow mountain—the tower in which Dietrich is confined, in the story of the giant Sigenot. This breastplate was recovered by Wolfdietrich[1] of Greece, in whom it is hard not to see a reflexion of the Lykeian god of Delos, the Lupercus of Latin mythology; and it is now given by Seburk to Ecke on the condition that if he finds Dietrich he will let him live. It is the Dawn pleading for the life of the Sun. "Could I but see the hero, no greater boon could be bestowed upon me. His high name kills me. I know not what he hath done to me, that my heart so longs after him." It is the language of Selênê and Echo as they look upon Endymiôn and Narkissos; and all that is said of Dietrich recalls the picture of

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the old story in another dress. It is unnecessary to say that although we hear much of Constantinople and Babylon, not a grain of genuine history is to be gleaned amidst this confused tangle of popular traditions and fancies.

The form in which these myths are exhibited in the Danish ballads, agrees so closely with the general character of the Volsung and Nibelung legends, that it is unnecessary here to speak of them. Some remarks on the subject will be found in Mr. Ludlow's *Popular Epics*, i. 308, &c.

[1] Tylor, *Primitive Culture*, i. 255.

the youthful Heraklês as given in the apologue of Prodikos. He is the father of the afflicted; what he wins he shares; all that is good he loves. Wherever he goes, Ecke hears the people recount the exploits and dwell on the beauty and the goodness of Dietrich. Under a linden tree he finds a wounded man, and looking at his wounds, he cries out that he had never seen any so deep, and that nothing remained whole to him under helmet or shield. "No sword can have done this; it must be the wild thunder-stroke from heaven." Ecke is soon to see the hero who smote down the wounded man; but no sooner is he confronted with the valiant knight, than he forgets the part which he ought to play if he means to appear as a messenger of Seburk and to do her bidding. He now speaks in his own character, as the Pani who bears an irrepressible hate for his adversary, while Dietrich is as passive in the matter as Achilleus when he declared that the Trojans had never done him any mischief. "I will not strive with thee," he says, "thou hast done me no harm; give my service to thy lady, and tell her I will always be her knight." But Ecke is bent only upon fighting, and while he refuses to be the bearer of any message, he calls Dietrich a coward and dares him to the contest. Nor can we avoid noting that although Dietrich prays him to wait till the sun shines if fight they must, Ecke by his intolerable scoffs brings on the battle while it is yet night, and the strife between the powers of light and darkness is carried on amidst a storm of thunder and lightning until the day breaks. Ecke then thinks that he has won the victory; but just as he is boasting of his success, Dietrich is filled with new strength, and when Ecke refuses to yield up his sword, he runs him through. But he himself is sorely wounded, and as he wanders on he finds a fair maiden sleeping by a spring, as Daphnê, Arethousa, Melusina, and the nymphs are all found near the running waters. The being whom Dietrich finds is gifted with the powers which Oinonê cannot or will not exercise for the benefit of Paris. She heals him with a wonderful salve, and tells him that she is a wise woman, like Brynhild and Medeia, knowing the evil and the good, and dwelling in a fair land beyond the sea. But the story has been awkwardly put together, and of the fair Seburk we hear no more. This, however, is but further evidence of the mythical character of the materials with which the poets of the early and middle ages for the most part had to deal.

The Great Rose Garden.

The poem of the Great Rose Garden is a still more clumsy travesty of the myth of the Phaiakian or Hyperborean gardens. The birds are there, singing so sweetly that no mournful heart could refuse to be solaced by them; but the cold touch of the north is on the poet, and his seat under the linden tree is covered with furs and samite, while the wind which whispers through the branches comes from bellows black as a coal. In this garden is waged the same furious fight which fills Etzel's slaughter hall with blood in the Nibelung Lay; but the battle assumes here a form so horrible and so wantonly disgusting that we need only mark the more modern vein of satire which has used the myth for the purpose of pointing a jest against the monastic orders. The monk Ilsan, who, putting aside his friar's cloak, stands forth clad in impenetrable armour and wielding an unerring sword, is Odysseus standing in beggar's garb among the suitors; but the spirit of the ancient legend is gone, and Ilsan appears on the whole in a character not much more dignified than that of Friar Tuck in Ivanhoe.

The romance of Roland.

The same wonderful armour is seen again in the beautiful romance of Roland. How thoroughly devoid this romance is of any materials of which the historian may make use, it is scarcely necessary to say; that many incidents in the legend may have been suggested by actual facts in the lifetime of Charles the Great, is an admission which may be readily made. When Charles the Great is made to complain on the death of Roland that now the Saxons, Bulgarians, and many other nations, as those of Palermo and Africa, will rebel against him, it is possible that the story may point to some redoubtable leader whose loss left the empire vulnerable in many quarters: but we do not learn this fact, if it be a fact, from the romance, and the impenetrable disguise which popular fancy has thrown over every incident makes the idea of verifying any of them an absurdity. Whatever may have been the cause of the war, Roland plays in it the part of Achilleus. The quarrel was none of his making, but he is ready to fight in his sovereign's cause; and the sword Durandal which he wields is manifestly the sword of Chrysâôr. When his strength is failing, a Saracen tries to wrest the blade from his hand, but with his ivory horn Roland strikes the infidel dead. The horn is split with the stroke, and all the crystal and gold fall from it. The night is at hand, but Roland raises himself on his feet, and strikes the recovered sword against a rock. "Ha! Durandal," he cries, "how bright thou art and white! how thou shinest and flamest against the sun! Charles was in the vale of Mauricane when God from heaven commanded him by his angel that he should give thee to a captain; wherefore the gentle king, the great, did gird thee on me."[1] This is the pedigree of no earthly weapon, and to the list of conquests wrought by it in the hands of Roland we may add the exploits of the good brands Excalibur, and Gram, and Balmung, and in short, the swords of all the Hellenic and Teutonic heroes. We are thus prepared for the issue when Alda (Hilda), to whom he has been betrothed, falls dead when she hears that Roland is slain. Kleopatra and Brynhild cannot survive Meleagros and Sigurd.[1]

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[1] The address of Roland to his sword ntly given in the "Chronicle of Turpin," Ludlow, *Ibid.* i. 425.

The romance of Arthur.

As useless for all historical purposes, and as valuable to the comparative mythologist, is the magnificent romance of King Arthur. Probably in no other series of legends is there a more manifest recurrence of the same myth under different forms. The structure of the tale is simple enough. Arthur himself is simply a reproduction of Sigurd or Perseus. Round him are other brave knights, and these, not less than himself, must have their adventures; and thus Arthur and Balin answer respectively to Achilleus and Odysseus in the Achaian hosts. A new element is brought into the story with the Round Table, which forms part of the dowry of Guinevere; and the institution of the Knights furnishes the starting-point for a series of exploits on the part of each knight, which are little more than a clog to the narrative, and may easily be detached from the main thread of it. They answer in fact to those books in our Iliad which relate the fortunes of the Achaian chieftains during the inaction of Achilleus. A third series of narratives, rising gradually to a strain of surpassing beauty and grandeur, begins with the manifestation of the Round Table in the form of the holy Grail; and the legend of the quest for the sacred vessel, while it is really an independent story, is in its essential features a mere repetition of some which have preceded it. In short, the original meaning of these myths had been completely forgotten by the mediæval romancers; but, like the Homeric poets, they have felt the irresistible spell, and have adhered to the traditional types with marvellous fidelity.

The birth and youth of Arthur.

Stripped thus of its adventitious matter, the poem assumes a form common to the traditions and folk-lore of all the Teutonic or even all the Aryan nations. Not only is the wonderful sword of Roland seen again in the first blade granted to King Arthur, but the story of the mode in which Arthur becomes master of it is precisely the story of the Teutonic Sigurd and the Greek Theseus. We might almost say with truth that there is not a single incident with which we are not familiar in the earlier legends. The fortunes of Igraine, Arthur's mother, are precisely those of Alkmênê, Uther playing the part of Zeus, while Gorlois takes the place of Amphitryon.[2] As soon as he is born, Arthur is wrapped in a cloth of gold, the same glittering raiment which in the Homeric hymn the nymphs wrap round the new-born Phoibos, and like the infant Cyrus, who is arrayed in the same splendid garb, is placed in the hands of a poor man whom the persons charged with him, like Harpagos, meet at the postern-gate of the castle. In his house the child grows like Cyrus and Romulus and others, a model of human beauty, and like them he cannot long abide in his lowly station. Some one must be chosen king, and the trial is to be that which Odin appointed for the recovery of the sword Gram, which he had thrust up to the hilt in the great roof-tree of Volsung's hall. "There was seen in the churchyard, at the east end by the high altar, a great stone formed square, and in the midst thereof was like an anvil of steel a foot high, and therein stuck a fair sword naked by the point, and letters of gold were written about the sword that said thus, "Whoso pulleth out this sword out of this stone and anvil is rightwise born king of England.'" The incident by which Arthur's title is made known answers to the similar attempts made in Teutonic folk-lore to cheat Boots, the younger son, of his lawful inheritance. Sir Kay, leaving his sword at home, sends Arthur for it, and Arthur not being able to find it, draws the weapon imbedded in the stone as easily as Theseus performed the same exploit. Sir Kay, receiving it, forthwith claims the kingdom. Sir Ector, much doubting his tale, drives him to confess that it was Arthur who gave him the sword, and then bids Arthur replace it in the solid block. None now can draw it forth but Arthur, to whose touch it yields without force or pressure. Sir Ector then kneels to Arthur, who, supposing him to be his father, shrinks from the honour; but Ector, like the shepherds in the myths of Oidipous, Romulus, or Cyrus, replies, "I was never your father nor of your blood, but I wote well ye are of an higher blood than I weened ye were." But although like the playmates of Cyrus, the knights scorn to be governed by a boy whom they hold to be baseborn, yet they are compelled to yield to the ordeal of the stone, and Arthur, being made king, forgives them all. The sword thus gained is in Arthur's first war so bright in his enemies' eyes that it gives light like thirty torches, as the glorious radiance flashes up to heaven when Achilleus dons his armour. But this weapon is not to be the blade with which Arthur is to perform his greatest exploits. Like the sword of Odin in the Volsung story,

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[1] This is the story of Lord Nann and the Korrigan.—Keightley, *Fairy Mythology*, 433.

[2] The scene in which Sigurd personates Gunnar in order to win Brynhild for the latter is but slightly different

from the story of Uther as told by Jeffrey of Monmouth or in the more detailed romance. This power of transformation is a special attribute of the gods of the heaven and the light, and as such is exercised by Phoibos the fish god, and Dionysos the lion and bear.

it is snapped in twain in the conflict with Pellinore; but it is of course brought back to him in the form of Excalibur, by a maiden who answers to Thetis or to Hjordis.[1] Arthur, riding with Merlin along a lake, becomes "ware of an arm clothed in white samite that held a fair sword in the hand." This is the fatal weapon, whose scabbard answers precisely to the panoply of Achilleus, for while he wears it Arthur cannot shed blood, even though he be wounded. Like all the other sons of Helios, Arthur has his enemies, and King Rience demands as a sign of homage the beard of Arthur, which gleams with the splendour of the golden locks or rays of Phoibos Akersekomes. The demand is refused, but in the mediæval romance there is room for others who reflect the glory of Arthur, while his own splendour is for the time obscured. At Camelot they see a maiden with a sword attached to her body, which Arthur himself cannot draw. In the knight Balin, who draws it, and who "because he was poorly arrayed put him not far in the press," we see not merely the humble Arthur who gives his sword to Sir Kay, but Odysseus, who in his beggar's dress shrinks from the brilliant throng which crowds his ancestral hall.[2]

The Round Table and the San Greal.

On the significance of the Round Table we must speak elsewhere. It is enough for the present to note that it comes to Arthur with the bride whose dowry is to be to him as fatal as the treasures of the Argive Helen to Menelaos. In the warning of Merlin that Guinevere "is not wholesome for him" we see that earlier conception of Helen in which the Attic tragedians differ so pointedly from the poets of the Iliad and the Odyssey. As Helen is to be the ruin of cities, of men, and of ships, so is Guinevere to bring misery on herself and on all around her, as of Brynhild it is said, "Luckless thou camest to thy mother's lap, born for the sorrow of all folk." Dangers thicken round Arthur, and he is assailed by enemies as dangerous as Kirkê and Kalypso to Odysseus. The Fay Morgan seeks to steal Excalibur, and succeeds in getting the scabbard, which she throws into a lake, and Arthur now may both bleed and die.[3] At the hands of another maiden he narrowly escapes the doom which Medeia and Dêianeira brought upon Glaukê and on Heraklês. The Lady of the Lake warns him not to put on this vesture until he has first seen the bringer wear it. This accordingly he makes the maiden do, "and forthwith she fell down, and was brent to coals."[1]

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[1] "The Manks hero, Olave of Norway, had a sword with a Celtic name, Macabuin."—Campbell, *Tales of the West Highlands*, i. lxxii. It reappears as the sword Tirfing in the fairy tale. Keightley, *Fairy Mythology*, 73. In some versions, as in "Arthur and Merlin," Excalibur is the sword fastened in the stone, the sword obtained from the fairy being Mirandoisa.

[2] The invisible knight who at this stage of the narrative smites Sir Herleus wears the helmet of Hades, and his action is that of the Erinys who wanders in the air.

[3] Morgan has the power of transformation possessed by all the fish and water-gods, Proteus, Onnes, Thetis, &c.

Arthur's Knights.

The story now ceases practically to be the romance of Arthur, until it once more exhibits him in all the majesty of Christian long-suffering and holiness; but, as we might expect, those portions of the romance which less immediately relate to Arthur are founded on old Teutonic or Hellenic myths. In the three sisters which meet Sir Marhaus, Sir Gawain, and Sir Ewain by the fountain, we can scarcely fail to recognise the three weird sisters, whose office, as belonging to the past, the present, and the future, seems to be betokened by their age and the garb which distinguishes them from each other. The eldest has a garland of gold about her hair, which is white with the snows of threescore winters; the second, thirty years of age, with more brilliant ornaments, marks the middle stage in which the main action of life lies; while in the younger sister of fifteen summers, crowned with luxuriant flowers, we have the Norn whose business is only with the time to come.[2] In the good knight Tristram we have another of those fatal children whose mother's eyes may not be long gladdened with the sight of their babes. Like Asklepios and Dionysos, like Macduff and Sigurd, Tristram is the son of sorrow;[3] nor did he fail to justify the popular conviction that all such children are born to do great things.[4] In the madness which comes upon Lancelot when Guinevere rebukes him for the love of Elaine we see the frenzy of Heraklês and other heroes, a frenzy which is naturally healed by the San Greal.[5] In the story of the Perilous Seat we have simply another form of a myth already twice given in this romance. "Then the king went forth and all the knights unto the river, and there they found a stone floating, as if it had been of red marble, and therein stuck a fair and a rich sword, and in the pommel thereof were precious stones wrought with subtle letters of gold, which said, 'Never shall man take me hence but he by whom I ought to hang; and he shall be the best knight of the world'"—bravery and goodness being thus made the prize instead of an earthly kingdom as in the case of Arthur. The king tells Lancelot that this sword ought to be his, but it is the prize which, like the princess for whom the unsuccessful suitors venture their bodies, brings ruin on those who fail to seize it. The hero who is to take it is revealed, when an old man coming in lifts up the cover that is on the Siege Perilous, and discloses the words, "This is the siege of Sir Galahad the good knight." The story of this peerless hero is introduced with an incident which is manifestly suggested by the narrative of Pentecost. As the Knights of the Round Table sat at supper in Camelot, "they heard cracking and crying of thunder, that they thought the place should all-to rive. And in the midst of the blast entered a sunbeam more clear by seven times than ever they saw day, and all they were alighted by the grace of the Holy Ghost. Then began every knight to behold other; and each saw other by their seeming fairer than ever they saw afore. Then there entered into the hall the holy Grail covered with white samite, and there was none that might see it nor who bear it. And then was all the hall full filled with great odours, and every knight had such meat and drink as he best loved in the world." The wonderful vessel is suddenly borne away, and the knights depart on a search which answers precisely to the quest of the Golden Fleece or the treasures of Helen the fair. The myth of the sword, already thrice given, is presented to us once more on board the ship Faith, on which there was "a fair bed, and at the foot was a sword, fair and rich; and it was drawn out of the scabbard half a foot or more." "Wot ye well," says a maiden to Sir Galahad, "that the drawing of this sword is warned unto all men save unto you." This ship is the same vessel which carries Helios round the stream of Ocean during the hours of darkness. In other words, it becomes the ship of the dead, the bark which carries the souls to the land of light which lies beyond the grave. This ship carries to the Spiritual Place the body of Sir Percival's sister, who dies to save the lady of the castle by giving her a dish full of her own blood—a myth which reflects the story of Iphigeneia who dies that Helen, the lady of the castle of Menelaos, may be rescued, and of Polyxena, whose blood is shed that Achilleus may repose in the unseen land. From the quest of the Grail Lancelot comes back ennobled and exalted. Arthur longs for the return of the good knight Galahad, of Percival, and Bors; but the face of the purest of all men he may never see again. When at length the eyes of Galahad rest on the mystic vessel, he utters the Nunc Dimittis, and Joseph of Arimathæa says to him, "Thou hast resembled me in two things; one is, that thou hast seen the San Greal, and the other is that thou art a clean maiden as I am." Then follows the farewell of Galahad to his comrades, as he charges

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[1] *La Morte d'Arthure*, ed. Coneybeare, book iii. ch. v.

[2] *Ibid.*, book iv. ch. iii.

[3] In the Arthur cycle there are two forms of the Tristram story, the one occurring in the body of the Arthur legend, the other given separately. For the differences between the two, see Appendix III. to the *Introduction to Comparative Mythology*.

[4] See p. 103.

[5] Coneybeare, *La Morte d'Arthure*, book x.

Sir Bors to salute his father Sir Lancelot and bid him remember this unstable world. "And therewith he kneeled down before the table and made his prayers, and then suddenly his soul departed unto Jesus Christ. And a great multitude of angels bare his soul up to heaven that his two fellows might behold it; also they saw come down from heaven a hand, but they saw not the body, and then it came right to the vessel and took it and the spear,[1] and so bare it up into heaven. Sithence was there never a man so hardy as to say that he had seen the San Greal."

Lancelot and Guinevere.

The sequel which tells the story of the final fortunes of Lancelot and Guinevere presents perhaps the most wonderful instance of the degree to which a myth may be modified, and in this case the modifying influence is strictly and purely Christian. It is true that he estranges the love of Guinevere from her lord Arthur, and that even the sanctifying influence of the holy Grail, which makes him proof against the heart-rending sorrow of Elaine, cannot avail to repress his unconquerable affection for the brightest and the fairest of women. But although the romance throughout speaks of it as his great sin, the love is one which asks only for her heart as its recompence, and enables him to say even at the last, that Guinevere is worthy of the love of Arthur. But the same Christian influence which makes Arthur slow to believe any evil of his dear friend Lancelot, could not allow Guinevere to end her days in peace with Arthur, as Helen returns to live and die in the house of Menelaos. Like Paris, whom Menelaos admitted to an equally trustful friendship, Lancelot had done a great wrong; and even when Arthur has closed his brief but splendid career, Guinevere tells Lancelot that all love on earth is over between them. Their lips may not meet even in the last kiss which should seal the death-warrant of their old affection. Arthur is gone. When he will come back again, no man may tell; but Guinevere is more faithful now to the word which she had pledged to him than she had been while his glorious form rose pre-eminent among the bravest knights of Christendom. Yet in spite of all that Christian influence has done to modify and ennoble the story, the myth required that Guinevere should be separated from Lancelot, as Helen is torn away from Paris; and the narrative presents us from time to time with touches which vividly recall the old Greek and Teutonic myths. Thus Sir Urre of Hungary has wounds which only Lancelot can heal, as Oinônê alone can heal Paris; and the last battle with Modred is begun when a knight draws his sword on an adder that has stung him in the foot, like the snake which bit

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[1] See book ii. chap. ii. sect. 12.

Eurydikê. So again, Excalibur is, by the hands of the reluctant Sir Bedivere, thrown into the lake from which it had been drawn, as the light of Helios is quenched in the waters from which he sprung in the morning; and the barge, which had borne away the fair maid of Astolat and the sister of Sir Percival, brings the three queens (seemingly the weird sisters who have already been seen in another form) to carry off the wounded Arthur.

The death of Arthur.

But even at the last the story exhibits the influence of the old myth. Neither Arthur himself thinks, nor do any others think, that he is really dying. His own words are, "I will unto the vale of Avilion, to heal me of my grievous wound." There, in the shadowy valley in which Endymion sinks to sleep, the thought of the renewed life in store for Baldur or Dionyos, Memnôn or Sarpêdôn, or Adonis, showed itself in the epitaph

> "Hic jacet Arthurus, rex quondam rexque futurus."

Guinevere and Diarmaid.

Of the story of Arthur and Guinevere, Mr. Campbell says that, "when stripped to the bones," it "is almost identical with the love story of the history of the Feinne," the tradition embodied in the poems which bear the name of Ossian, with not less justice perhaps than the Iliad and Odyssey bear the name of Homer, and the Finnish epic Kalewala that of Wäinämöinen.[1] To Grainne, the wife of Fionn, Diarmaid stands in the relation of Lancelot to Guinevere, or of Paris to Helen. Guinevere loves Lancelot at first sight: Diarmaid, when first he meets Grainne, "shows a spot on his forehead, which no woman can see without loving him." But if Lancelot follows Guinevere willingly, Grainne compels Diarmaid to run away with her. In the sequel the conduct of Fionn precisely matches that of Arthur, and Diarmaid is as fearless a knight as Lancelot—the conclusion being that "here are the same traditions worked up into wholly different stories, and differently put upon the stage, according to the manners of the age in which romances are written, but the people go on telling their own story in their own way."[2]

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[1] For the supposed historical residuum in the story of Arthur, see Appendix V. to the *Introduction to Comparative Mythology*.

[2] Into the question of the authenticity of Macpherson's *Ossian* it is altogether unnecessary to enter. The matter has been admirably and conclusively treated by Mr. Campbell in the fourth volume of his *Tales of the West Highlands*, and no one probably would for an instant suppose that Macpherson invented the tradition—in other words, the framework of the myth: and with this only we are here concerned. The story of Sir Bevis of Hampton, Mr. Campbell remarks, reflects the same mythology, iv. 267. I must content myself with calling attention to Mr. Campbell's very valuable section on the Welsh stories, iv. 270–299. Taken as a whole, they run precisely parallel to the streams of German, Scandinavian, and Hindu folk-lore, and bring Mr. Campbell to the conclusion that they are "all founded upon incidents which

Later mediæval epics and romances.

It is unnecessary to examine the poems or romances which some writers are fond of arranging under sub-cycles of the main cycle of the Carolingian epics. These epics Mr. Ludlow[1] pronounces "historical." The sort of history contained in them we may take at his own estimate of it. "The history of them is *popular* history, utterly unchronological, attributing to one age or hero the events and deeds of quite another." In other words, it is a history from which, if we had no other sources of evidence, we could not by any possibility learn anything. Possessing the genuine contemporary history of the time, the critic has a clue which may here and there furnish some guidance through the labyrinth; but it is the genuine history which enables him in whatever measure to account for the perversions of the poems, not the perversions which add a jot to our knowledge of the facts. But it is more important to remember that these poems are of a quite different class from the general epics of the Aryan nations. They are the result of book-work—in other words, they are not organic; and to the stories spun by men sitting down at their desks, and mingling mythical or historical traditions at their will, there is literally no end. Yet even in these poems it is remarkable that some of the most prominent or momentous incidents belong to the common inheritance of the Aryan nations. The story of Garin the Lorrainer repeats in great part the story of Odysseus. Thierry's daughter, the White Flower (Blanche Flor), is the Argive Helen. "That maiden," says the poet, "in an evil hour was born, for many a worthy man shall yet die through her." The death of Bego, after the slaying of the boar, is the death of Achilleus after the fall of Hektor. But whatever travesty of real history there may be in parts of this poem, or in the epics of William of Orange and Ogier the Dane, there is next to none in the story of Bertha Largefoot, which simply reflects the myth of Cinderella, Penelopê, Punchkin, and perhaps one or two more.[2] In short, it is mere patchwork. As in the case of Cinderella and Rhodôpis, the true queen is made known by her feet;[3] the only difference being that

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have been woven into popular tales almost ever since men began to speak; that they are Celtic only because Celts are men, and only peculiarly Celtic because Celts are admitted by all to be a very ancient offshoot from the common root." For the epical cycles in the Arthur myth, see *Introduction to Comparative Mythology*, 310-339; and for the story of Bevis of Hampton, see *ibid.* 340. For Guy of Warwick, *ibid.* 341.

[1] *Popular Epics of the Middle Ages*, vol. ii. p. 13.

[2] Bertha is in name the Teutonic goddess, who in another form appears as Frau Holle or Holda, the benignant earth, and who, like Penelopê, has marvellous skill in spinning.

[3] This myth occurs again in the Gaelic story of "The King who wished to marry his Daughter." Mr. Campbell (*Tales of the West Highlands*, i. 227) mentions other instances, and remarks

with Bertha it is the great size of her feet which determines the issue, not their smallness. To coin a word, she is Eurypous, instead of Eurôpê; and there was a version which spoke of her as Queen Goosefoot, a personage over whom it might seem impossible that a poet could become sentimental. Yet the goose-footed queen is simply a swan-maiden, one of the most beautiful creatures of Aryan mythology.

Saga Literature of Europe.

The same materials will probably be found to have furnished the framework of at least the greater part of the Saga literature of Northern Europe. If here and there a name or an incident belonging to real history be introduced into them, this cannot of itself raise the story above the level of plausible fiction. Far too much, probably, has been said of these Sagas as a true picture of society and manners. That the writers would throw over their narrative a colouring borrowed from the ways and customs of their own time is certain; but the acts which they record are not proved to be deeds which were constantly or even rarely occurring, if they involve either a direct contradiction or a physical impossibility. To say that all incidents involving such difficulties are to be at once rejected, while we are yet to give faith to the residue, is to lay ourselves as bondmen at the feet of Euêmeros and his followers, and to bid farewell to truth and honesty. Even in pictures of life and manners there is a certain limit beyond which we refuse to credit tales of cruelty, villainy, and treachery, when they are related of whole tribes who are not represented as mere savages and ruffians; and unless we are prepared to disregard these limits, the history of many of these Sagas becomes at once, as a whole, incredible, although some of the incidents recorded in them may have occurred.

The Grettir Saga.

This is especially the case with the Grettir Saga, for which a high historical character has been claimed by the translators.[1] Yet the tale from beginning to end is full of impossibilities. In his early youth Grettir, being set by his father to watch his horses, gets on the back of one named Keingala, and drawing a sharp knife across her shoulders and then all along both sides of the back, flays off the whole strip from the flank to the loins. When Asmund next strokes the horse, the hide to his surprise comes off in his hands, the animal being seemingly very little the worse for the loss. After this impos-

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that "those who hold that popular tales are preserved in all countries and in all languages alike, will hold that the Italian, German, French, Norse, English, and Gaelic are all versions of the same story, and that it is as old as the common stock from which all these races sprang." See also the story of the "Sharp Grey Sheep," Campbell, ii. 289.

[1] Eiríkr Magnússon and William Morris.

sible result of his exploit, Grettir, having lost a mealbag, finds Skeggi in the same predicament, and joins him in a common search. Skeggi comes across Grettir's bag and tries to hide it. When Grettir complains, Skeggi throws his axe at him and is slain in requital. It can scarcely be pretended that we are reading the true story of "an interesting race of men near akin to ourselves," when instead of a fair field and no favour we find that six men do not hesitate to fall upon one.[1] Thorfin, walking away from his boat with a leather bottle full of drink on his back, is assaulted from behind by Thorgeir, who thinks that he has slain him when he has only cut the bottle. He is jeered at next day for his blunder; but the act is no more blamed for its treachery than is the same base deed when Odysseus boastingly relates it of himself. Thorgeir Bottle-jack is slain soon afterwards in a bloody fight over the carcass of a whale, in which half the population of the village seems to be slaughtered. Thorbiorn Oxmain thinks it a goodly exploit to knock at a man's door and then to thrust him through with a spear when he comes to open it. The same honourable champion, wishing to slay Grettir, discourses thus to his comrades:—

"I will go against him in front, and take thou heed how matters go betwixt us, for I will trust myself against any man, if I have one alone to meet; but do thou go behind him, and drive the axe into him with both hands atwixt his shoulders; thou needest not fear that he will do thee hurt, as his back will be turned to thee."[2]

When at a later time Grettir had slain Thorir Redbeard, Thorir of Garth assails the solitary outlaw with eighty men. Grettir slays eighteen and wounds many more, and the rest take to flight.[3]

The character of Grettir.

This last incident brings us to the main question. It is, of course, a sheer impossibility:[4] and if, as such, it is to be regarded as lying beyond the pale of human history, we are at once driven to ask wherein lies the real value of a narrative in which such incidents form the staple of the story. The translators tell us that throughout the tale "the Sagaman never relaxes his grasp of Grettir's character, that he is the same man from beginning to end, thrust this way and that by circumstances, but little altered by them; unlucky in all things, yet made strong to bear all ill-luck; scornful of the world, yet capable of enjoyment and determined to make the most of it; not deceived by men's specious ways, but disdaining to cry out because he must needs bear with them; scorning men, yet helping them when called on, and desirous of fame; prudent in theory, and wise in foreseeing the inevitable sequence of events, but reckless even beyond the recklessness of that time and people, and finally capable of inspiring in others strong affection and devotion to him in spite of his rugged self-sufficing temper."[1] It is one thing if this is to be regarded as the portrait of a man who really lived and died on this earth, or as the picture of some inhabitant of the Phaiakian cloud-land. The translators raise a vital issue when they say that "to us moderns the real interest in these records of a past state of life lies principally in seeing events true in the main treated vividly and dramatically by people who completely understood the manners, life, and above all the turn of mind of the actors in them."[2] If we have any honest anxiety to ascertain facts, and if we are prepared to give credit to a narrative only when the facts have been so ascertained, then everything is involved in the question whether the events here related are true in the main or not. The genealogies given in the earlier part of the Saga agree, we are told, with those of the Landnáma-bók and of the other most trustworthy Sagas; yet such names tell us as much and as little as the names in the genealogy of the tale-maker Hekataios. A catalogue of names belonging to real persons cannot impart authority to a narrative of fictitious events, if they are fictitious; and when we have put aside these genealogies and the names of one or two kings, as of Olaf, Hacon, and Harold Fairhair, we have numbered all the historical elements in the book: nor is it necessary to say that some safeguard is wanted when we remember that the Carolingian romances take the great Karl to Jerusalem.

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[1] Preface, pp. i. and 94.

[2] P. 141. [3] P. 169.

[4] In Scott's *Old Mortality*, ch. xi., old Major Bellenden takes his niece to task for believing that the heroes of romance fought single-handed with whole battalions. "One to three," he says, "is as great odds as ever fought and won; and I never knew anybody who cared to take that except old Corporal Raddlebanes. . . . I dare say you would think very little of Raddlebanes if he were alongside of Artamines."

Materials of the Saga.

If then we have before us a story, some of the incidents of which are manifestly impossible or absurd, we are scarcely justified in accepting, on the mere authority of the Saga, other portions which involve no such difficulties. We have the alternative of rejecting the whole story without troubling ourselves to examine it further, or we may take it to pieces, reducing it to its constituent elements, and then seeing whether these elements are to be found in any other narratives. If this should be the case, the character of the narratives in which these common elements are seen will go far towards determining the credibility of the story. Clearly the latter course is the more philosophical and the more honest. That the translators had

[1] P. xiv.

[2] P. xiii.

the clue in their own hands, is clear from the sentence in which, speaking of the events which followed Grettir's death, they tell us that "the Sagaman here has taken an incident, with little or no change, from the romance of Tristram and Iseult."[1] If, as they think, the chapters in which this incident is related were added to the tale, and if this part of the story be substantially the same as that of a romance which is known to be mythical; if further, as they say, the whole Saga "has no doubt gone through the stages which mark the growth of the Sagas in general, that is, it was for long handed about from mouth to mouth until it took a definite shape in men's minds,"[2] a presumption, to say the least, is furnished that other incidents in the Saga may be found to be of a like nature.

Grettir and Boots.

If we take the sentences which tell us of Grettir's childhood, how he had scant love from his father who set him to watch his home-geese, how he was fair to look on, red-haired and much freckled, how he would do no work or spoilt all that he did; how, when placed on board a boat, he "would move for nought, neither for baling, nor to do aught for the sail, nor to work at what he was bound to work at in the ship in even share with the other men, neither would he buy himself off from the work,"[3] how, when he does some great thing, the remark is "we wotted not that thou wert a man of such powers as we have now proved thee,"[4] how he goes disguised to the wrestling match, and when Thorbiorn Angle pushes and tugs hard at him, moves not a whit but sits quiet, yet wins the victory,—we have before us the Goose-girl and the Boots of Teutonic story, the Boots who sits among the ashes in the "irony of greatness," biding his time,—the disguised Odysseus, patiently enduring the gibes of the suitors and the beggar Arnaios.

Parallelisms between the Grettir Saga and other myths.

When the Saga tells us that on coming back from a Thing, "Grettir lifted a stone which now lies there in the grass and is called Grettir's heave," and how "many men came up to see the stone and found it a great wonder that so young a man should heave aloft such a huge rock," it relates a well-known legend in the myths of Theseus and of Sigurd in the Volsung tale. When Grettir is driven forth from his home without arms and his mother draws forth from her cloak the fair sword which has gained many a day, we see before us Thetis and Hjordis bestowing on their children the magic weapons which reappear in the hands of Arthur and of Roland. In the horrible smiting of the bearsarks, who are shut up in a barn, we have the awful hall of slaughter in the Odyssey and the Nibelung Lay. In the marvellous story of the demon who is vainly assailed first by Glam who becomes a demon himself, then by Thorgaut, but is finally slain by Grettir, we see the common type of the popular story in which the youngest son, or Boots, wins the day, when his two brothers or comrades fail. In the beaks of the ship which is so full of weather-wisdom that the one whistles before a south wind and the other before a north wind, we have a reminiscence of the divine Argo.[1] In the errand on which, when his companions have no fire, Grettir is sent to bring fire from a distant cliff, although "his mind bids him hope to get nought of good thereby," we see the myth of Prometheus and his recompense. The conflict of Grettir and Snækoll is related in words so nearly resembling those of the narrative of David's fight with Goliath, that it is hard to resist the suspicion that we may have here an instance of mere copying,[2] or that we have a travesty of the story of Samson, as we read that "on a day as Grettir lay sleeping, the bonders came upon him, and when they saw him they took counsel how they should take him at the least cost of life, and settled so that ten men should leap on him while some laid bonds on his feet; and thus they did, and threw themselves on him; but Grettir broke forth so mightily that they fell from off him."[3] In his enormous strength, in his fitful action, which is as often mischievous as it is beneficent, in the lot which makes him a servant of beings meaner than himself, which stirs up enemies against him in men whom he has never injured, in the doom which he foresees and which he has not the power, and indeed takes no pains, to avert, he is the very counterpart of Heraklês and Achilleus. When he slays afresh Glam who has been long dead, the demon tells him "Hitherto thou hast earned fame by thy deeds, but henceforth will wrongs and manslayings fall upon thee, and the most part of thy doings will turn to thy woe and illhap; an outlaw shalt thou be made, and ever shall it be thy lot to dwell alone abroad." Henceforth he is "the traveller," who can know no rest, who seeks shelter of many great men; "but something ever came to pass whereby none of them would harbour him." This, however, is the doom of Indra and Savitar in many Vedic hymns, of Wuotan Wegtam in Teutonic mythology, of Sigurd, Perseus, Bellerophon, Oidipous, Odysseus, Phoibos, and Dionysos. These are all wanderers and outlaws like Grettir, and there is scarcely an incident in the life of Grettir which is not found in the legends of one or more of the mythical beings just named. The overthrow of the eighty assassins led on by Thorir of Garth is the defeat of the Lykian ambuscade by Bellerophontes. After this the wounded hero goes to a cave under Balljökul, where the daughter of Hallmund heals his wound, and treats him well. "Grettir dwelt long there that summer," like Odysseus in the cave of Kalypsô, or Tanhaüser in the Venusberg, or True Thomas in the coverts of Ercildoune; but we look to find him chafing, as these did, at the enforced rest. We turn over the page and we read, "Now as the summer wore, Grettir yearned for the peopled country; to see his friends and kin."[1] It is Odysseus longing to see Penelopê once more. But he is under a doom. As Olaf says, "If ever a man has been cursed, of all men must thou have been."[2] It is the curse which is laid on Ixîon and Sisyphos, and singularly enough his father Asmund says of his son, "Methinks over much on a whirling wheel his life turns."[3] Hence also he dreads the darkness like a child, for Heraklês, Helios, and Achilleus can do nothing when the sun has gone down. Hence too, the old mother of Thorbiorn lays on him the fate "that thou be left of all health, wealth, and good hap, all good heed and wisdom," the very fate of which Achilleus complains again and again to Thetis in the very bitterness of his heart. If again Grettir has his brother Illugi in whom he has garnered up his soul, this is the story of Achilleus and Patroklos, of Peirithoös and Theseus, of the Dioskouroi, and a host of others. Nineteen years he is an outlaw. "Then said the lawman that no one should be longer in outlawing than twenty winters in all," and so Grettir was set free, as Odysseus returns home in the twentieth year. The incident which led to the death of Grettir is simply the myth of Philoktêtês and of Rustem. The cutting off of Grettir's hand is an incident in the myth of Indra Savitar, of Tyr, and of Walthar of Aquitaine. When again it is said of him that "he is right-well ribbed about the chest, but few might think he would be so small of growth below,"[4] we cannot avoid a comparison with the story of Shortshanks in Grimm's collection, or of Odysseus who, when he sits, is far more majestic than Menelaos, although the latter, when standing, towers above him by head and shoulders.

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[1] For the romance of Tristram, see *Popular Romances of the Middle Ages*, and *Introduction to Comparative Mythology*, 326–330.

[2] P. xv.

[3] P. 41.

[4] P. 58.

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[1] Grettir Saga, 115. [2] *Ib.* 123. [3] *Ib.* 153.

The avenging of Grettir.

In short, the Saga, as a whole, ceases practically to have any distinctive features, and even in the sequel which relates the story of Thorstein, Dromund, and Spes, the incident which the translators compare with the romance of Tristram is not the only point of likeness with other legends. The closing scenes in the lives of the two lovers precisely reproduce the last incidents in the myth of Lancelot and Guinevere. Of the avenging of Grettir by Thorstein we need only say that the same issue belongs to the stories of Sigurd and the Three Helgis, and that all these have their type and find their explanation in the avenging of Baldur.

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[1] Grettir Saga, 171. [2] *Ib.* 121. [3] *Ib.* 126. [1] *Ib.* 232.

BOOK II.

CHAPTER I.

THE ETHEREAL HEAVENS.

SECTION I.—DYAUS.

BOOK II.

Ideas of the heaven.

THE ancient Vedic mythology exhibits in a state of fusion the elements which the Hellenic legends present to us in forms more or less crystallised; and precisely on this account it has for us an inestimable value as throwing light on the process by which the treasure-house of Aryan mythology was filled. The myths of Achilleus and Sigurd point clearly enough to the idea of the sun as doomed to an early death: but the Vedic hymns bring before us a people to whom the death of the sun is a present reality, for whom no analogy has suggested the idea of a continuous alternation of day and night, and who know not, as the fiery chariot of the sun sinks down in the west, whether they shall ever see again the bright face of him who was their friend.[1] All their utterances were thus the utterances of children who knew little of themselves and nothing of the world without them, and thus also they could not fail to apply to the same objects names denoting very different relations or characteristics. The heaven might be the father of the dawn, or he might be the child of the earth. The morning might be the parent of the sun, or she might be his sister, or his bride; and we should expect (as we find), that, if the names denoting these ideas came to be employed as names of deities, the characters and powers of these gods would show a constant tendency to run into each other.

The Glistening Ether.

But the attribution to all sensible objects of a life as personal and conscious as their own would lead to the thought of one common source or origin of the life of all; and this source could be found only in the broad bright heaven which brooded over the wide earth and across which the sun made his daily journey to cheer the children of men. Thus Dyaus, the glistening ether,[1] became to the Hindu, as Zeus was to the Greek, a name for the supreme God; but although some mythical features entered gradually into the conception of this deity, the name retained its original significance too clearly to hold its ground in Hindu theology. Dyaus, like the Hellenic Ouranos, must be displaced by his child, who at the first had brought out more prominently the supremacy of his father; and thus Indra became to the Hindu what Zeus was to the Hellenic tribes, while the Vedic Varuṇa retained in the east a spiritual character which Ouranos never acquired in the west.[2]

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[1] See p. 21, *et seq.*

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[1] Dyaus, Zeus, Divus, Theos, Deus, Juno, Diana, Dianus or Janus, with many others, are outgrowths from the same root, dyu to shine. But in his *Introduction to Greek and Latin Etymology*, Mr. Peile, while fully allowing that the Sanskrit name Dyaus is represented by the Greek Zeus and by the Latin divus and deus, yet denies that there is any relation between the Latin *deus* and the Greek θεός. By the laws of phonetic change, he insists, the Latin *d* must answer to a Greek δ, as in δόμος, domus: hence some other root must be sought for θεός, perhaps ΘΕΣ, a secondary form of ΘΕ, the root of τίθημι, though this is rejected by Professor Curtius, *Gr. Et.* pp. 230, 404, in favour of a distinct root *thes* or *fes* (meaning to pray), which he traces in *festus* and in θέσσασθαι. (Pind. *N.* v. 18.) I venture to think that too great a stress is here laid on laws which undoubtedly apply generally to the Aryan languages, but to which there are yet some instances of apparent and some even of real exception. The Greek δάκρυ is rightly represented by the English *tear*, while δάκος, the biting beast, reappears in its legitimate dress in the German Toggenburg; but in English we have not *t* as in tear, but *dog*, while in Latin it is seen in "tigris," tiger, which approaches nearly to the English "tyke" as a name for the dog. In the same way π in the Greek πάτος ought to be represented by *f* in English; but it appears as "path." The connection of the two words can scarcely be doubted, for if Professor Curtius may give the equation πάτος : πόντος = πάθος : πένθος = βάθος : βένθος, we may also add πάτος : πόντος = path : pond. Hence the fact that the Greek form of Dyaus is θεός, not δεός, scarcely warrants our severing the two words. If the Vedic *adeva* is the Greek ἄθεος, the relationship of θεὸς with the Latin "deus" is established. In this conclusion I am following Professor Max Müller, *Lectures on Language*, second series, 425–455. Professor Max Müller has gone into this matter afresh (*Selected Essays*, vol. i. p. 215, note B), reaching the same conclusion. There are exceptions, he adds, to phonetic laws; and although the greatest caution is needed in dealing with them, it is of no use to shut our eyes to them or refuse to consider them. I pointed out one in my *History of Greece*, vol. i. p. 577, n. 1038. If to this we add Thrinakia, it seems scarcely to follow that we have before us any phonetic anomaly. It would be unsafe to say that kindred tribes, long passed away, had not said *three* for 3, and called a tree a tree, and not δρῦς. If we cannot venture to identify *God* and *good* in English or its kindred dialects, still less can we venture to deny their affinity—in other words, their growth from a common root.

[2] Heaven and earth, it would seem, are in the earliest hymns alike self-existent; but Dr. Muir ("Principal Deities of the Rig Veda," *Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh*, vol. xxiii. part iii.) remarks that we are not told, as in the Hesiodic Theogony, which of the two is the older. "On the contrary, one of the ancient poets seems to have been perplexed by the difficulty of this question, as at the beginning of one of the hymns (i. 185) he exclaims, 'Which of you twain was the first, and which the last? How were they produced? Sages, who knows?' His power and wisdom are shown most of all in the creation or evocation of his son Indra. Thus of Indra it is said, 'Thy father was the parent of a most

Dyaus and Prithivî.

Dyu, then, in the land of the five streams was at once a name for the sky and a name for God, Dyaus pitâr, Dyaus the Father, answering to the Zeus Patêr of the Greeks and the Jupiter and Janus Pater of the Latins. As such, he was Visvakarman, the great architect of the universe, who knows all spheres and worlds,[1] janita (γενετήρ), the parent of all things, Prithivî, the broad earth, being the mother of his children.[2] As, again, with the Greeks Zeus is both the god of rain and the being to whom all who are in pain and sorrow address their prayer, so the Maruts or storms go about in dyu, the sky, while their worshippers on earth invoke the mercy of Dyaus, Prithivî, and Agni. But the Indian land under its scorching sun depends wholly on the bounty of the benignant rain god; and hence Indra, who is the child of Dyu, and who from Dyu receives his might, becomes more immediately the fertiliser of the earth and is regarded as more powerful than his father. But Dyu, although his greatness is obscured by that of his son, still wields the thunderbolt; and the original meaning of the name reappears in the myth which represents him as the father of the dawn who is invincible by all but Indra.

Ideas denoted by the name Dyu.

Thus Dyaus is to Prithivî what Ouranos is to Gaia[3] in the Hesiodic theogony, the Greek myth differing from the former only in deciding that Gaia herself produced Ouranos to be coextensive with herself. The Hindu had not so far solved the difficulty; and the doubt expressed on this subject shows the peculiar attitude of the Indian mind to the problems of the sensible universe. The Greek was at once contented with answers suggested by the old mythical phrases, or by the phenomena which he might be describing. The Hindu, ever dwelling on the thought of an unseen world, strove to gain some insight into the nature of things, and to unlock secrets for which the material world could never furnish a key. Hence Dyu was for him sometimes the supreme God, sometimes the heaven which with the earth had been fashioned by the gods and strengthened

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heroic son: the maker of Indra, he who produced the celestial and invincible thunderer, was a most skilful workman.'"— *R. V.* iv. 17, 4. But it was obvious that the abstract conception of Dyu as the father of Indra could not stand against the overwhelming weight of the myths which were continually springing up from phrases not originally antagonistic with the monotheistic belief or conviction.

[1] Muir, *Principal Deities of R. V.*, 553.

[2] This name is not found in any Greek myth as the designation of a person; but it is represented by πλατεῖα, the feminine of πλατύς, broad.

[3] This name clearly contains the root of a vast number of words denoting the power of production, this root being perhaps *ge* or *gen;* nor can we doubt that the reference to this family of words explains the Latin phrase in the form of marriage known as Coemptio, in which the wife says to her husband, Ubi tu Caius, ego Caia.

with undecaying supports, and which trembled and bowed down in the presence of the deities. Sometimes he was the all-pervading spirit, sometimes a material and tangible firmament; and thus again the question arose of the origin of matter. Of his own ignorance the Hindu was perfectly conscious, and he had already begun to think that this ignorance extended even to the gods themselves. "Who can tell whence this creation arose? The gods are subsequent to its production. Who then knows whence it sprung? He who in the highest heaven is its ruler, he knows, or perhaps not even he."[1] So far as this question was answered at all, it was answered by Greek and Hindu in the same way. In the Hesiodic theogony, Chaos, Gaia, and Tartaros are beings apparently self-existent; or at the least the scheme begins with Chaos, and no parents are assigned to Gaia and Tartaros, or to Eros, who immediately follows, and precedes the birth of Erebos[2] and Nyx, of Aithêr and Hemera. The Hellenic poet had brought with him from his primeval home the tradition which he shared with the Hindu: but having given utterance to it, he bestowed no further thought upon it. With the latter the position of Kama, the representative of the Hesiodic Eros, determines the character of his philosophy. The desire (ὄρεξις), which in the Aristotelian Ethics must precede all moral action, is as essential to the divine as to the human mind, and thus Kama is the being through whom the world is fashioned, when as yet there existed only the one.[3] The Wish of Teutonic mythology answers more closely to the Hesiodic Eros than to the Vedic Kama. The Homeric poet knew that men always have a need of the gods;[4] but he was not, like the Hindu, always conscious of the need, always striving to know more of that mysterious power, always yearning for the time when he should no more see through the glass darkly.

SECTION II.—VARUṆA AND MITRA.

The solid Heaven.

As Dyaus is the god of heaven in its dazzling purity and brightness, so is Varuṇa also the heaven as serving, like the Hellenic Ouranos, to veil or cover the earth. It is true that in the Hesiodic theogony Ouranos is united with Gaia, whereas it is not Varuṇa but

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[1] *R. V.* x. 129; Muir, *ibid.* 553.

[2] Erebos was the name used to denote the dark western land through which the shades of the departed pass on their way to Hades. There can be little doubt that the word is not Aryan; and it may be traced not improbably to the Assyrian *eriöu*, to descend. At all events, the Arabs are the people in the West of Asia; and Algarve is the Estremadura, the westernmost region, of the Iberian peninsula.

[3] Muir, *ibid.* Max Müller, *Sanskrit Literature*, 559, *et seq.*

[4] πάντες θεῶν χατέουσ' ἄνθρωποι
Od. iii. 48.

Dyaus who in the Vedic hymns is mentioned as having Prithivî for the mother of his children. The difference is, perhaps, only in appearance. Gaia is really wedded to Zeus not less than to Ouranos, if Dêmêtêr be but Gaia viewed as the mother of all living things. Varuṇa, then, as the solid heaven, which is spread over the earth, is strictly a creation of mythical speech and is embodied in a visible form. He sits on his throne, clothed in golden armour, and along with Mitra dwells in a palace which, like that of Helios, is supported by a thousand columns, while his messengers stand around to do his bidding. But his mythical characteristics are in the Rig Veda perpetually suggesting the idea of an unseen and almighty Being who has made all things and upholds them by his will. In many of the Vedic hymns we are carried altogether out of the region of mythology, and we see only the man communing directly with his Maker. In these hymns Varuṇa "dwells in all worlds as sovereign; indeed, the three worlds are embraced within him. The wind which resounds through the firmament is his breath. He has placed the sun in the heaven, and opened up a boundless path for it to traverse. He has hollowed out the channels of the rivers. It is by his wise contrivance that, though all the rivers pour out their waters into the sea, the sea is never filled. By his ordinance the moon shines in the sky, and the stars which are visible by night disappear on the approach of daylight. Neither the birds flying in the air, nor the rivers in their sleepless flow, can attain a knowledge of his power or his wrath. His spies (or angels) behold both worlds. He himself has a thousand eyes. He knows the flight of birds in the sky, the path of ships on the sea, the course of the far-sweeping wind, and perceives all the hidden things that have been or shall be done."[1]

Moral aspects of Varuṇa.

All these are phrases which may be suggested directly by the phenomena of the heaven; but the chariot in which Varuṇa is borne over the earth,[2] is, like the eye of Zeus, lost in the purely spiritual thought of One who has no body and no passions, who, as seeing all things, sees also that which is evil, and who, as having nothing that is evil in himself, must punish and finally destroy it in the sinner. In some hymns, however, the two lines of thought seem to be blended strangely together; in other words, we see in them the process by which men rose from the lower conception to the higher. That sense of sin, which, as distinguished from the transgression of a positive law, can scarcely be said to have been present to the Greek mind, weighs heavy on the spirit of the Hindu, even while his conception of the Deity whom he addresses may be almost coarse in its familiarity. Varuṇa has received in the sacrifice the choice portions which please him most, and the worshipper may fairly demand that the question between them may be discussed reasonably as between friends.[1] But whatever may be said of the theory of the nature of sin, a pure monotheistic conviction is pre-eminently seen in the following prayer.

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[1] Muir, *Principal Deities of R. V.*, 558. In a passage from the Atharva Veda, quoted by Dr. Muir, *ibid.*, and Professor Max Müller, *Chips*, i. 42, the same thought is worked out in language which is precisely reproduced in the 139th Psalm, and which also carries us to expressions and sentences in the Sermon on the Mount, and in other parts of the New Testament. The parallelism between the expressions of Aryan and Semitic monotheism is further traced out by M. Maury, *Croyances et Légendes de l'Antiquité*:—"La Religion des Aryas."

[2] This chariot "shines with a golden radiance at the break of day, and at sunset assumes the colour of iron."—Muir, *ibid.* 557.

"Let me not yet, O Varuṇa, enter into the house of clay; have mercy, almighty, have mercy.

"If I go along trembling like a cloud driven by the wind, have mercy, almighty, have mercy.

"Through want of strength, thou strong and bright god, have I gone to the wrong shore: have mercy, almighty, have mercy.

"Thirst came upon the worshipper, though he stood in the midst of the waters: have mercy, almighty, have mercy.

"Whenever we men, O Varuṇa, commit an offence before the heavenly host, whenever we break thy law through thoughtlessness, have mercy, almighty, have mercy."[2]

Aryan monotheism.

If the singular purity and unselfishness of the Hesiodic morality, as compared with that of the poems to which we give the name of Homer, suffice of themselves to prove the essential distinction between mythology and religion, these simple utterances of the Vedic poets show even more forcibly that the genuine belief in one almighty Being who is at once our Father, our Teacher, and our Judge, had its home first in the ancient Aryan land. It was a conviction to which they were guided by all that they saw or could apprehend of outward phenomena as well as by the irrepressible yearnings which stirred their hearts. For such yearnings and for such a consciousness in the Hebrew tribes we look in vain, before the Babylonish captivity. Among them we have at best only the warnings of a few isolated teachers, who saw things hidden from other eyes, and whose words, although they sounded in the ears of their countrymen like parables, would have conveyed a familiar meaning to the Aryans of northern India.[1] It matters little then whether Varuṇa be in these hymns mentioned almost invariably in conjunction with Mitra and sometimes with other gods. Like these, he is Âditya, Kronîon, if Aditi be time; but the mythical notion thus introduced sate so loosely on those who held it, that their language ceased to show any sign of its influence in times of real anguish and sorrow.[2] It was enough that they could realise at once the righteousness of God, and His readiness to forgive those who disobeyed His laws so soon as they repented them of their sin.[3]

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[1] Max Müller, *History of Sanskrit Literature*, 537. It is scarcely necessary to compare this language with the similar tone of familiar expostulation which runs through many of the Hebrew Psalms.

[2] Max Müller, *History of Sanskrit Literature*, 540.

Aditi and the Âdityas.

The process which converted the physical Varuṇa into a spiritual God is carried to its extreme results in the conception of Aditi, "the unbound, the unbounded," or even, as being expressed by the negation of *diti*, a bond, "the Absolute." This indefinite term was naturally used to denote the source from which all life, even the life of the gods, springs; and thus Aditi, the Infinite, became the mother of all the gods. The fact is startling; but, in Professor Müller's words, "the thoughts of primitive humanity were not only different from our thoughts, but different also from what we think their thoughts ought to have been. The poets of the Veda indulged freely in theogonic speculations without being frightened by any contradictions. They knew of Indra as the greatest of gods, they knew of Agni as the god of gods, they knew of Varuṇa as the ruler of all; but they were by no means startled at the idea, that their Indra had a mother, or that their Agni was born like a babe from the friction of two fire-sticks, or that Varuṇa and his brother Mitra were nursed in the lap of Aditi." Hence Aditi was contrasted with Diti, the unbounded with the definite, while it became more and more a name for the distant east from which all the bright gods seem to come, and for the boundless space beyond the east, drawing a sharp distinction between "what is yonder, and what is here."[1] But the process could not be stopped at this point. The gods had been called dákshapitar, the fathers of strength, the mighty; and the same equivocation which made Odysseus spring from Autolykos converted the epithet Daksha into the father of the gods. It followed that Aditi was sprung from Daksha, or Daksha from Aditi, who also owed his existence to Bhu, being, and the conclusion was reached that "Not-being and Being are in the higher heaven, in the birth-place of Daksha, in the lap of Aditi." But more especially Aditi became the mother of the bright gods, of Varuṇa, Mitra, Aryaman, and, in fact, of the seven Âdityas, although their names are not definitely given in the hymns of the Rig Veda.[2] On the one side, then, Diti was growing into "a definite person, one of the daughters of Daksha, the wife of Kasyapa, the mother of the enemies of the gods, the Daityas" (such, Professor Müller remarks, being "the growth of legend, mythology, and religion"), while on the other, Aditi herself was fast becoming "one of those deities, who would best remove the bonds of sin or misery." Thus the poet prays to Agni,—

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[1] These words were written before the appearance of Professor Max Müller's article on Semitic Monotheism in his volumes of collected essays. Few probably will read that paper without feeling that on the main question very little room is left for doubt. Polytheism is to be found in both the Semitic and the Aryan races, but it was more ingrained in the former. The very interchangeableness of the attributes of the Vedic gods was, to a certain extent, a safeguard against any conscious and systematic polytheism. So long as this state of thought continued, Dyaus, Varuṇa, Indra, Vishnu, would be but many names for one and the same Being; but of course "every new name threatened," to use Professor Müller's words, "to obscure more and more the primitive intuition of God."—*Chips*, ii. 358. With the Jews the names under which they worshipped a multitude of gods were manifestly mere appellatives which never underwent any phonetic corruption, and thus the tendency to polytheism became the more inveterate. It is, however, scarcely necessary to say more than that "if there had been in the Semitic race a truly monotheistic instinct, the history of those nations would become perfectly unintelligible."—*Ibid.* 365. See further, the *Hibbert Lectures*, 1878, *Lecture* vi.

[2] "Every god is conceived as supreme, or at least as inferior to no other god, at the time that he is praised or invoked by the Vedic poets; and the feeling that the various deities are but different names, different conceptions of that incomprehensible Being which no thought can reach and no language express, is not yet quite extinct in the minds of some of the more thoughtful Rishis."—Max Müller, *Lectures on Language*, second series, 412. It might be added that the interpretations of later theologians cannot be accounted for except by the fact that this conviction never became totally extinct. Even when the whole Hindu Pantheon has attained its final dimensions, the myths are so treated as to leave little doubt of the real meaning in the writer's mind. The outward respect paid to the popular legends thinly disguises that monotheistic (or henotheistic) conviction, which accounts for much that would otherwise be perplexing in the writings of Roman Catholic and other theologians.

[3] The distinction between the old Vedic theory of sin and the forms of belief still prevalent on the subject cannot always be very broadly drawn.

"I ask, O Varuṇa, wishing to know this my sin. I go to ask the wise. The Sages all tell me the same. Varuṇa it is who is angry with me.

"Was it an old sin, O Varuṇa, that thou wishest to destroy thy friend, who always praises thee? Tell me, thou unconquerable lord, and I will quickly turn to thee with praise freed from sin.

"Absolve us from the sins of our fathers and from those which we committed with our own bodies."

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[1] In his lectures on the *Origin and Growth of Religion*, Professor Max Müller contends that the name Aditi belongs to the oldest age of Vedic thought, being found in invocations together with Dyaus, Prithivî, Sindhu, and other really primitive deities, all of whom, and not the Âdityas only, are said to be her children, pp. 227–229. He regards it therefore as one of the oldest names of the dawn, "or, more correctly, of that portion of the sky from whence every morning the light and life of the world flashed forth."

[2] Why the Âdityas should be seven or eight in number, is a question of which Professor Max Müller, whom here I have simply to follow, admits the difficulty. The number seven, though a sacred number, is not more sacred than other numbers in the Rig Veda, and he contents himself with suggesting "the seven days or tithis of the four parvanas of the lunar month as a possible prototype of the Âdityas," adding that "this might even explain the destruction of the eighth Âditya, considering that the eighth day of each parvan, owing to its uncertainty, might be represented as exposed to decay and destruction."—*Rig Veda Sanhita*, i. 241. The eighth Âditya is named Martanda, a being destitute of any modifications of shape, *i.e.* without hands or legs—in short, a mere lump. The name means probably the egg of death (mritya). Martanda differs from his brothers, the seven Âdityas, in his form, or lack of form, and in his mortality. He is, therefore, a mere circle, the golden egg of the heaven, the sun which sets (dies) daily; and is therefore said to be "thrown out by Aditi from the company of the gods and the splendours of the invisible world into the inferior, visible, and material world, to live and

"Whatever, O youthful god, we have committed against thee, men as we are, whatever sin through thoughtlessness, make us guiltless of Aditi, loosen the sins on all sides."

All this, however, simply reproduces the Hesiodic theogony, in which Eros precedes Ouranos, to be represented again in Himeros.

The physical and spiritual Varuṇa.

Some light is thrown on the relations of Varuṇa with Mitra by the Hesiodic description of Ouranos as the lover of the earth over which he broods each night;[1] and thus Varuṇa, like Ouranos, is specially the veiling heaven whose presence is most felt at nightfall, when the sky seems to descend nearest to the earth, while Mitra, like Dyu and Zeus, represents the firmament glistening with the splendour of noon-day. But although the same root which furnished the names of Varuṇa and Ouranos yielded a name also for the evil power, first of physical, and afterwards of moral darkness, still the idea of Varuṇa has nothing in common with that of Vritra. His destructive nooses are prepared for the wicked only. They ensnare the man who speaks lies and pass by the man who speaks truth.[2] Like the Greek Poseidôn Pylaochos, he holds the unrighteous fast in prison: but it is as the punisher of iniquity which cannot be hidden from his piercing eye,[3] and not as the gloomy and inflexible Hades of the nether world. He is the omniscient Asura or spirit who props up the sky,[4] and this epithet may almost suffice to identify him with the Zendic Ahura who appears commonly in conjunction with Mithras, as Varuṇa is linked with Mitra.[5] From the simple germ

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die daily in the sight of men." Martanda thus answers to the Egyptian golden ape, which has neither hands nor feet.—Brown, *Religion of Zoroaster*, § 28.

[1] *Theog.* 176.

[2] *Atharva Veda*, iv. 16, 6. Muir, *Principal Deities of R. V.*, 558.

[3] "King Varuṇa perceives all that is within and all that is beyond heaven and earth. The winkings of men's eyes are numbered by him." Cf. "the very hairs of your head are all numbered:"

πάντα ἰδὼν Διὸς ὀφθαλμὸς καὶ πάντα
νοήσας·—*Hes. Op. et Dies*, 265.

"The eyes of the Lord are in every place, beholding the evil and the good."

[4] *R. V.* viii. 42, 1. Muir, *Sanskrit Texts*, part iv. chap. ii. sect. 2. The name Asura belongs to the same root with that of the Teutonic Æsir.

[5] The reasons urged in support of this conclusion are given by Dr. Muir, *Principal Deities of R. V.*, 556, as follows: (1) the name Asura, etymologically identical with Ahura, is a common epithet of Varuṇa; (2) the class of Indian gods called Âdityas, of whom Varuṇa is the highest, bears a certain analogy to the Zendic Amshaspands, of whom Ahura-Mazdâo is the highest; (3) a close connexion exists between Varuṇa and Mitra, just as Ahura and Mithra are frequently associated in the

thus afforded by mythical phrases which described the various changes of the heaven, sprung the metaphysical refinements of later Hindu philosophers, and the wild and cumbrous developements of later Hindu mythology. The true greatness of Varuṇa belongs to the earliest phase of Hindu thought. He is eclipsed first by Indra, and at length is overthrown by Krishna beneath the waters of the ocean.[1]

SECTION III.—INDRA.

The primary conception of Indra purely physical.

If Dyaus and Varuṇa were alike doomed to lose their ancient majesty, a brighter lot was in store for Indra; and the picture which the oldest Vedic hymns present to us of this god has a special value as enabling us to determine the measure in which religion and mythology affected each other. That a moral or spiritual element may be discerned in some of the characteristics of this deity, is beyond question: that the whole idea of the god can be traced to the religious instinct of mankind, the boldest champions of the theory which ascribes the growth of all mythology to the direct action of religious impulse or revelation will scarcely venture to affirm. The true religious instinct must point to the absolute rule of one righteous God, and cannot itself originate the idea of many independent centres of action. If this instinct furnished the true germ of all mythology, then the mythology of the Iliad and Odyssey is far older than that of the Veda; in other words, the crystallised granite is older than the ingredients of which it is composed. In our Homeric poems, in the midst of abundant signs indicating the later growth of the notion, we have an acknowledged King of heaven, from whom all the Olympian gods derive their power, or whose will they are at least bound to perform, and who alone retains unimpaired his full characteristics as lord of the bright heaven. Although Phoibos

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Zendavesta, though the position of the two has otherwise become altered, and Miṭhra, who is not even reckoned among the Amshaspands, is placed between the two powers of good and evil. "Zwischen Ormuzd (Licht) und Ariman (Finsterniss) steht Mithras mitten inne, heisst darum Mittler, μεσίτης, Plut. de Is."—Nork, *Real Wörterbuch*, *s. v.* Mithrascult. The Amshaspands, or Immortal Benefactors, are the six spirits created by Ahura-Mazdâo, the spirit known as the Good Mind (Vohumanô, Bahman); the spirit of Truth; of Good Government; of Wisdom; of Wealth; of Health; of Immortal Happiness, Ameretad. These six with Ormuzd himself make up the mystic number of seven spirits of holiness and purity. It has been well said that we have here "a striking instance of the intense monotheism of the system of Zarathustra, for they are not distinct divinities in origin, but, as their names show, merely phases of the beneficent action and perfect character of the Supreme." Mr. Brown, *Religion of Zoroaster*, § 14, adds that a like number of counsellors were in later times invented for the evil Ahriman. But these beings belong only to the domain of artificial mythology.

[1] Muir, *Sanskrit Texts*, part iv. ch. ii. sect. 5.

still bears his unerring weapons, yet his arrows lie within the quiver until some wickedness of man compels him to draw them forth. The superhuman action of the Iliad and Odyssey, in short, has reference strictly to the deeds and fortunes of men; the age of conflicts between the gods has almost passed away. The conspiracy of Hêrê, Poseidôn, and Athênê to bind Zeus, is amongst the latest of those struggles which had culminated in the wars of the Titans, for when in the last great battle of Achilleus the gods turn against each other in the fray, there is still no thought of assailing the great King who sits in his serene ether far above the turmoil raging beneath him.[1]

Action of the Vedic and Achaian deities.

The true mythical action of the Achaian deities is thus intermittent. In the hymns of the Rig Veda it is continuous, and their action is but remotely concerned with human interests. Like the Hesiodic Zeus, they love the savour of burnt-offerings, and hasten to receive their share of the sacrifice: but as soon as the rites are over, they return to their own proper work as wielding the forces which are manifested in the changing heavens. The Vedic gods are thus, preeminently, transparent. Instead of one acknowledged king, each is lord in his own domain; each is addressed as the maker of all visible things, while their features and characteristics are in almost all cases interchangeable. Dyaus and Indra, Varuṇa and Agni are each in his turn spoken of as knowing no superior, and the objects of their chief care are not the children of men, but the winds, the storms, the clouds, and the thunder, which are constantly rising in rebellion against them. No sooner is one conflict ended than another is begun, or rather the same conflict is repeated as the days and seasons come round. Whenever the rain is shut up in the clouds, the dark power is in revolt against Dyaus and Indra. In the rumblings of the thunder, while the drought still sucks out the life of the earth, are heard the mutterings of their hateful enemy. In the lightning flashes which precede the outburst of the pent-up waters are seen the irresistible spears of the god, who is attacking the throttling serpent in his den; and in the serene heaven which shone out when the deluging clouds had passed away, men beheld the face of the mighty deity who was their friend. So completely does the older mythology of the Veda carry us away from the one idea which must be first awakened by the genuine religious instinct of mankind.

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[1] "L'Olympe, dans Homère, ressemble à une monarchie établie de longue date, où chaque personnage a, par droit de naissance, son emploi, ses titres invariables, et son rang dont il ne songe pas à se départir. Dans cette sorte de cour que les dieux tiennent autour de Jupiter, ils se sont dépouillés de leur caractère propre et de leur originalité native . . . Comme ces dignitaires des anciennes monarchies qui continuent à porter des titres depuis longtemps vides de sens, ils ont des surnoms dont ils semblent ignorer la valeur."—Bréal, *Hercule et Cacus*, 81. The very fact that the mythical attributes of these gods become less and less defined, while their subordination to Zeus becomes more and more marked, is the strongest evidence of the mythological origin of the whole.

The Greek mythology not borrowed from the Vedic.

No stronger evidence than that which is furnished by this contrast could be adduced to show that in no single feature is the mythology of our Homeric poems borrowed from the people who betook themselves to the banks of the Indus and the Ganges. The Vedic Dyaus may in all essential features be reproduced in the Hellenic Zeus. Like Phoibos Chrysâôr, Indra may bear a lance or an arrow, which can never miss its mark: but in the one case we have a mere sketch, in the other a finished picture; and the differences in the character of the detail preclude all idea that for either Zeus or Hermes, Helen or Paris, Erinys or Achilleus, the Achaian poets were indebted to the Vedic Dyaus or Sarameya, to Paṇi or Saramâ, to Saranyû or Aharyu. To one common source they do indeed point; and the several stages of developement which mark the early mythologies of India and Hellas leave us in no doubt of the nature of the germ from which they spring.

Indra, a god of the bright heaven.

At once, then, we turn away from the cumbrous and complicated mythology of the later Vedic literature,[1] as from the uncouth outgrowths of the Orphic theogony we turn to the earlier phases in which the Greek epic and lyric poets exhibit their ancestral deities. We are not concerned with the later conflicts of Indra, which end in his being bound by Indragit,[2] while we have before us a series of songs which speak of him simply as the invincible god of the bright heaven. Yet, although there still remains a large difference between Indra and Apollôn, too great stress can scarcely be laid on the fact that as we trace the Vedic gods as far back as the Veda itself will carry us, the essential likeness between the Hindu and the Hellenic deities becomes more and more striking. If further we find that, when thus examined, their functions become, if the expression may be used, more and more atmospheric,—if they become the powers which produce the sights of the changing sky,—if their great wars are waged in regions far above the abodes of men, the last blow is given to the theory which by the most arbitrary of assumptions finds the root of all mythology in the religious instincts of mankind.

Meaning of the name.

In the Vedic Indra there is this further peculiarity, that, although his name ceased, like that of Dyaus, to be chiefly a name for the sky, and although the struggle in which he is constantly engaged has indefinitely affected the faith of Christendom, yet the deity himself has but little of a purely moral or spiritual element in his character. It is true that he is sometimes invoked as witnessing all the deeds of men and thus as taking cognisance of their sins; but the warfare which he has to wage is purely a physical conflict, and it is chiefly in the phrases by which his adversary is described, that we find the germs of the dualistic creed which bears the name of Zoroaster. Nowhere then, in the oldest monuments of Hindu thought, is the real character of Indra lost sight of. His home is in the bright heaven; but, as his name denotes,[1] he is specially the bringer of the most precious of all boons to a thirsty and gaping land. He is the giver of the rain which falls on the earth when the tyranny of the scorching wind is overpast.

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[1] See the remarks quoted by Professor Max Müller from Professor Roth (*Sanskrit Literature*, 60).

[2] A summary of the story of Indra and Indragit is given by Dr. Muir, *Sanskrit Texts*, iv. p. 422.

The might and majesty of Indra.

In vain is Indra assailed in his career by the same enemies which seek to destroy the infant Heraklês. The Rakshasa fares no better than the snakes.

"Vyansa, exulting and striking hard blows, smote thee, Maghavan, upon the jaw; whereupon, being so smitten, thou provedst the stronger and didst crush the head of the slave with the thunderbolt."[2]

Like Heraklês and Phoibos again, he has to go in search of lost or stolen cattle. With the conveying Maruts, "the traversers of places difficult of access," he discovers the cows hidden in their caves.

"Great is thy prowess, Indra, we are thine. Satisfy, Maghavan, the desires of thy worshipper. The vast heaven has acknowledged thy might; this earth has been bowed down through thy vigour.

"Thou, thunderer, hast shattered with thy bolt the broad and massive cloud into fragments, and hast sent down the waters that were confined in it, to flow at will: verily thou alone possessest all power."[3]

So, again, addressing Indra as Parjanya the rain-bringer, the poet says,

"The winds blow strong, the lightnings flash, the plants spring up, the firmament dissolves; earth becomes fit for all creatures, when Parjanya fertilises the soil with showers."[4]

"Master of tawny steeds, the remotest regions are not remote for thee."[5]

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[1] "Indra, a name peculiar to India, admits of but one etymology, *i.e.* it must be derived from the same root, whatever that may be, which in Sanskrit yielded *indu*, drop, sap."—Max Müller, *Lectures on Language*, second series, 430.

[2] *Rig Veda Sanhita*, H. H. Wilson, vol. iii. p. 156.

[3] *Ib.* i. 154.

[4] *Ib.* ii. 373.

[5] *Ib.* iii. 37.

"At the birth of thee who art resplendent, trembled the heaven and trembled the earth through fear of thy wrath: the mighty clouds were confined: they destroyed (the distress of drought), spreading the waters over the dry places."[1] Lastly, as the solar god, he is the Wanderer, like the Teutonic Wegtam, like Odysseus, Sigurd, Dionysos, Phoibos, Theseus, Bellerophôn, Oidipous, Heraklês, and Savitar.

"Wonderful Indra, wanderer at times, thou art verily the granter of our desires."[2]

Indra the rain-bringer.

Indra then is the lord of the heaven, omnipotent and all-seeing: but so had been, or rather was, his father Dyu; and thus some epithets which in the west are reserved for Zeus are in the east transferred to Indra, and the Jupiter Stator of the Latins reappears as the Indra sthâtar of the Hindu.[3] The rain-bringer must be younger than the sky in which the clouds have their birthplace; but however sharply his personality may be defined, the meaning of the name is never forgotten. As the Maruts, or winds, are said sometimes to course through Dyaus (the heaven), so the clouds sometimes move in Indra (the sky). In all the phrases which describe this god, the local colouring arising from the climate of northern India may be plainly discerned. Although the Delian Phoibos soon belts his golden sword to his side, yet for some time after his birth he lies in the white and spotless robe in which the nymphs had wrapped him. The Vedic Indra awakes sooner to the consciousness of his power, and as soon as he is born, the slayer of Vritra asks his mother, "Who are they that are renowned as fierce warriors?"[4] Like the Hellenic Apollôn, he has golden locks and a quiver of irresistible arrows; but the arrows have a hundred points and are winged with a thousand feathers. In his hand he holds the golden whip which Phoibos gives to Hermes as the guardian of his cattle; and like Helios, he is borne across the heavens in a flaming chariot drawn by the tawny or glistening steeds called the Harits, whose name and whose brightness alone reappear in the Charites of the Hellenic land, but who still retain the form most familiar to the Hindu in the Xanthos and Balios who are yoked to the car of Achilleus. Like the streaming locks from the head of Phoibos, so the beard of Indra flashes like lightning, as he speeds on his journey through the heaven. As looking down on the wide earth spread beneath, he is possessed, like Apollon, of an inscrutable wisdom. Like him also, he chases the Dawn, Dahanâ or Daphnê, of whom he is said to be sometimes the father, sometimes the son, and sometimes the husband; and as Phoibos causes the death of Daphnê, so Indra is said to shatter the chariot of Dahanâ.[1]

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[1] Cf. Judges v. 4.

[2] *R. V. Sanhita*, H. H. Wilson, vol. iii. p. 187.

[3] The Latins, it would seem, misunderstood the name, Livy, i. 12. "Le mot sthâtar est ordinairement complété en Sanscrit par un génitif, tel que *rathasya*, *harînâm*, ce qui détermine le véritable sens de cette épithète, qui signifie, celui qui se tient debout sur son char, sur ses coursiers. Quel est ce char? On ne peut douter qu'il ne soit question du soleil, qui est souvent représenté dans les Vedas comme une roue d'or roulant dans le firmament."—Bréal, *Hercule et Cacus*, 103.

[4] Muir, *Principal Deities of R. V.*, 560.

Physical conflict between light and darkness.

The prayers addressed to this god show that the chief idea associated with him was that of an irresistible material power. The Hindu, as he comes before the deity to whom he looks for his yearly harvest, assumes unconsciously the attitude of the Baal-worshipper of Syria.[2] But the real prayer of the heart is addressed to Varuṇa, as the Greek in his hour of need prays always to Zeus. The cry for mercy from those who through thoughtlessness have broken the law of God is never sent up to Indra, although, like Heraklês, "he engages in many conflicts for the good of man with overwhelming power."[3] It was impossible that it should be so, while the great work for which Indra might be said to exist was the battle for life or death with the hateful monster who imprisons the rain-clouds in his dungeons. This battle is brought before us under a thousand forms. His great enemy Vritra, the hiding thief, is also Ahi, the strangling snake, or Paṇi the marauder.

"Ahi has been prostrated beneath the feet of the waters which the Vritra by his might had obstructed."[4]

He appears again as Atri, a name which may perhaps be the same as the Atli of the Volsung tale and the Etzel of the Nibelung song.

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[1] In this myth Dahanâ is regarded as hostile to Indra and as meditating mischief, a thought which might easily be suggested by the legends of Arethousa and Daphnê. Her shattered car reposes, however, on the banks of the Vipar (river or water), an incident which recalls the disappearance of Arethousa or Daphnê in the waters from which Aphroditê rises.—H. H. Wilson, *R. V. Sanhita*, vol. ii. p. 178.

[2] The power of Indra is the one theme of the praise accorded to him in *R. V.* vii. 32. The worshipper calls on him who holds the thunderbolt with his arm, whom no one can check if he wishes to give, who makes mortal men obtain spoil in fighting, who is the benefactor of every one, whatever battles there be, who is the rich of old and to be called in every battle.—Max Muller, *Sanskrit Literature*, 543.

"This contest with the clouds," says Professor H. H. Wilson (*Introduction to R. V. Sanhita*, xxx.), "seems to have suggested to the authors of the Súktas the martial character of Indra on other occasions, and he is especially described as the god of battles, the giver of victory to his worshippers, the destroyer of the enemies of religious rites, the subverter of the cities of the Asuras."

The stanza known as the Hansavatí Rich is noteworthy as exhibiting the germs of more than one myth. Indra "is Hansa (the sun) dwelling in light: Vasu (the wind) dwelling in the firmament: the invoker of the gods (Agni) dwelling on the altar: the guest (of the worshipper) dwelling in the house (as the culinary fire): the dweller amongst men (as consciousness): the dweller in the most excellent (orb, the sun): the dweller in truth, the dweller in the sky (the air), born in the waters, in the rays of light, in the verity (of manifestation), in the (Eastern) mountain, the truth (itself)."—H. H. Wilson, *R. V. Sanhita*, iii. 199.

[3] H. H. Wilson, *R. V. Sanhita*, i. 151.

[4] *Ib.* i. 87.

"Thou, Indra, hast opened the cloud for the Angirasas: thou hast shown the way to Atri who vexes his adversaries by a hundred doors."[1]

He is also Namuki (the Greek Amykos), and Sambara.

"Thou, Indra, with thy bolt didst slay afar off the deceiver Namuki."[2]

"Thou hast slain Sambara by thy resolute self."[3]

"Verily thou hast made me, Indra, thy associate, when grinding the head of the slave Namuki like a sounding and rolling cloud."[4]

In the same way Indra is the slayer of Bala, of Chumuri, Dhuni, Pípon, Sushna, and many others,[5] and against him the strength of the Rakshasas is concentrated in vain, for Indra scatters them "with his friend the thunderbolt." On the issue of this conflict depends, it is true, the welfare of all human creatures. The victory of Indra brings with it wealth of corn and wine and oil, but the struggle and its issue are alike external to the human spirit. In other words, the religious instinct found little scope in the phrases which described the offices of Indra, and most assuredly had nothing to do with suggesting them. It was not on the soil of Hindustan that the momentous physical struggle between Indra and his enemy was to become a spiritual struggle of still more fearful proportions.

The wife of Indra.

The wife of Indra is Indranî, who alone of the goddesses who bear the names of the gods is associated with her husband. Like the rest, she has but a vague and shadowy personality. But although the goddesses who are not thus simply developed from the names of their consorts are far more prominent, yet even these are spoken of in terms little resembling the language addressed to the supreme god under his many names. Ahanâ is a daughter of Dyaus, and her might is great, but Indra is mightier still. Ushas is hard to vanquish; but Indra shatters her chariot, while Saranyû, the Harits, and the Rohits are rather beings who do his will than deities possessed of any independent power. In this respect a vast gulf separates the later from the early mythology of the Hindus; and although Mahâdeva retains a nominal supremacy, yet the popular mind dwells less on the god than on the awful terrors of his wife, whether known as Uma, Durga, or Kali.[6] In an inquiry designed chiefly to bring out the points of resemblance and difference between cognate mythological systems, we are not called upon to enter the unwholesome labyrinth in which a morbid philosophy has bewildered and oppressed a race once more simple and perhaps more truthful in their faith than the forefathers of the Hellenic and even of the Teutonic nations. The more modern Hindu traditions may have an interest for the theologian or the philosopher, while the ingenious symbolical interpretations which make anything mean anything may be as noteworthy in the pages of Brahmanic commentators as in those of Chrysostom, Gregory, or Augustine. But they lead us away into a world of their own, where it becomes scarcely worth while to trace the faint vestiges of early thought which may be here and there discerned in the rank crop of cumbrous and repulsive fancies. Nor is there much profit in lists even of earlier deities in whom we have little more than a name or an epithet. If the earth is called Nishtigrî, we have only another word denoting Prithivî the wife of Dyaus. In Sarasvatî, the watery, we have, first, a name given to the river which with the Indus and the waters of the Penjab made up the seven streams of the ancient Hindu home, and then to a goddess who, as inspiring the hymns composed in her honour, became identified with Vach,[1] Voice, and was invoked as the muse of eloquence. As such, she is produced on the mountain-top, as Athênê Akria springs from the forehead of Zeus.[2] Much in the same way, Nirriti,[3] the western land, to which Yama had first crossed the rapid waters, became first the land of death, and afterwards a personification of evil. In Sraddhâ we have nothing more than a name for religious faith.[4]

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[1] H. H. Wilson, *R. V. Sanhita*, i. 136.

[2] *Ib.* i. 147.

[3] *Ib.* i. 148.

[4] *Ib.* i. 279.

[5] *Ib.* ii. 418, 419.

[6] Muir, *Principal Deities of R. V.*, 577.

SECTION IV.—BRAHMA.

Place of Brahma in the Hindu theogony.

If an examination of the Vedic theology tends to prove that it was wholly one of words and names, the impression is not weakened as we survey the ponderous fancies of later times. The fabric of Brahmanic sacerdotalism may have reached gigantic proportions, and may exhibit a wonderful ingenuity in the piecing together of its several parts, but it cannot be regarded as the result of a logical system. The properties of Vishṇu are those of Agni, Vayu, and Sûrya; and as Agni is all the deities, so also is Vishṇu. The character of Brahma is not less flexible. At first the word is but a name for the self-existent principle, and the various mythical acts recorded of him are not only susceptible of a spiritual or metaphysical interpretation, but are actually so interpreted in all the Hindu comments on the sacred literature of the country. As in the Orphic theogony, the generation of Brahma begins sometimes with the great mundane egg; but it is Brahma who therein produces himself. The self-existent lord, "desiring to produce various creatures from his own body, first, with a thought, created the waters, and deposited in them a seed. This seed became a golden egg, resplendent as the sun, in which he himself was born as Brahma, the progenitor of all worlds."[1] He is the first god of a later Indian Trimùrtti; but the threefold deity of Yaska is Agni, Vayu, and Sûrya, and thus Dr. Muir concludes that the conjunction of Brahma, Vishṇu, and Rudra (? Siva) was unknown to that ancient commentator.[2] Even in the Mahâbhârata, Brahma is both created and uncreated. In that poem Mahâdeva (*μέγας θεός*, the great god) is the creator of Brahma, Vishṇu, and Indra. "From his right side he produced Brahma, the originator of the worlds, and from his left side Vishṇu, for the preservation of the universe, and when the end of the age had arrived, the mighty god created Rudra."[3] But Mahâdeva is identified by the poets of the Mahâbhârata with Rudra, Siva, Agni, Sûrya, Varuṇa, the Asvins, and a host of other deities, and, as the originator of all life, even assumes the forms and functions of the Hellenic Priapos.[4] Mahâdeva, again, is himself also the destroyer Siva, and like Vishṇu he wields a dreadful bow made by Visvakarman. These bows are used by the two gods in a terrible battle, the result being that the bow of Mahâdeva is relaxed and Vishṇu is esteemed the superior.[5]

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[1] Gr. ἔπος, εἴπειν, ἀκούειν, Latin vox, vocare.

[2] Muir, *Sanskrit Texts*, part iv. p. 360, note.

[3] Max Müller, *Lectures on Language*, second series, 515. Is the name Nirriti connected with that of the Ithakan Neritos and the Leukadian Nerikos?

[4] "The Latin word credo, 'I believe,' is the same as the Sanskrit Sraddhâ."—Max Müller, *Chips*, i. 42. Sayce, *Introduction to the Science of Language*, ii. 28.

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[1] Muir, *Sanskrit Texts*, part iv. p. 27.

[2] The three names given by Yaska are with him mere names for one object. "These deities," he says, "receive many designations in consequence of their greatness, or from the diversity of their functions, as (the appellations of) hotri, adhvaryu, brahman, and udgatri are applied to one and the same person." The functions connected with these names carry us back to the old mythical phrases. "Indra's function is to bestow moisture, to slay Vritra; and all exertions of force are the work of Indra." "The function of Âditya (the sun) is to draw up moisture and to retain it by his rays: and whatever is mysterious is the work of Âditya."—Muir, *Sanskrit Texts*, part iv. pp. 134–6. To the objection that the Puranic mythology, of which the Trimùrtti of Brahma, Vishṇu and Siva is a part, might have grown up along with the Vedic, Dr. Muir answers that "if Yaska had been cognisant of any other than the Vedic mythology (at least, if he had attached any authority to any other), he would not have failed to make some reference to the latter, and would have endeavoured to blend and reconcile it with the former. As we find no attempt of the kind in his work, we must conclude either that the Puranic mythology had no existence in his day, or that he regarded it as undeserving of any attention."—*Ib.* 137.

[3] *Ib.* pp. 156, 162. [4] *Ib.* 160.

[5] *Ib.* 146, 147.

Elsewhere it is said that Brahma and Mahâdeva are both sprung from Krishna, the one from the lotus issuing from his navel, the other from his forehead, like Dahanâ and Athênê from the head of Dyaus or Zeus.[1]

Prajâpati.

As Prajâpati, Brahma offers violence to his own daughter; and from this myth of Indra and Ahalya a story is produced much resembling that of the Hellenic Erichthonios.[2] He is also a worshipper of the Linga, and acts as the charioteer of Mahâdeva or of Rudra, who springs from his forehead (as he does also from that of Krishna), glorious as the noon-day sun.[3]

Visvakarman.

Like Brahma, Visvakarman, the Creator, is one of the many names which may be applied to almost any of the gods at the will of the worshipper. Wise and mighty in act, Visvakarman orders all things, and men desire the attainment of good in the world where "he, the One Being, dwells beyond the seven Rishis."[4] He is the maker of the region Sutala, where by his will, as in the Greek Elysion, "neither mental nor bodily pains, nor fatigue, nor weariness, nor discomfiture, nor diseases afflict the inhabitants."[5] He is also the son of Bhuvana, the first of all beings who sprang into existence from the earth.[6]

SECTION V.—ZEUS.

The dwelling of Zeus in Ether.

In the conception of the poets known to us by the name of Homer, the earth on which we tread is covered with a gross and thick air, through which course the clouds, and in which the winds work their will. Above this air rises the serene Aithêr or Ether, the abode of Zeus, never sullied by mists or vexed with storms. Here he dwells, surrounded by the gods of Olympos; but while these can visit the earth and take part in the quarrels of mortal men, Zeus alone may not descend for this purpose from the clear heaven whence he looks down on all that is being done beneath him. It is true that there are on the earth some whom he loves, and others whom he hates; and when his son Sarpêdôn is smitten by the spear of Patroklos, the tears of Zeus fall in large rain-drops from the sky. But that which he wills must be done by others, and in their toils he can have no share. So when the hour for the battle between Achilleus and Hektor is come, Zeus tells the gods, the streams, and the nymphs, who sit around his throne, that they may go down and choose each his side, while for himself, though he cares for the mortals whose death-struggle is at hand, the sight of all that is done on the plains of Ilion will none the less gladden his eyes as he looks down from Olympos. When, after the conflict of Achilleus with the burning river, the gods turn their weapons on each other, the mind of Zeus remains unruffled, and he listens in silence to the charge brought against Hêrê by Lêtô, as she lays before his feet the arrows of her child Artemis.[1]

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[1] Muir, *Sanskrit Texts*, p. 193.

[2] *Ib.* 39. Gubernatis, *Zoological Mythology*, ii. 280.

[3] Muir, *Sanskrit Texts*, p. 190. Athênê in like manner springs fully armed from the head of Zeus; but in the story of the Vishṇu Purana (Muir, *ib.* 331), Rudra is both sun and moon, as dividing his body into two parts, male and female, like the Greek Hermaphroditos. The portions into which his male form is further divided seem to point to the month of the year which is represented by Rudra himself, as by Aditi.

[4] *Ib.* 7.

[5] *Ib.* 129.

[6] The name Bhuvana itself is from the same root with the Greek *φύσις* and our own words Be and Being. It has been urged with at least some plausibility that the Latin Consus is a name of the same kind, and that it is not to be referred to the verb Consulere. It is by no means likely that even the title of the Dii Consentes can be taken as indicating a divine council: and there may possibly be a connexion between the Latin Consus and the Hindu Ganesa. Hence perhaps it is that when Romulus is in need of women for his new city, it is to Consus that he makes his vows and prayers. The Consualia would thus precisely correspond with the Eleusinian festival of Dêmêtêr. For Ganesa see Max Müller, *Selected Essays*, i. 129, ii. 449. Gubernatis, *Zoological Mythology*, ii. 68.

The unchanging light.

Thus for the poets of the Iliad and the Odyssey, Zeus, though he might be called the gatherer of the dark clouds,[2] was pre-eminently the lord of the bright heaven, and the thought most closely associated with the name was that of a serene and unchangeable splendour. As the heavy masses of vapour were cloven by the rays of the sun, the blue heaven was seen smiling on the havoc wrought by storms and tempest, itself undimmed by the years which devoured the generations of men. From the face of this heaven the morning sprang to scatter the shades of night. Beneath it the lightning flashed, the rain fell, the winds blew; but above them all shone still the light which can know no change.

The idea of Zeus suggested by physical phenomena.

Without referring, therefore, to the legends of other nations, we are brought at once by the language even of our Homeric poets to that earliest form of thought in which words now used to denote spiritual conceptions conveyed only the impression left on the human mind by the phenomena of the outward world. As man awoke gradually to a conscious perception of the things around him, the sensation most comforting in the alternations of a day and night alike uncomprehended would be that of the pure and bright heaven which broods over the earth as the sun speeds on his journey across the sky. If, then, in the names which were afterwards used to denote the supreme God we have words which in all Aryan dialects convey this primary idea of brightness, a clear light is at once shed on the first stages in the mental and moral education of mankind. The profound splendour of the unclouded heaven must mark the abode of the Being who made and sustains all things; and thus names denoting at first only the sky became in the West as in the East names of God, the Zeus Patêr (the Father) of the Greeks corresponding to the Dyauspitar of the Hindu. If even in the Vedic hymns the most prominent deity is Indra, still Indra was himself worshipped as the god of the bright sky, and as the son of the brilliant Dyu. As in the Hellenic land Kronos was displaced by Zeus, so in the country of the seven rivers Dyu gave way to the lord of the wealth-bringing rain-clouds. The process (even if we assign a very late origin to the mythical Kronos) was in both cases the same. The epithet could not become or be long retained as a personal name until its original meaning had been obscured or forgotten. The Greek had his Aêr, his Aithêr, and his Ouranos to express the visible heavens, and Zeus became to him more and more the personal God whose hand is seen in his works. In India the name Dyaus retained, as we have seen, its appellative force, and as a designation for the supreme God, was supplanted by the less significant Indra.

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[1] *Il.* xxi. 388.

[2] **Ζεὺς Αἰγίοχος.** "Le verbe grec ἀΐσσω, qui signifie s'élancer, a fait d'une part le substantif αἴξ, chèvre (à cause de la nature bondissante de l'animal), et de l'autre les mots καταΐξ, καταιγίς, tempête. De là une nouvelle série d'images et de fables où la chèvre joue le rôle principal. L'égide, avant d'être un bouclier fait en peau de chèvre, était le ciel au moment de l'orage; Jupiter αἰγίοχος était le dieu qui envoie la tempête (il faut entendre ἔχω dans son sens primitif *veho*): plus tard, on traduisit *le dieu qui porte l'égide*. Homère semble se souvenir de la première signification, quand il nous montre, au seul mouvement du bouclier, le tonnerre qui éclate, l'Ida qui se couvre de nuages, et les hommes frappés de terreur."—Bréal, *Hercule et Cacus*, 116.

The Latin Jupiter.

But in the West, as in the East, the original character of the god is in close accordance with the etymology of the word. The Athenians called on Zeus to rain on their land; the Latin poet spoke of the glistening heaven which by all is named Jove, while the phrases "sub dio vivere," "sub Jove frigido," and even "malus Jupiter" remained common expressions in every-day speech.[1] But although between the Latin Jupiter and the Greek Zeus Patêr there is as close an affinity of names as between the latter and the Dyaus Pitâr of the Rig Veda, the mythology of the Latin tribes introduces us practically into almost a new world. We are, indeed, apt to confuse under the term two wholly distinct things. We read in the Æneid of Virgil, for instance, a story which may be regarded as a pendant to the Iliad. We find Jupiter, Juno, Venus, and other deities described much as Zeus, Hêrê, and Aphroditê would be described by Greek poets, and in the Odes of Horace we have expressions of thought and feeling such as the idea of these gods would naturally evoke in the minds of the Hellenic worshippers. We also come across notices of strange beings, as for instance Consus, Anna Perenna, Muttunus, Mana, Semo Sancus, which for us at least are associated with no very definite images; and we include these beings along with the deities spoken of by Virgil or Horace under the one head of Latin gods, and treat what is said about them as Latin mythology. No two things could well be more entirely distinct. The great poets of the Augustan age simply borrowed at will from the vast storehouse of Greek tradition, and set before their countrymen a mythology towards which they had no natural attraction and for which they never acquired any genuine liking. The gods of the country population, which had at one time been the only gods worshipped by the Latin tribes, were practically nothing more than natural powers and processes called by the names which naturally expressed them. The seed-time, the harvest, the changes of the seasons, the periods of human and other life, the garnering and grinding of grain, all these, with other incidents in the history of the revolving year, were marked by a particular name; and this name passed for that of the god by whom these processes were supposed to be wrought. But so thin was the disguise that the growth of a Latin mythology, strictly so called, became impossible. We might as well imagine the growth of the infinitely complex mythology of the Greeks, if their minds had had to work only on such beings as Helios, Selênê, Astraios, Eos, Hersê, and others of a like transparent sort. For the Latins their gods, although their name was legion, remained mysterious beings without human forms, feelings, or passions; and they influenced human affairs without sharing or having any sympathy with human hopes, fears, or joys. Neither had they, like the Greek deities, any society among themselves. There was for them no Olympos, where they might gather and take counsel with the father of gods and men. They had no parentage, no marriage, no offspring. They thus became a mere multitude of oppressive beings, living beyond the circle of human interests, yet constantly interfering within it; and their worship was thus as terrible a bondage as any under which the world has yet suffered. Not being associated with any definite bodily shapes, they could not, like the beautiful creations of the Greek mind, promote the growth of the highest art of the sculptor, the painter, and the poet. Thus between them and their worshippers there was no real and direct connexion. Of the Eupatrid families among the Greeks the greater number, perhaps, traced their descent from Zeus himself or from some other god: no Roman patrician ever thought of proclaiming himself as the offspring of the cold and colourless beings who in solitary state presided over the processes and working of the visible world. Nay, even in Rome itself the Greek deities remained only a fashion, and were honoured with an exotic worship. The true Roman ritual was that which had for its object the worshipping of the household gods; and these were practically the spirits of the founder of the house and of those who had followed him in true hereditary succession. The religion of Roman life was influenced by the worship, not of the bright and joyous Phoibos, or of the virgin daughter of Zeus, but of the Lares and the Penates before that altar of Vesta, the goddess of the hearth, which was the common heritage of the whole Aryan race. But in the literature of Rome the genuine deities of the country are so strangely confused or even jumbled up with the importations from the East, that it becomes difficult sometimes to assign each portion of material to its proper place. In some cases the characteristics of a Greek god have been fitted on to a Latin god with whose character they are inconsistent; but it is probable that even in the days of Ovid or Horace this confusion never troubled the country folk of Samnium or Calabria.

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[1] ὗσον, ὦ φίλε Ζεῦ, κατὰ τῆς ἀρούρας τῶν Ἀθηναίων.

Aspice hoc sublime candens quem invocant omnes Jovem.

The word ἔνδιος has the same transparent meaning.—Max Müller, *Lectures on Language*, second series, 434. Ihne, *History of Rome*, i. 118.

Zeus Ouranion.

The idea of brightness was, however, not the only one suggested by the sight of the clear heaven. If the sky beams with light, it is also spread as a covering over the earth which lies beneath it, and Zeus was thus Ouranion who spread his veil over his bride; but before he came to be spoken of as son of Kronos, the attribute had suggested the idea of a person, and the Western Ouranos corresponded with the Vedic Varuṇa. In this case the name remained more transparent in the West than in the East. The Vedic Varuṇa becomes the moral ruler of the universe, and the Father and friend of man; but in the Hellenic land the starry Ouranos is the son to whom Gaia gives birth in order that he may cover everything and be a steadfast seat for the blessed gods,[1] and we look in vain for the spiritual attributes which belong to Varuṇa in the hymns of the Rig Veda.

The mythical and spiritual Zeus.

But the developement of a personal Zeus was followed necessarily by two results, which long continued astonishingly distinct the one from the other. The thought of Zeus as the one God and Father gave birth to a religion. The many names employed to denote the varying phases of the sky became each the germ of a myth, and every one of these myths, when translated into the conditions of human life, tended to degrade the idea of the god as much as the idea of his changeless perfection, rising more and more in the mind, tended to raise it. According to the latter, he would be the righteous Judge, seen by none, yet beholding all, looking down from heaven on the children of men to see if they will understand and seek after God, appointing to them a life of labour for their highest good, and finally recompensing to all men after their works. By the other process he would become all that names applied to outward phenomena must denote when used to signify the actions of a personal and conscious being. As in every land the dews of heaven fertilise the earth, Zeus must be the husband of many brides, the father of countless children in every country. As looking down on the havoc caused by drought or pestilence, storm or war, he would be a god of merciless indifference and disinterested cruelty. He must smile alike over the wealth of a teeming harvest or the withered fruits of a sun-scorched land. But the blighting of a spring-tide fair in its promise is his work, and he would thus become capricious as well as treacherous, while the interchangeable characteristics of the earliest gods would heighten still more the repulsive features of the anthropomorphised Zeus. If the old hymn had praised Aditi as "mother, father, and son," Zeus must become at once the brother and the husband, and his own daughters through many generations would become the mothers of his children. The transference of these phrases to the relations of human life has its necessary result in the fearful horrors of the tale of Oidipous and Iokastê.

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[1] Hesiod, *Theog.* 128.

Influence of mythology on religion.

That the two streams of religion and mythology ran on side by side, or rather that the same words are used to express two wholly different lines of thought, is abundantly proved by Greek not less than by Hindu literature. The result was that the same man might seem to speak two languages, and perhaps delude himself into the notion that under the name of Zeus he spoke of one person, and of one person only. This would be the case especially with the classes, which, although familiar, or because they were familiar, with the complicated mythical lore of their country, might not care to analyse their own thoughts, or fairly to face the difficulties involved in many or most of these ancient stories. But there would be a lower class who, as being perhaps practically ignorant of these narratives, would be saved in great measure from this traditional influence.[1] However imperfect his conceptions may have been, it is certain that the swineherd Eumaios did not derive his religious convictions from mythical phrases, when he told Odysseus that God gives and withholds according to his pleasure and in the plenitude of his power. Nor can too great a stress be laid on the fact that, as the mythology grew more complicated and more repulsive, ideas of morality and religion became more reasonable and more pure. Nowhere is this conclusion so clearly forced upon us as in the Hesiodic Works and Days. In this poem the teacher who bids his friend to deal with all men after the rule of righteousness which comes from Zeus,[1] who tells him that justice and truth shall in the end prevail,[2] and that they who do evil to others inflict evil on themselves,[3] who is sure that the eyes of God are in every place, that the way of evil is broad and smooth, and the path of good rough and narrow at the first, tells us also how Zeus bade the gods to make Pandôra fair to look upon but all evil within, and laughed at the thought of the miseries which should overtake mankind when all the evils should be let loose from her box, while, to crush them utterly, hope should remain a prisoner within it. So conscious apparently is the poet that the Zeus who thus cheats mankind is not the Zeus who commands them to do justice and mercy, that he can use the same name without a thought that he is dishonouring the just and holy God whom he reverences. It seems impossible to ignore a distinction without which the Hesiodic poem becomes unintelligible. With our Homeric poets the contrast is not so marked, simply because their thoughts were not so earnest and their hearts were not so wakened by the sterner experiences of human life. With these moral indifference would naturally find expression in confusion of language, and they might lead others to think, as they themselves may have fancied, that the Zeus to whom they prayed in moments of real anguish was the Zeus who laughed at the wretchedness and the ruin of mankind.

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[1] "What," asks Professor Max Müller, "did the swineherd Eumaios know of the intricate Olympian theogony? Had he ever heard the name

The Zeus of the Tragic poets.

But if it be true generally that the Greek, especially in the prehistoric ages, "was not aware that there were different tributaries which entered from different points into the central idea of Zeus,"[4] it was far otherwise with the few to whom a belief in the righteousness of God was no empty phrase but a profound and practical conviction.

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of the Charites or the Harpyias? Could he have told who was the father of Aphroditê, who were her husbands and her children? I doubt it; and when Homer introduces him to us, speaking of this life and the higher powers that rule it, Eumaios knows only of just gods, 'who hate cruel deeds, but honour justice and the righteous works of men.'"—*Lectures on Language*, second series, 453.

[1] 35.

[2] 215.

[3] 263.

[4] 442.

The fact that national and political institutions were intertwined inextricably with the old mythology, if they were not actually based upon it, only brought out its repulsive features more prominently before all who could not bring themselves to believe that the righteous God could issue to men immoral commands or himself do the things which he condemned in them. Whether the difficulties thus involved in the traditional creed should lead them to covert opposition or to open antagonism, would depend much on the temper and the circumstances of those who felt them. There are some who, like Sophokles, are well content if they can express their own convictions without assailing popular ideas; there are others who, like Euripides, cannot rest until they bring others to see inconsistencies which to themselves are palpable and glaring. Yet it cannot be denied that the thoughts of Sophokles are as true and high as those of the younger poet. There is nothing in the latter more outspoken than the words in which Sophokles tells us that the laws of righteousness are established in heaven and that in them God is great and cannot grow old. But where there is an earnest yearning for truth, this happy condition of mind will not probably last long. The thought of the mischief which the popular creeds inflict on ordinary minds will lead them openly to condemn a system which they might otherwise treat with indifference or contempt; and to this sense we may ascribe the protests of Xenophanes and Protagoras, of Anaxagoras and Herakleitos, of Pindar and of Plato. The controversy was brought to an issue, when Euripides said plainly that if the gods are righteous, the stories of the poets are wretched falsehoods, and that if they do the things which the poets ascribe to them, then they are not gods at all: and this issue was anticipated by the conviction of Æschylos that Zeus was a mere name, one of many names, for the One true God, which might serve to convey some faint notion and inadequate idea of his goodness and his greatness.[1]

The name Zeus.

Hindu and Greek, then, alike worshipped the same God, of whom they also spoke sometimes under other names. But these names were in no case borrowed the one from the other. The analysis of language has proved that in some instances Greeks, Latins, or Lithuanians have preserved older forms than any which are exhibited in Sanskrit, while the variations in the incidents and local colouring of the myths carry us back to one common source for all in the home of the yet undivided Aryan tribes. The seed, however, could not germinate while as yet there was no failure of memory; and if, when the meaning of words was in part or wholly forgotten, expressions not less graceful once than true became coarse and mischievous, we may learn to curb our indignation when we find that both the process and the result were alike inevitable.

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[1] On this subject see further, Muir, *Sanskrit Texts*, part iv. p. 41.

Its transformations.

But the name Zeus is not confined to Greeks and Hindus. The Zeus Patêr of the former and the Dyaus-pitar of the latter represent the Jupiter of the Latins, and the Tuisco, Zio, Tyr and Tiw of the German nations. The etymological changes of the word are indeed almost numberless. The brightness of the heaven reappears in the Latin dies, the Sanskrit dyu, and our day: and from the same root spring the Greek Theos, the Latin Deus, and the Lithuanian Diewas. These changes have been fully traced by Professor Max Müller;[1] but we must here note that the Greek Zen, Zenos answers to the Latin Janus, Januspater; that Janus again, resolved into Dianus and Diana, carries us to the Greek digammated forms Διός, ΔίϜα, and appears again in the word *divine.* With these may be taken the forms connected with Zeus by the transition of dy (Dyaus) into j (Jupiter, Janus, Juno), or dj, as in the Djovis of Oscan inscriptions and the old Italian deity Vedjovis (Vejovis). Akin to all these is the Sanskrit deva, a word which like Dyaus denoted only splendour, but was afterwards used as a name for the gods; but although it had thus acquired the general notion of deity, it was never applied to any but the bright gods who were the companions of Indra. The evil powers of night or darkness are Adeva, atheists, or enemies of the devas; and thus even on Indian soil we find the germ of that moral and spiritual meaning which was imported into a myth purely physical in its origin. While the adeva grew, like Asmodeus,[2] into malignant demons, Vritra the cloud enemy of Indra was gradually passing into the evil god of Iranian theology. If the Diabolos of the New Testament, a word not found in the Septuagint, is to be referred to forms like Dyavan and Diovis, the name deva had lost in the West the meaning of brightness which it retained in the East,[3] though the evil spirit was still regarded as the prince of the powers of the air. The Teutonic devil is thus traced to that Iranian source from which the Jews derived their later complicated demonology. That the term Diabolos, as applied to Satan, should be regarded as identical with the Greek word denoting a slanderer, is a confusion precisely similar to that which turned Lykâôn and his sons into wolves and the seven arkshas or shiners into bears.

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[1] *Lectures on Language*, second series, 453. For Mr. Peile's remarks on the connexion of Theos and Deus see note p. 149.

[2] Eshem-dev, aêshma-daêva, "le démon de la concupiscence."—Bréal, *Hercule et Cacus*, 135.

[3] Grimm, *Deutsche Mythologie*, 939.

The Zeus of local traditions.

If from the Greek conceptions of Zeus we separate all those which, springing from the idea of his relations to men as a Father, grew up into a moral and religious faith, the rest may all be traced to mythical phrases which describe the varying appearances of the heavens and the manifold influence of the atmosphere on the earth and its fruits. Of the countless names thus employed the most transparent would remain as attributes, while the greater number would be localised either as places or as persons. Hence would spring up distinctions between the Zeus of Arkadia, Dodona, Olympos and Crete, distinctions arising wholly from a forgetfulness of the original meaning of words, but fixed irrevocably by the real or apparent identity of the mythical epithets with any mythical names which had become geographical.[1] The sun as Endymiôn plunges into Latmos, the land of sleep; but the presence of the Latmian hill was a conclusive answer to any who might dare to call in question the veracity of the local legend. The old mythical speech had its Phaiakian or cloudland geography. It had its Arkadia and Delos, the birthplace of the light, its Phoinikia and Ortygia, the purple land of the quail and the dawn, its bright Lykian regions with its golden stream of Xanthos, its Idâ or earth on which rest the rays of the newly risen sun, its Graian or Hesperian lands where the light dies out in the evening. Carrying with them the treasures of their common inheritance, the Aryan tribes could not fail to give to the hills and streams of their new homes the names which had once described only the morning, the heaven, or the sun. The lord of day sinks to sleep in the glowing west: and the tomb of Endymiôn could therefore be only in Elis, on the western, not on the eastern, shore of the Peloponnesos. The god of the blue ether is throned in light: so also must the seat of the anthropomorphised Zeus be on some hill whose name, like the Delos of Apollôn and the Athens of his virgin sister, expresses the one idea of splendour; and thus he was made to dwell on the summit of the Arkadian Lykaios and the Olympian heights of Mysia and Thessaly. As the veil of night is slowly withdrawn, the clear heaven is first seen in the east, and thus Zeus must be born in Lyktos or in Diktê; but the Cretan who could point to a Diktaian cave in his own land clung tenaciously to the notion that the child who was there nourished by Amaltheia was not the Zeus of Arkadia and Olympos.

The birth of Zeus.

The story of his birth and exploits is to be gathered not so much from the Iliad and Odyssey as from the Hesiodic or Orphic theogonies; but unless we find manifest contradictions between the accounts which they set before us, it is unsafe to infer that the poets whom we style Homeric were unacquainted with details or incidents about which they are silent, even if it be assumed that their poems in their present shape are more ancient than those which bear the names of Hesiod or Orpheus. That the theogony of the former was far less complicated and retrospective than that of the latter, there can scarcely be a doubt. The prison to which they assign Kronos is proof that they looked on Zeus as one who had not always been supreme in power; but the names with which their theogony begins are not those of Chaos and Gaia, but those of Têthys and Okeanos.[1] The struggle between Zeus and the Titans may be inferred from the fact that Hêrê and Hephaistos speak of them as thrust away under Tartaros;[2] but the Polyphêmos of the Odyssey who feeds his flocks in broad pastures has nothing but his size and his one eye in common with the Hesiodic Kyklôpes who forge the thunderbolts of Zeus.[3]

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[1] See Book i. ch. x.

The iniquities of Kronos.

The lateness of many at least among the Hesiodic ideas seems to be manifested not so much in the allegorical elements introduced,[4] as in the transparent meaning of the names. Zeus and Hades, Phoibos and Lêtô already denoted the conflicting powers of light and darkness, of day and night; but these words had in great part lost their original force, and the poet who wished to frame a systematic theogony felt constrained to speak of Aithêr (ether) and Hêmera as children of Nyx and Erebos. In some important points the story of Ouranos is told over again in the myths of Kronos and Zeus. From Ouranos and Gaia, according to the Hesiodic theogony, spring Koios and Krios, Hyperîôn and Iapetos, the Kyklôpes and other monstrous beings, together with Rhea the mother of Zeus. All these

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[1] *Il.* xiv. 201.

[2] *Ibid.* 279.

[3] In the Gaelic story of Osgar, the son of Oisein, the monster appears with two eyes; but he is blinded, as in all other forms of the myth, and for the same reason.—Campbell, *Tales of the West Highlands*, iii. 297. Still, it is significant that "not a bit of him was to be seen but his eyes with blue-green scales of hardening upon him," the livid garment of storm-cloud. But in another legend we have the genuine Kyklops.

"There was seen nearing us
A big man upon one foot,
With his black, dusky black-skin mantle,
With his hammering tools and his steel lathe.
"One shaggy eye in his forehead; . . .
He set off like the wind of the spring-time
Out to the dark mountains of the high grounds.
He would take but a single leap
O'er each single cold glen of the desert."—Campbell, *ib.* 392.

All this explains itself. The hammering tools and steel lathe are the thunder and lightning; and the thundercloud strides across whole valleys at each step, and clings to the high grounds and the mountain sides.

[4] It is, in Professor Max Müller's belief, manifest allegory when the "long hills," "the pleasant dwellings of the gods," are reckoned among the children of Gaia.—*Chips*, ii. 66.

Ouranos hid away in the secret places of Gaia who called on Kronos to avenge her wrongs and his own. From the blood of the mutilated Ouranos which fell on the broad sea was born the laughter-loving Aphroditê.[1] Thus the goddess of love and beauty is, like the Kyklôpes, older than the Father of gods and men; nor can anything show more clearly how thoroughly the mythology of the Aryan world was in conflict with its religion. Kronos and Rhea, then, became the parents of Hestia, Dêmêtêr, Hêrê, and Hades; but these are all swallowed by Kronos, who knows that some day he will be dethroned by some child of his own. In grief of heart, Rhea, shortly before the birth of Zeus, betakes herself to Ouranos and Gaia, who send her to the Cretan Lyktos, and there Zeus, like Mithras and Krishna, was born in a cave which Apollodoros calls the cave of Diktê. A stone wrapped in swaddling-clothes was presented to Kronos, who, taking it for the new-born babe, swallowed it as he had swallowed the others. Deceived at length by Gaia, Kronos disgorged them all, the stone first and the living children afterwards.[2] The stone was set up by Zeus for a memorial in Pytho. But Zeus, when he became the husband of Mêtis, felt the same strange desire which had led Ouranos and Kronos to consume their children; and thus, by the advice again of Ouranos and Gaia, he swallowed Mêtis before she became the mother of Athênê. In these exaggerations of a late age we trace the same thought which made the Vedic poet speak of the Dawn as making men old, yet as ever young herself. The light of the heaven calls all things into life; but the heaven retains its unchangeable beauty while generations spring up on the earth and pass away. The children swallowed are thus produced again; and so the Heaven or the Dawn might be spoken of as relentless and cruel, and as rightly punished by their injured children.[1]

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[1] This is probably the only meaning which the word φιλομμειδὴς conveyed to the poets of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. But the whole mythology of Aphroditê renders it far more likely that we have here a confusion similar to that which turned Lykâôn into a wolf, and that the epithet was originally φιλομμηδής, not perhaps, as in the line (200) marked as spurious in the Hesiodic *Theogony*, ὅτι μηδέων ἐξεφαάνθη, but from the attributes which made her the vehement lover of Adonis. With this epithet we may compare that of Pallas (the Phallic) Athênê.

[2] With this myth Grimm's story of the Wolf and the Seven Little Goats presents a striking parallel. The wolf is here the night or the darkness which tries to swallow up the seven days of the week, and actually swallows six. The seventh, the youngest, escapes by hiding herself in the clockcase; in other words, the week is not quite run out, and before it comes to an end the mother of the goats unrips the wolf's stomach and places stones in it in place of the little goats who come trooping out, as the days of the week begin again to run their course. I may mention that this explanation, whatever it may be worth, was published some time before the appearance of the first edition of Mr. Tylor's *Primitive Culture*. Mr. Tylor adopts this explanation (i. 308) without referring to this fact. It is not the only instance in which an acknowledgement of priority would have been at least graceful.

The war of the Titans.

A hard fight now awaited Zeus, who, by delivering the children of Ouranos, had been armed for the struggle with thunder and lightning.[2] On his side against the Titans and the offspring of Kronos were ranged Kottos, Gyas, and Briareôs, who cast the Titans into Tartaros and there left them chained. The struggle itself is described in language which shows how little the poet cared about the subject. Thunders, lightning, and earthquake attest the majesty of Zeus, by whose thunderbolts land and ocean are wrapped in seething fire; the din of the conflict is as though the earth and the solid heavens were crashing together; and nine days would pass before a brazen anvil (Akmôn) let down from the earth could fathom the depths of Tartaros.[3] Above this gloomy prison-house are the roots of the earth and the barren sea, and there within walls and gates built by Poseidôn dwell the three sons of Ouranos who befriended Zeus in his hour of need.

Other forms of this struggle.

Yet this struggle which, like that between Zeus and Typhôeus the latest-born child of Gaia and Tartaros, is related with so much pomp of high-sounding but empty words, is the conflict which runs through all mythology and which, in its more human forms, has a singular and unfailing interest. It is the battle of Phoibos with the Pythian monster, of Indra with the throttling snake Vritra, of Sigurd with the dragon of the Glistening Heath, of Oidipous with the Sphinx, and in the earlier phase of the legend, of Achilleus and Agamemnôn with Paris.

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[1] The opinion that Kronos himself is indeed simply produced from the epithet Kronidês as applied to Zeus in a sense corresponding to the Hebrew phrase "Ancient of Days," must, probably, be given up. It is, of course, possible that when the word was regarded as meaning "son of Kronos," it became necessary to assign Kronos a place in the Theogony and provide him with a wife and children.—Max Müller, *Chips*, ii. 152. In Mr. Brown's eyes Zeus Kronidês is the same personage as Zeus Meilichios, both names being adaptations of Greek sounds to Semitic names. He therefore regards Kronos as the equivalent of Karnos, Karneios, the horned god, the fire-breathing, flesh-devouring Moloch.—*Great Dionysiak Myth*, ii. 128, *et seq.*; ii. 127. The name Mêtis is closely connected with Medeia, and denotes the wisdom which stands out with special clearness in the Latin Minerva. Thus the phrase would run that the Dawn was the daughter of Wisdom: but as the older myth spoke of the dawn as springing from the forehead of the sky, there was no help for the later mythopœists but to make Zeus swallow Mêtis.

[2] Hesiod, *Theog.* 504.

[3] This is indubitably the hammer of Thor, which is sunk eight rasks beneath the surface of the earth and which takes nine months to rise again to Asgard. In fact the Greek word translated by "anvil" is etymologically identical with the Teutonic "hammer." "Professor Curtius," says Mr. Peile, "seems to be right in combining the O. H. G. *hamar*, our *hammer*, with the Lithuanian akman and the Sk. açman, each of which means 'a stone,' and the latter also 'a thunderbolt;' and with the Greek *ἄκμων* which commonly means an anvil, but which in Hesiod, *Theog.* 722, where he speaks of the *χάλκεος ἄκμων οὐρανόθεν κατιών*, can mean nothing but the thunderbolt."—*Introduction to Greek and Latin Etymology*, 37.

The loves of Zeus.

Having related the story of Typhôeus, the Hesiodic Theogony recounts the loves of Zeus with Mêtis, Themis, Eurynomê, Dêmêtêr, Mnêmosynê, Lêtô, and with Hêrê, who in this scheme is the latest of his brides and has fallen far below the majesty with which she is invested in the Iliad and the Odyssey. Of these names some are the growth of a comparatively late age. The dawn-goddess of the far east is described as waking all men and receiving praise from every thinker, and the character here faintly attributed to her is brought out more clearly in the Hellenic Athênê, and finds its utmost developement in the Latin Minerva. Athênê, then, as the goddess of the morning, must have a mother with qualities corresponding to her own, and this parent was found in the Wisdom which is wedded to Zeus. To this class of invented names belong those of the Hôrai, or Hours, and their mother Themis; but the name of Eurynomê, the mother of the Charites, is more true to the original character of these beautiful maidens. The broad spreading light is the parent of the glistening beings who in the form of horses draw the chariot of Indra, and in the west are the maidens who attend on Aphroditê. But as the dawn may be regarded as springing from the face of the sky, so in another and an earlier myth Athênê springs armed from the forehead of Zeus, and the dark powers of night at once retreat before her. The same idea rendered it necessary to assign to Hêrê some offspring of her own unaided power whether in the person of Typhôeus,[1] or, as the Hesiodic theogony relates, of Hêphaistos also.

The twelve Olympian deities.

Thus the number of the kinsfolk and the children of Zeus is already large; but of the class of deities specially known at Athens in the days of Thucydides as the twelve Olympian gods neither our Homeric poems nor the Hesiodic theogony know anything. In the latter, Zeus and Poseidôn are the shakers of the earth and sea, while Hades dwells in the regions under the earth; but of a threefold partition of the Kosmos between the three Kronid brothers we have no formal mention. Of Poseidôn the Theogony tells us only that he built the walls within which Briareôs guards the Titans: nor is there any difference of rank between Arês and his sisters Hêbê and Eileithyia, or again between Dêmêtêr and Eurynomê. From the number of the so-called twelve, Hades is excluded; but in the Iliad and Odyssey he appears at will in the Olympian home of Zeus, and moves as an equal among the gods who are there assembled.

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[1] "Typhôeus, the whirlwind or Typhoon, has a hundred dragon or serpent heads, the long writhing striæ of vapour which run before the hurricane-cloud. He belches fire, that is, lightnings issue from the clouds, and his roaring is like the howling of wild dogs."—S. B. Gould, *The Were Wolf*, p. 174.

The infancy of Zeus.

The myth as related by Apollodoros has received some amplifications. The child Zeus in the Diktaian cave is nourished by the nymphs Adrasteia and Ida with the milk of Amaltheia, and the armed Kourêtes clash their shields and spears lest the cry of the babe should reach the ear of his father Kronos. In the war with the Titans the Kyklôpes give to Zeus their thunder and lightning, to Hades the helmet which in the Iliad renders the wearer invisible, and to Poseidôn a trident. The struggle is followed by the casting of lots between the three Kronid brothers for the partition of the heaven above, of the earth beneath, and of the hidden regions under the earth. There was no need of any such method. The old mythical phrase rendered it impossible that any but Zeus could be the lord of the bright heaven. In other points also the account of the mythographer is at variance with that of the Hesiodic poet. According to the latter Aphroditê is the offspring of Ouranos; the former represents her as the child of Zeus and Diônê, and makes the scheme of things begin with Ouranos himself instead of Chaos.

The Arkadian and Cretan Zeus.

That Zeus should be nursed by Ida is an incident for which we are at once prepared when in the Eastern myth we find that Idâ is a name of the earth, and that she is assigned as a wife to Dyaus. That he should have a sanctuary specially sacred on the Lykaian heights in Arkadia was, as we have seen, as indispensable as the birth of Phoibos in Delos. But the Arkadian legend is noteworthy as showing the fantastic forms which spring up in rank luxuriance from mythical phrases when either wholly or partially misunderstood. The blue heaven is seen first in the morning against the highest mountain tops, and on these the rays of the sun rest before they light up the regions beneath; and as it had been said that Zeus dwelt on high Olympos and that his palace was the first building which the sun ever saw, so in strict fidelity to the old phrases the Arkadians insisted that their own Lykosoura was the most ancient of all cities, and the first which Helios had ever beheld, and that Zeus had been nourished by the nymphs Theisoa, Neda, and Hagno on the Lykaian hill hard by the temple of our Lady (Despoina). Nay, as Pausanias tells us,[1] the hill was also called Olympos, and in it there was a spot named Kretea, and hence, as some would have it, here Zeus was born, and not in Crete, the island of the Egean sea. Cretans and Arkadians were doubtless alike sincere in their convictions; but, had they remembered the meaning of the words which they used, they would have known that Zeus had his Olympian and Lykaian hills, his Crete, his Diktê, his Arkadia, his Phoinikian home wherever the sun sent forth his long train of light[1] across the sky. But in the minds of Achaians and Hellenes the old phrase had associated with the abode of Zeus the idea of an ineffable splendour; and the tenacity with which they clung to this idea is singularly exhibited in the strange superstition which made the Lykaian sanctuary an object of wondering dread. As the Hebrew of old said that none might look on the face of God and live, so the Aryan held that the doom of death was on the man who dared to look on the unveiled splendour of Zeus. The Arkadian localised this faith in his Lykaian Temenos, and averred not only that all living things which might enter it would die within the year, but that not a single object within it ever cast a shadow. The idea, being once suggested, ran out into the wildest fancies, and the huntsman, who drew back at the inclosure when a hunted beast entered it, failed not to see that its body no longer cast a shadow after it had entered the charmed circle. The science of the geographer does but heighten his faith in the local tradition. When the sun is in the sign of the Crab, he knows that at the Ethiopian Syênê there are no shadows at midday; but the marvel was that in this Arkadian sanctuary there was never any shadow the whole year round. Pausanias admitted the fact as readily as the Royal Society set to work, it is said, to explain why a vessel of water with a fish in it was no heavier than it would have been without the fish: but he could not know that in the real Lykosoura there could be no shade, although this Lykosoura was not to be sought in Peloponnesos or in any land of human habitation. In the bright heaven, through which travels the unclouded sun, there can be no darkness at all.[2]

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[1] viii. 38, 1.

Lykosoura and Lykâôn.

But the word which supplied the name of the shadowless Lykaian sanctuary was confused in their mind with the name of the wolf, so called for the same reason which led the German to speak of the bear as Goldfuss: and at once it became necessary to show how the idea of wolves was linked with the fortunes of Lykâôn. This son of Pelasgos was the builder of Lykosoura, and he called Zeus Lykaios,[3] after his own name, instituting in his honour the Lykaian festival which answered to the Dawn festival in the city of the Athenians. But his wisdom, as Pausanias testifies, was not equal to that of his contemporary Kekrops, who felt that no living thing should be offered up to the Zeus whom he reverenced as the most high. The zeal of Lykâôn was more vehement, and the blood of an infant, or, as some said, of his own child, flowed on the altar of sacrifice. At once the human form of Lykâôn was changed into that of a wolf. It was the just recompense of his iniquity in a time when men were linked in a close intercourse with the gods; but to the grief of Pausanias the increasing wickedness of mankind had put an end to the age of miracles, and the true story of Lykâôn had been overlaid by miserable falsehoods, which affirmed that men turned into wolves at the Lykaian sacrifice were restored to their old shape after ten years, if they abstained from human flesh, but that, if they tasted it, then they remained wolves for ever.

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[1] Λυκόσουρα. Emile Buonouf, *La Legende Athénienne*, 116.

[2] When Pausanias, v. 7, 4, says that the Olympian temple was built by men of the golden race, he was simply saying that it was built, as it must necessarily be, by Lykians or men of light.

[3] Paus. viii. 2, 1.

Lykanthropy.

We have here more than the germ of mediæval Lykanthropy, and little more is needed to bring before us the Were-wolf or Vampire superstition in its full deformity. That superstition has been amongst the most fearful scourges of mankind; but here, as elsewhere, it is something to learn that a confusion between two words identical in sound, and springing from the same root, laid the foundations of this frightful delusion. The myth of Lykâôn is in this incident nothing more than a repetition of the story of Tantalos. His name is but one of a thousand epithets for the sun, who in times of drought offers up on the altar of Zeus (the heaven) the scorched and withered fruits which owed their life to his own vivifying heat; and for him, as for the Phrygian king, the sin and its punishment inevitably followed the translation of mythical phrases into the conditions of human life.

The Dodonaian and Olympian Zeus.

Like the god of Arkadia, the Zeus of Dodona is nourished by nymphs, who in this instance are called Hyades, the bringers of moisture from the blue heights of heaven. That the Cretan story is but another version of the Arkadian, the identity of names alone sufficiently proves. The Lykaian hill had its Crete, and the Eleutherai, to which unintentional trespassers into the Temenos of Zeus were conveyed, reappears in the mythical geography of the Egean island.[1] But although Zeus must be wherever there is an Olympian city, yet the greatness of the Eleian Zeus overshadowed the majesty of the Zeus who abode in Crete, Lykosoura, or Dodona, when his temple at Olympia became the sanctuary of the great Panhellenic festival. But here, too, the local legend gives names with which the Cretan and Arkadian myths have already made us familiar. Here, too, it was said that Rhea entrusted the infant Zeus to the care of the Idaian Daktyloi.[2] If the name given to these mysterious beings be akin to the Diktê and Lyktos of the Cretan tale, to Artemis Diktynna and Diktys of Seriphos, we have in it only a general designation which applies to each of the Daktyloi, Heraklês, Paionios, Iasios, and Idas. This Idas is but the counterpart of the nymph Ida, the companion of Adrasteia; and Ida, as we have seen, is but the earth, which may be regarded as either the nurse, or, as in the Vedic hymns, the bride of Zeus. The name of Heraklês, like that of Hêrê, indicates simply the splendour of the risen sun, and in Iasios, as in Iasiôn, Iamos, Iolê and others, we have the violet tint with which the heaven is flushed in early morning. The olive branch, which Heraklês made the prize of victory, itself came from the Hyperboreans, whence Achaia, the mother of the Zeus-born Achaians, journeyed to Dêlos.

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[1] Hesiod, *Theog.* 54.

[2] Paus. v. 7, 4.

Limits to the power of Zeus.

That the relations of Zeus to other mythical beings were very variously described, a comparison of our Hesiodic and Homeric narratives has already shown us. In the latter, he is the father not only of Aphroditê, who in the former is his sister, but of Arês and Hephaistos, who, according to another legend, were like Typhôeus the children of Hêrê only. In one story he is the father also of Phoibos, who in another is the son of Athênê. The power with which he is invested varies in like manner according to the point of view from which he is regarded. The Zeus who is the father of all living things, knows neither weakness, change, nor passion; the Zeus who is the growth of mythical phrases, is beneficent or treacherous, just or capricious, pure or lustful, according to the character of the phenomena to be described. . By himself he is styled all-powerful: but Hêrê too, as the sovereign queen of heaven, can know no higher authority, and thus they are represented as acting sometimes with and sometimes against each other. Nay, even Athênê, the maiden who stands by his side to do his will, is sometimes an accomplice with Hêrê and Poseidôn in plots to circumscribe his power. But although he can do much, he cannot arrest the course of the sun, he cannot lighten his toils for beings meaner than himself, he cannot avert the early doom which awaits him when his short career across the heaven is ended. Hence he can but bring up to Olympos from the dead the beautiful Memnôn for whom the tears of Eôs fall in dewdrops from the sky; he can but rescue the body of the brave Sarpêdôn, and give it to Phoibos to bathe in Simoeis, and to the powers of sleep and death to bear it to the glistening home which they cannot reach until the morning.[1] Heraklês may toil for Eurystheus and have no profit at all of his labour; but Zeus can only look down on his brave son until the flames ascend to heaven from his funeral pile on Oita. There is, in short, no one phrase which might be said to describe the varying aspects of the sky, which is not petrified into some myth characteristic of the Kronid Zeus; and the smile of the blue heaven, when all the brightness of day bursts upon it, becomes the rapture of Zeus when Hêrê comes to him armed with the kestos (cestus) of Aphroditê, and the lulling spells of Hypnos.[1] Thus also the serene height in which Zeus dwells, and from which he cannot descend, explains his indifference and seeming immorality in the great conflict at Ilion. At the prayer of Thetis he may be induced to help the Trojans until Agamemnon has repaired the wrong done to Achilleus, or his inaction may be secured by the devices of Hêrê; but with Hêrê herself there can be no such uncertainty or vacillation. Her name is but one of many names applied to the sun, and she must take part steadily with the Argives and Danaans, the children of the Dawn. To her Paris, the seducer of the fair Helen, is strictly the evil Paṇi who tempts Saramâ to betray the trust reposed in her by Indra; and hence she may employ without scruple the power of her beauty, aided by the magic girdle of Aphroditê, to turn the scale in favour of Agamemnon and his Achaian warriors.

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[1] In some other respects the Homeric Zeus is greater than the Zeus of historical Hellas. The awful Atê whom the latter cannot turn aside, and who broods over a house until the penalty for the shedding of innocent blood has

The messengers of Zeus.

But if Zeus cannot himself descend to the regions of the murky air, he has messengers who do his bidding. Foremost among these is Hermes, the god who flies on the breezes and the storm; but Iris of the flashing feet is more truly the minister who joins the ether to the lower atmosphere of the earth. Whatever be the origin of the name Iris, the word was used by the poets of the Iliad to denote not only the divine messenger, but the rainbow itself. Thus the dragons on the breastplate of Agamemnon are likened to the Irises which Zeus has set in the heavens as a marvel to mortal men;[2] and more plainly Iris is the purple arch or bow which Zeus stretches from one end of heaven to the other, to give warning of war or deadly drought.[3] She is a daughter of Thaumas and Elektra, the wonderful amber tints, and a sister of the Harpyiai, the rent and ragged clouds against which those tints are seen; and she would be the golden-winged messenger, not only because the rainbow can come and vanish with the speed

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been fully paid is in the *Iliad* only the spirit of mischievous folly. So too, the Moirai, who, like Atê, had been only his ministers, become possessed, like the Norns, of an irresponsible authority, while finally the force of destiny attains its most overpowering proportions in the Anankê whom, according to the theogony of Euripides, not even the father of gods and men is able to withstand or control.

[1] *Il.* xiv. 210, &c.

[2] *Ib.* xi. 27.

[3] *Ib.* xviii. 549.

of lightning, but because its arch seems to join the heaven and the earth, as a ladder by which the angels may descend and rise up again into their home above. Hence the phrase was that the rainbow spread its glorious path across the sky, whenever the gods wished to send their messenger to do their bidding. In this office Iris carries out the behests sometimes of Zeus, sometimes of Hêrê or of Phoibos, while sometimes she comes of her own free act. She is, in short, the counterpart of Hermes, whose staff she bears in her hand.[1] If, again, in some myths she may be spoken of as always a maiden, it may not less truly be said that the winds love her exquisite tints, while the earth lies enraptured at her feet; and this accordingly is the tale which makes her the bride of Zephyros and the mother of Eros, the darling of the gods. But the name of this lovely being soon became a mere general title of messengers or errand-carriers, and reappears in Iros the beggar of the Odyssey, who resembles her in no other way.

Zeus the Judge.

Lastly, as seeing from his throne in heaven all that is done on earth, Zeus must be the punisher of all iniquity. But the judgments of a god, whose characteristics depend on half-forgotten mythical phrases, or on words wholly misunderstood, will not be always equitable. The sentences passed will have reference often to his mythical rights, while they may be designed generally to redress wrongs between man and man. The punishments of Tantalos and Ixiôn, of Lykâôn and Sisyphos, are involved in the very idea of these beings. The sun, who woos the dawn, yet drives her from him as he rises in the sky. He loves the dew which his rays burn up; and if he shine on the earth too fiercely, its harvests must be withered. If his face approaches the stream too closely, the water-courses will soon be beds of gaping slime. The penalty paid by Tantalos is bound up with the phrases which described the action of the sun, while that of Lykâôn sprung, as we have seen, from a confusion between two words derived from the same source. If, again, the sun, as rising into the dizzy heights of heaven, might be said to gaze too boldly on the bride of Zeus, his downward course is not less certain than his ascent, and at midday he must revolve like Ixiôn on his blazing wheel; while the stone which Sisyphos has with huge toil rolled to the mountain summit (the zenith) must slip from his grasp and dash down again into the valley below. Still more must Zeus punish the insults done to him as lord of the fire-laden thunder-clouds; and Promêtheus, as teaching men how to kindle a flame and cheat the gods with offerings of fat and bone, is an offender less easily pardoned than chiefs who sacrifice their children on his altars. In this Promethean legend alone we seem to have a glimpse of that future twilight of the gods which is so prominent a characteristic of Northern mythology. But the fact that Odin and Zeus are alike described as sentenced to the same doom, sufficiently proves the common origin of Greek and Teutonic mythology. The greater prominence of this catastrophe in the northern traditions may be due to the deeper gloom of the northern climate; but the result was rendered inevitable by the human character imparted to the gods. No one has surveyed the whole field of popular tradition with the accuracy of Grimm: and Grimm lays it down that all nations have clothed their gods in human shape, and only by way of exception in those of animals. On this fact, he asserts, are founded their incarnations, or appearances to men, their twofold sex, their intermarrying with mankind, and also the deification of certain men. The gods of the whole Aryan world eat, drink, and sleep; but beings who eat, drink, and sleep must die. The northern mythology kept this notion before the people with startling clearness; the southern disguised it and practically put it out of sight, but it was there nevertheless. The Olympian gods feast on ambrosia and are refreshed by nectar, as Indra and Agni are invigorated by the Soma juice; but they can be wounded and suffer pain, they may hunger and thirst; and to the Norse mind the inference was oppressively plain. The beautiful Baldur has his yearly death and resurrection; but the time will come when the great enemy of the gods will be let loose and Asgard shall be desolate. This enemy is Loki, the fire-god, whose release just before the coming on of the twilight of the gods is in close agreement with the release of the chained Promêtheus, by whom the sway of Zeus is to be brought to an end. The writhings of the fettered Loki make the earth quake just as it is shaken in the case of Promêtheus; but while the Greek Titan excites our deepest sympathy, the Edda presents Loki as a hateful monster. For the reason of this we need go no further than the use to which fire is put in the Greek myth. The northern Odin is the all-father, from whom men may expect substantial justice; in the Promethean tradition Zeus is an arbitrary tyrant, with a special hatred for mankind. The latter are in a state of abject misery until they receive the boon of fire. The giver of it thus becomes their friend; and his deliverance is associated with the triumph of righteousness over wrong. But it would perhaps be difficult to determine how far the purely spiritual colouring thrown over the myth is not due to the mighty genius of Æschylus. Nor is it a hard task to imagine a Promêtheus in whom we should see simply a counterpart of the mischievous and malignant northern god. Nay, even among the Teutonic people there linger to this day conceptions which represent Loki by turns as beneficent and hateful, as sun, fire, giant, and devil.

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[1] "Der weibliche Hermes."—Preller, *Griechische Mythologie*, i. 390.

SECTION VI.—ODIN, WODEN, WUOTAN.

Characteristics of Teutonic mythology.

The Teutonic belief in the twilight or final extinction of the gods is of itself evidence that the mythology of the German and Scandinavian nations belongs to a form of thought differing widely from that of the Hindu or the Greek. Even the myth of Promêtheus does but say that Zeus should be put down, and a more righteous ruler set up in his place. But in the Teutonic legends Odin himself falls and Thor dies, and the body of the beautiful Baldur is consumed in the flames. In other words, these deities answer less to the Olympian gods than to the mortal Heraklês or Perseus or Asklêpios. But the links which connect the belief of the one race with that of the others may be traced readily enough. The Vedic gods, like the Hellenic, live for ever. Thus the Soma draught becomes in northern Europe the cup of honey mingled with the blood of Qvasir, the wisest of all beings, who during his life had gone about the world doing the work of Promêtheus for the wretched children of men.[1] His wisdom, however, could not save him from the dwarfs Fialar and Galar, who, mingling his blood with honey, made a costly mead, the taste of which imparted the eloquence of the bard and the wisdom of the sage.[2] In other respects the Teutonic deities exhibit the closest likeness to the Greek. The rapidly acquired strength and might of Zeus, Phoibos, and Hermes simply express the brief period needed to fill the heaven with light, to give to the sun its scorching heat, to the wind its irresistible force; and the same idea is expressed by the myth of Vali, the son of Wuotan and Rind, who, when only a night old, comes with his hair untouched by a comb, like Phoibos Akersekomês, to take vengeance on Hödr for the death of Baldur, and again in the story of Magni, the son of Iarnsaxa, who, when three days old, rescued his father Thor as he lay crushed beneath the foot of the gigantic Hrungnir.[3] There is the same agreement in the size of their bodies and in the power of their voices. The roaring of the waves and the crash of the thunder are louder than any din of mortal warfare or the cries of any earthly monsters; and thus at once we have the gigantic size of Arês, and the roar of Poseidôn louder than the noise of a myriad warriors in close conflict. Thus, also, as Hêrê lays one hand on the earth and the other on the sea, so Thor drinks up no small part of the ocean with his horn which reaches from heaven to its surface—a ponderous image for the clouds or the rays of the sun as they drink from the sea. But neither the Greek nor the Teutonic deities have the monstrous forms of the four-armed Vishnu or the four-headed Brahma—these fearful combinations being confined to beings like Briareôs and Geryôn and the giants of northern mythology, unless an exception is to be made of the three-handed Hekatê, who, however, can scarcely be reckoned among the Olympian gods, and the four-armed Lakedaimonian Apollôn.[1] The two-headed Janus is a Latin deity. But if the Teutonic gods are never monstrous, they are sometimes maimed; and in the one-eyed Odin we have the idea which called the Hellenic Kyklops into existence; while in the one-handed Tyr[2] we see Indra Savitar; and in the limping Loki, the lame Hephaistos. But whatever may be their office, these are all bright and radiant deities; Hel alone, like the rugged king of Hellenic mythology, has a dark and repulsive aspect.[3] The very expressions used in speaking of them are transparent. The flowing locks of the Wish-god and of Baldur are those of Zeus and Phoibos; the fair-haired Dêmêtêr of the Greek becomes the fair-haired Lif of the Teuton.[4] The power of Zeus is seen again in that of Thor, and the golden glory which surrounded the head of Phoibos or Asklêpios, and became the aureole of Christian saints, is not less a mark of the German deities, and appears on the head of Thor as a circlet of stars.[5]

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[1] Grimm, *Deutsche Mythologie*, 295. [2] *Ibid.* 855. [3] *Ibid.* 298.

Teutonic theogonies.

But when we turn to the theogony set forth in the Völuspa Saga, we can as little doubt that it marks a comparatively late stage of thought, as we can suppose that the Hesiodic theogony is older than the simple and transparent myths which tell us of Prokris or Tithônos or Endymiôn. The myth of Baldur, at least in its cruder forms, must be far more ancient than any classification resembling that of the Hesiodic ages. Such a classification we find in the relations of the Jötun or giants, who are conquered by Odin as the Titans are overthrown by Zeus; and this sequence forms part of a theogony which, like that of Hesiod, begins with chaos. From this chaos the earth emerged, made by the gods out of the blood and bones of the giant Ymir, whose name denotes the dead and barren sea. This being is sprung from the contact of the frozen with the heated waters, the former coming from Niflheim, the region of deadly cold at the northern end of the chaotic world, the latter from Muspelheim, the domain of the devouring fire. The Kosmos so brought into existence is called the "Bearer of God"—a phrase which finds its explanation in the world-tree Yggdrasil, on which Odin himself hangs, like the Helenê Dendrîtis of the Cretan legend:—

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[1] Grimm, *Deutsche Mythologie*, 298.

[2] Tyr loses his hand in the mouth of the wolf Fenris, who refuses to be bound with the cord woven by the dwarfs of Schwarz Alfheim unless he has the hand in his mouth as a gauge of their good faith. See also Tylor, *Primitive Culture*, i. 316.

[3] Hel, the daughter of Loki, and sister of the wolf Fenris and the horrible worm or serpent, is half black and half human in appearance. Her dwelling is in Niflheim, far down in the depths of the earth, beneath the roots of Yggdrasil.—Grimm, *D. M.* 289. She is the hungry and insatiable goddess, the greedy Polydektês and Polydegmôn of Greek myths (Grimm, *ib.* 291), the black Kalî of modern Hindu theogony.

[4] Grimm, *ib.* 534.

[5] *Ib.* 300. We are bound to mark the emphasis with which Grimm, writing half a century ago, insisted on the close affinity between the Teutonic and the Greek mythology, "an affinity for which, as in the relations of the Greek and the Teutonic languages, there is no question of borrowing or choice, nothing but unconscious affinity, allowing room (and that inevitably) for considerable divergences."

> I know that I hung
> On a wind-rocked tree
> Nine whole nights,
> With a spear wounded,
> And to Odin offered,
> Myself to myself,
> On that tree,
> Of which no one knows
> From what root it springs.[1]

This mighty tree, which in Odin's Rune Song becomes a veritable tree of knowledge, and whose roots are undermined by Hel or death and by the Hrimthursen or frost-giants, rises into Asgard, the highest heavens where the gods dwell, while men have their abode in Midgard, the middle garden or earth, embraced by its branches.

Genealogy of Odin.

The giant Ymir was nourished by the four streams which flowed from the treasure of moisture, the cow Audhumla,[2] which belongs to Zoroastrian not less than to Teutonic mythology, and is there found with the meaning both of cow and earth.[3] This earth afforded salt, without which no life can be vigorous, and from Audhumla, as she fed on the salt of the blocks of ice, there came forth a perfect man, Buri, the fashioner of the world, whose son, Bor,[4] had as his wife Besla, or Bettla,[5] the daughter of the giant Bölthorn, the root or kernel of the earth. From Buri[6] proceeded apparently Odin himself, and also the race of the gods or Æsir, the self-existent beings,[1] who dwell in Asgard or Aithêr, while the middle air, between the upper and under worlds, the ἀὴρ of the Greeks on which Zeus looks down, is Vanaheim, the home of the Vanir, or spirits of the breathing wind.[2] To this race belong Freyr and Freya, the deities of beauty and love, "the children of Mördur, the sea-god who dwells in the sea-city (Noatun), and whose spouse, Skadi (Elster?) is the daughter of the giant Thiassi, for he is indeed himself the shore."[3]

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[1] "Odin's Rune Song," Thorpe's *Translation of Sæmund's Edda*, p. 340. We may compare with the "Bearer of God," the names Atlas and Christophoros.

[2] This is the cow beneath whose udder the Dawn maiden hides herself in the Norse story of the Two Step-Sisters.—Dasent. Gubernatis, *Zoological Mythology*, i. 224.

[3] Bunsen, *God in History*, ii. 483.

[4] The two names would answer to the active and passive meanings of the Greek φορος in compound words.

[5] Bunsen thinks that the original form of this name was Beidsla, a word perhaps denoting desire or longing, and thus answering to the Kama of Vedic and the Eros of the Hesiodic theogony, while it is reflected also in the Teutonic Wunsch or Wish.

[6] The children of Buri educe order out of Chaos, and at the four ends of the world thus brought into shape they

Odin as the Creator of Man.

The idea of the composite nature of man must have preceded the rise of the myth which assigns the creation of the soul to Odin, of the mind to Hahnir, of the blood and outward complexion to Lodur. This Hahnir is probably the same word as *hahn*, the cock, "in its wider import the bird, the animal belonging to the air;"[4] and thus possibly the framers of this theogony may have intended to set forth their belief that a Trinity, consisting of Ether, Air, and Fire, was concerned in the creation of man, Lodur being certainly fire, and in fact only another form of Loki, the shining god. But we approach the regions of pure mythology when we read that when Odur sets forth on his wanderings, his bride, the beautiful Freya,[5] sheds gold-gleaming tears—"an image of the bright gleams shooting across the rugged morning sky."[6] From these parents springs Hnossa, the jewel, the world under the aspect of beauty, while Frigga, as the wife of Odin, doubtless only another form of Odur, is the mother of Jörd, the earth, in the character of the nourishing Dêmêtêr.

The end of the Æsir.

But all this visible Kosmos is doomed to undergo a catastrophe, the results of which will be not its destruction but its renovation. The whole world will be consumed by fire, kindled by Lodur (*der Lodernde*, the glowing god), the Loki who brought about the death

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place the four dwarfs—Nordri, Sudri, Austri, Vestri. These are probably the growth of an artificial system like that which assigned twelve labours to Heraklês. For an excellent summary of Norse mythology see Brown, *Religion and Mythology of the Aryans of Northern Europe*, § 11.

[1] From the root *as*, to be; the word is thus simply another form of Wesen.

[2] The original form of the word Æsir connects it immediately with Atman as a name of Brahman, and the Latin animus, &c.—Bunsen, *God in History*, ii. 486. Besides Asgard and Vanaheim, we have Ljosalfaheim, the world of the light elves; Mannaheim, a name for Midgard, the world of man; and below the earth plain, Svartalfaheim, the land of the dark elves, and Helheim, the abode of Hel. Below all lies Niflheim, the dwelling of the serpent Nidhogr, who gnaws the world-tree Yggdrasil, Jötunheim lying beyond the ocean-stream which surrounds Midgard.

[3] Bunsen, *God in History*, ii. 487.

[4] *Ibid.*

[5] For the several changes through which the names Freyr and Freya have passed, see Grimm, *D. M.* 276, &c.

[6] Bunsen, *God in History*, ii. 491.

of Baldur. The life or the reign of the Æsir themselves will come to an end, but a new earth rising from this second chaos will resemble that of the golden age in the Hesiodic tradition. Of this Teutonic theogony we may say without the least misgiving that it exhibits no sign of any Christian influence. It would be almost as reasonable to trace such an influence in the Hesiodic poems, where, if we could get over the insurmountable difficulties of chronology, such an attempt might be made with far greater plausibility. Nor can we charge Bunsen with speaking too strongly, when he says that we must be brought to this negative conclusion, unless "we are to set above facts a preconceived opinion, taken up at random on the slightest grounds, or indolently to decline scrutiny of those facts, or profound reflexions on what they indicate."[1]

The name Wuotan.

The idea which the Aryans of India sought to express under the names Brahman and Atman, the Aryans of Europe strove to signify by the name Wuotan. That idea centred in the conception of Will as a power which brought all things into being and preserves them in it, of a will which followed man wherever he could go and from which there was no escape, which was present alike in the heavens above and in the depths beneath, an energy incessantly operating and making itself felt in the multiplication as well as in the sustaining of life. Obviously there was no one thing in the physical world which more vividly answered to such a conception than the wind, as the breath of the great Ether, the moving power which purifies the air. Thus the Hindu Brahman denoted originally the active and propulsive force in creation, and this conception was still more strictly set forth under the name Atman, the breath or spirit which becomes the atmosphere of the Greeks and the athem of the Germans. Atman is thus the breathing, in other words, the self-existent being,—the actual self of the universe; and the meaning thus assigned to the word was so impressed upon the minds of the Aryans of India that no mythology ever grew up round it. In Professor Müller's words "the idea of the Atman or self, like a pure crystal, was too transparent for poetry, and therefore was handed down to philosophy, which afterwards polished, and turned, and watched it as the medium through which all is seen and in which all is reflected and known."[2] The conception of the Teutonic Wuotan was at first not less exalted. Like Brahman and Atman, it is the moving strength and power of creation, and the word in Grimm's belief carries us to the Latin vad-ere, to go or move, the Bavarian wueteln, to stir or grow. Thus Grimm remarks that of Wuotan it may be said as Lucan says of Jupiter—

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[1] *God in History*, ii. 409.
[2] *Chips, &c.*, i. 71.

> Est quodcunque vides, quocunque moveris,

the pure spiritual deity. The word itself is therefore a participle of the old verb *watan*, whose cognate forms vata, ôd, account for the dialectical variations which converted it into the Saxon Wuodan, Wodan, Woden, Odin, the Frisian Wêda, the Norse Oðinn. But the ideas thus expressed by the name were necessarily lost when the Christian missionaries taught the people to look on Wuotan or Odin as the archfiend ruling over troops of malignant demons; nor is it improbable that the process may have begun at an earlier period. The name is connected closely with the German *wuth*, in which the notion of energy has been exaggerated into that of impulse uncontrolled by will. Such a limitation of meaning was quite in harmony with the tendency of all the German tribes to identify energy with vehement strife, and thus Wuotan became essentially the armed deity, the god of war and of battles, the father of victory.[1] As such, he looks down on the earth from his heavenly home through a window, sitting on his throne with Freya by his side, as Hêrê sits by Zeus in Olympos. In the strange story which is to account for the change which converted the Winili into the Lombards, this attribute of Wuotan is connected with the rising of the sun, the great eye of day. As the giver of victory, the greatest of all blessings in Teutonic eyes, he was necessarily the giver of all other good things, like the Hermes of the Greeks with whose name his own is identical in meaning.[2] As such, he is Osci, Oski, the power of Wish or Will, so often exhibited in the mythology of northern Europe, the Wunsch to whom the poets of the thirteenth century[3] assign hands, eyes, knowledge, blood, with all the appetites and passions of humanity. This power of Wuotan is seen in the oska-stein, or wishing stone,[4] which the Irish localise in Blarney and which Grimm connects with the wishing-rod or staff of Hermes,[1] in the Oskmeyjar or Wish-maidens or Valkyries who guide to Valhalla all heroes slain in battle, and who are the wish or choice children of Wuotan, and more especially in the Oska-byrr, or Wish-wind, in which we recognise both in name and in the thing the ἴκμενος οὖρος of our Iliad.[2] It is this power doubtless which is denoted by the Sanskrit Kama, as the force which first brought the visible Kosmos into being,[3] and by the Eros of the Hesiodic theogony.

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[1] Sigfadr, Siegfater, Grimm, *ib.* 122. Hence the phrases, Zu Oðinn fahren, Oðinnsheim suchen, denoted simply death. With the conversion to Christianity these expressions which spoke of men as going home to Odin became maledictions, consigning them to perdition.

[2] This attribute of Wuotan, which Grimm discovers in the titles Gibicho, Kipicho, makes him δώτωρ ἐάων, *i.e.* Hermes, whose name denotes simply the motion of the air.

[3] For a long series of passages in which Wunsch is clearly both a power and a person, see Grimm, *D.M.* 126–8.

[4] The instruments of Wish generally run in triplets, as in the story of King Putraka (pp. 89, 93). In that of Cinderella, they are three nuts, containing each a splendid robe. In the story of The Pink, Wish assumes the Protean power of transformation; in that of Brother Lustig, it is a bag in which the possessor may see anything that he wishes to shut up in it, and by means of which he contrives, like the Master Smith, to find his way into heaven. In the tale of the Poor Man and the Rich Man, the three wishes which bring happiness here and hereafter to the former, bring only "vexation, troubling,

The one-eyed Wuotan or Odin.

The single eye of Odin points beyond all doubt to the sun, the one eye which all day long looks down from heaven upon the earth. But when he was figured as an old man with a broad hood and a wide-flowing robe, the myth necessarily sprung up that he had lost an eye, a story which answers precisely to the myth of Indra Savitar, while it also throws further light, if any such were needed, on that of the Kyklôpes.[4] But as the sun is his eye, so his mantle is the vapour which like the cloud-gathering Zeus Odin wraps around himself, and thus becomes Hakolberend, the wearer of the veil, or Harbard, the bearded god. In his hand he bears the marvellous spear Gungnir, in which we see the lance of Phoibos or Artemis.

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scolding, and the loss of a horse" upon the latter. In the story of the Faithful Beasts, it is a wonderful stone (the orb of the sun) which a fat old frog (the Frog Prince or Fish Sun) brings up from the waters. In the tale of the Donkey Cabbages it is a wishing-cloak, and thus we are brought back to Solomon's carpet, which in the story of the Knapsack, the Hat, and the Horn, "appears as a cloth, capable, like the Sangreal, of providing unlimited supplies of food and drink, and as a beautiful carpet in the story of the Three Feathers. In that of the Drummer, it is a ring in the hand of the Dawn Maiden, who becomes his bride. The three possessions of King Putraka are the three wishes which assume many forms in folk-lore." Compare the story of the Best Wish with the wishes of the Master Smith in the *Norse Tales*. Dasent.

[1] Grimm, *D. M.* 131.

[2] There is really nothing to support the explanation which refers *ἴκμενος* to *ἱκνέομαι*. The word stands to Oski, or wish, precisely in the relation of *ἔχω* to *ἴσχω*, or *ἐχυρὸς* to *ἰσχυρός*.

[3] A translation of the very remarkable hymn in which this word occurs is given in Professor Max Müller's *History of Sanskrit Literature*, p. 561. The first sentence shows the train of thought in the mind of the poet:

> "Darkness there was: and all at first was veiled
> In gloom profound, an ocean without light:
> The germ that still lay covered in the husk
> Burst forth, one nature from the fervent heart;
> Then first came love upon it."

On this passage Professor H. H. Wilson remarks, "The term 'love' here appears to us to convey a notion too transcendental to have had a place in the conception of the original author. The word is *Kama*, which scarcely indicates love in the sense in which it may here be understood, although not absolutely indefensible: but *Kama* means desire, wish, and it expresses here the wish, synonymous with the will, of the sole-existing Being to create."—*Edinburgh Review*, Oct. 1860, p. 384.

[4] Thus in Saxo he is "grandævus altero orbus oculo," and again "Armipotens uno semper contentus ocello." The reason assigned by the myth is that he was obliged to leave one eye in pledge when he wished to drink at the well of Mimir.

By his side are the two wolves Gari and Freki, with whom he hunts down his victims, wolves like the Myrmidons whom Achilleus lets loose upon the Trojans, wolves like those from which Phoibos was supposed to derive his name Lykeios. On his shoulders sit the two ravens, Huginn and Muninn, who whisper into his ears all that they see or hear, as the serpents by their mysterious whisperings impart more than human wisdom to the infant Iamos.[1] They are the ravens who bring to Apollôn the tidings of the faithlessness of Korônis, as in the shape of a raven Aristeas tells the Metapontines that he followed Phoibos when he came to their country.[2]

Odin the raingiver.

As the bearded god, Odin becomes the giver of the rain, the Zeus Ombrios of the Greeks, the Jupiter Pluvius or flowing Jupiter of the Latins, as well as their Neptunus or cloud-deity. As such, he is Hnikar, the Anglo-Saxon Nicor or water-god, whose offspring are the Nixies or water-sprites, as the Hellenic Naiads are the children of Zeus.[3] In this character he is the Biblindi, or drinker (the Latin bib-ere) of the Eddas. Like Phoibos again, or Asklêpios, he is the healer, who alone can restore strength and vigour to the maimed horses of Baldur; and as the Muses are the daughters of Zeus, so is Saga the daughter of Wuotan, the source of all poetry, the inspirer of all bards. In his hunts he rides the eight-footed horse Sleipnir, the white steed which bears him also through the thick of battle, like the rudderless and oarless ships which carry the Phaiakians across the blue seas of heaven.

Odin the Allfather.

Wuotan, the Allfather[4] and the Psychompompos, who takes all souls to himself when their earthly journey is done, has become for the nations of northern Europe a mere name; but the mark of his name he has impressed on many places. If our Wednesdays remind us of him, he has also left his relics in Onslew,[5] in the island Odinse, in Odinfors, Odenskälla and Wednesbury.

Tyr and Odin.

The close connexion of the name Tyr with the several forms developed from the root dyu, to shine, would of itself lead us to expect that the word would remain practically a mere appellative for gods whose names might again betray a relation to the same root.

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[1] Grimm, *D. M.* 134, traces the names to *hugr*, thought, and *munr*, mind, as in Minerva, &c.

[2] Herod. iv. 15.

[3] So Poseidon becomes St. Nicholas. All these names come from the same root with the Sanskrit sna, the Greek νήχω, the Latin nare, to float or swim. With them we must link the common term "Old Nick," as a name for the devil.

[4] Professor Max Müller seems inclined to trace Christian influence in the description of Odin Allfadir as given, for instance, in the dialogue called Gylfi's Mocking.

[5] Othanslef, Othini reliquiæ. Grimm, *D. M.* 144, adds many other instances.

Accordingly we meet with Sigtyr, the victorious god, as a name for Wuotan, and Reidartyr or Reidityr, the riding or driving Tyr, as a name for Thor. Nor can it be said that any real mythology has gathered round this word, for the Stauros which is specially connected with his name belongs rather to the region of symbolism than of mythology, although the conjunction of this emblem with the circle (the kestos of Aphroditê and the necklace of Harmonia and Eriphylê) is in itself a subject of some interest. Hence we should further be led to expect that the special emblem under which Tyr would be worshipped would be the sword: and to this fact Grimm traces the names, not only of the Saxons, but of the Cherusci as pointing to the old Cheru, Heru—a sword.

SECTION VII.—THUNDER, DONAR, THOR.

The name Donar.

Englishmen may not unnaturally be tempted to think that our word Thunder is the older and more genuine form of the name given to the god who wields the lightnings, and that this name was chosen to express the loud crash which echoes across the heaven. Yet the word in its first meaning has no reference to noise and din. The root denotes simply extension as applied whether to sound or to any other objects, and from it we have the Greek and Latin words *τείνω* and *tendo*, to stretch, *τόνος*, tone, *i.e.* the stretching and vibration of chords, *tonitru*, thunder, as well as *tener* and *tenuis*, the Sanskrit *tanu*, answering to our *tender* and *thin*. Hence the dental letter which has led to the popular misconception of the word is found to be no essential part of it; and the same process which presents the English *tender* and the French *tendre* as an equivalent for the Latin *tener*, has with us substituted *thunder* for the Latin *tonitru*.[1] Thus the several forms Donar, Thunor, and perhaps Thor are really earlier than the shape which the word has assumed in our English dialect.

Thor the Allfather.

As the lord of the lightning, the thunder, and the rain, Donar is as closely allied, and, indeed, as easily identified with Wuotan, as Vishṇu with Indra, or Indra with Agni. But although most of their characteristics are as interchangeable as those of the Vedic gods generally, each has some features peculiar to himself. Thus, although Thor is sometimes said to move in a chariot like other deities, yet he is never represented as riding like Odin. He is essentially, like

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[1] Professor Müller, having traced the connexion between these words, adds, "The relations betwixt *tender*, *thin*, and *thunder* would be hard to be established, if the original conception of thunder had been its rumbling noise."—*Lectures on Language*, first series, 350.

Vishṇu, the walking or striding god, who moves amidst the lightnings like Hephaistos in his workshop of subterraneous fires. But in his power of penetrating and piercing the heavens or the earth, and in his ceaseless and irresistible energy, he is simply Wuotan in another form, and the conception of the deity has varied but little among the Aryan nations. The name itself is found in the name of the Gallic thunder-god Taranis, preserved to us by Lucan, and more nearly in its other form Tanarus, while the idea is expressed in the Jupiter Tonans of the Latins, and the Zeus Kerauneios of the Greeks. He is, in short, the great lord of heaven in his most awful manifestation, but he is, nevertheless, the maker and the father of mankind. Hence, like Odin, he is the Allfather, a title which Procopius tells us that the Slavonic nations gave only to the creator of the lightnings.[1] The deity thus worshipped was named Perkunas or Pehrkons by the Lithuanian tribes, and by the Slaves Perun, Piorun, and Peraun, a form which Grimm is inclined to connect with the Greek κέραυνος,[2] and more confidently with the Sanskrit Parjanya, a name of Indra as the bringer of the fertilising rain.[3] If, again, Sophokles speaks of Gê or Gaia as the mother of Zeus,[4] so is the earth the parent of Donar; and as Zeus and Wuotan are severally enthroned on Olympos and Wuotansberg, so has Thor or Donar his Donersperch, Thunresberg or Donnersberg, and Donnerskaute, while the oak, the special tree of the Thundering Jupiter of the Latins, is not less sacred to the Teutonic deity. Like Dyaus or Jupiter, Thor is bearded, but his beard is fiery red, like the lightnings which flash across the heaven.[5]

His triple functions.

But his appearance varied with his functions, which were concerned with three things—the lightning flash, the thunderclap, and the thunderbolt. As using the first, he always walks or strides; as producing the thunderpeal, he is borne along in his chariot; as wielding the bolts, he is, like Wuotan, the armed god who hurls his irresistible weapons. These are sometimes called his spears and arrows; but more especially the thunderbolt is his hammer, the mighty club which, when hurled from his hand, comes back to him again after doing its deadly errand. As wielding this weapon, he is Miölnir or Tydeus, the pounder and crusher, the father of the Aloadai and the Molionids;[1] but the word *hamar* meant not only a mallet, but a rock, and thus carries us to the weapons employed by the giants and the Titans.[2] When this hammer is stolen, Loki, in the Lay of Thrym, asks Freyja if she will lend him her feather-garment, that he may go and find it. With this dress Loki, as the god of light, flies to the abode of Thrym the giant, who has hidden the weapon in the depths of the earth, and will not give it up unless, like Hades, he has the maiden as his wife. When Loki returns to Asgard with this message, Freyja refuses to go.

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[1] Grimm, *D. M.* 156.

[2] By a change analogous to that which makes the Latin sequor and equus answer to the Greek ἕπομαι and ἵππος.

[3] The connexion of the Slavonic Perkunas, the thunder-god, with the Greek φόρκυς, φόρκυνος, seems scarcely less obvious, and the Hellenic deity has as much to do with water as the Vedic Parjanya. The name of the god Pikollos, who is associated with Perkunas, has assumed a strange form in English folk-lore. In the Platt-Deutsch of Prussia it appears as Pâkkels = Puckle and Pickle: and thus he appears as a demon in the phrase "pretty Pickle." Russians still say, when the thunder rolls, *Perkunagromena.*—Ralston, *Songs of the Russian People*, 86, &c.; *Russian Folk Tales*, 337.

[4] *Philokt.* 389.

[5] "Rothbärtig, was auf die feurige Lufterscheinung des Blitzes bezogen werden muss."—Grimm, *D. M.* 161.

Then said Heimdall
Of Æsir brightest,
He well foresaw,
Like other Vanir,
"Let us clothe Thor
With bridal raiment,
Let him have the famed
Brisinga necklace.

"Let by his side
Keys jingle,
And woman's weeds
Fall down his knees;
But on his heart
Place precious stones,
And a neat coif
Set on his head."

He is now Dionysos, Achilleus, or Theseus in their womanly forms; and like Theseus, he speedily avenges himself on those who take liberties with him. Having come to Jötunheim, he astonishes Thrym by devouring an ox and eight salmon, but the serving-maid lulls his fears.

Then said Thrym,
The Thursar's lord,
"Bring the hammer in,
The Bride to consecrate:
Lay Miölnir
On the maiden's knee,
Unite us with each other
By the hand of Vör."

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[1] This club is found in the hands of the Slavonic Perun, or Perkunas. "White-Russian traditions, says Afanasiaf, describe Perun as tall and well-shaped, with black hair and a long golden beard. He rides on a flaming car, grasping in his left hand a quiver full of arrows, and in his right a fiery bow. Sometimes he flies abroad on a great millstone, which is supported by the mountain-spirits, who are in subjection to him, and who by their flight give rise to storms. Perun, in many respects, corresponds with Thor, and one of the points of similarity is the mace which he bears, answering to Thor's hammer, Mjölnir, the name of which may be compared with the Russian words for hammer and for lightning, *molst* and *molniye*."—Ralston, *Songs of the Russian People*, 73.

[2] This hammer is said to have been stolen by a giant who hid it eight miles beneath the surface of the earth. In as many years it ascended into heaven again, accomplishing one mile in each year; and thus it was restored to Thor by Thrym, which however is only another name for thunder, and answers to Thrumketill, the proper name, as Thorketyll, Thurketil, answers to Thor. It is scarcely necessary to say that the thunder god has given his name to a vast number of places, the forms Donnersberg, Thorrsberg, and Torslunde representing the three varieties under which they may be classed. Our Thursday is an abbreviation of Thunresdäg; but we have to remember the identity of Thunor, Donar, and Thor. A long list of such names is given by Grimm, *D. M.* 169.

Laughed Hlôrridi's
Soul in her breast,
When the fiercehearted
His hammer recognised.
He first slew Thrym
The Thursar's lord,
And the Jötuns ran
All crushed,
And so got Odin's son
His hammer back.[1]

SECTION VIII.—FRO.

Relations of Fro to Freya.

In the oldest Teutonic mythology we find a god Fro or Friuja,[2] which is worshipped as the lord of all created things. If we may judge from the name, the conception of this deity was probably far above the ideas formed of any of the Vedic or Olympian gods. If the word is connected with the modern German froh, it expresses an idea which is the very opposite of the Hebrew tendency to worship mere strength and power. For Fro is no harsh taskmaster, but the merciful and eternal God. He is, in short, the beneficence and long-suffering of nature. Fro is thus the power which imparts to human life all its strength and sweetness, and which consecrates all righteous efforts and sanctions all righteous motives. Nor can we doubt that Freya stands to Fro in precisely the relation of Liber and Libera in the cultus of Ceres, the connexion between these deities being precisely that of Fro and Freya with the goddess whom Tacitus call Nerthus, the Teutonic Niördr. In this aspect Freya is the bringer of rain and sunshine for the fruits of the earth, while the worship of Fro runs parallel with that of Priapos. To this deity belongs the wonderful ship Skidbladnir, which can be folded up like a cloth,—in fact, a vessel much like the magic barks of the Phaiakians. But though this ship could carry all the Æsir, yet these beings do not belong to their exalted race. They are Vanir, whose abode is in Vanaheim, as the Alfar or Elves live in Alfheim or Elfland and the Jotnar in Jötunheim.

SECTION IX.—HEIMDALL, BRAGI, AND OEGIR.

The Lord of Himinbiorg.

The Hellenic Iris is represented by Heimdall in the mythology of northern Europe. This deity, who like Baldur is a white or light-giving god, is the guardian of the bridge[3] which joins heaven and earth (bif-rost, the waving resting-place),[1] and his abode is in Himinbiorg, the hill of heaven, the Latin Mons Cœlius, the first syllable of his name being, like himin, only another form of himmel. In other respects he resembles Argos Panoptes. Like him, he needs less sleep than a bird; by night as by day he can see a hundred miles, and so keen are his senses that he can hear the corn growing on the earth and the wool lengthening on the sheep's back.[2] As the watcher and warder of the gods, he carries a horn, the point of which sticks in Niflheim at the root of Yggdrasil; and it was easy to add that he rode a horse with a golden mane and that his own teeth were of gold. He speaks of himself as the son of nine mothers, a phrase which in Bunsen's opinion has nothing to do with the watches of the night, and must be referred to the nine mythological worlds of the Völuspa Saga, of which Niflheim is the ninth and the lowest; and thus the myth would mean that "the sun-light is the common divine child of all these worlds."[3]

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[1] *Lay of Thrym*, 16, 17, 31, 32. Thorpe's Translation of *Sæmund's Edda*.

[2] Grimm, *Teutonic Mythology*, Stallybrass, i. 300. The Slavonic counterpart of Freya is Lada, the goddess of the spring and of love, Lado answering to Fro.—Ralston, *Songs of the Russian People*, 105.

[3] In the Teutonic mythology no moral significance seems to be attached to this bridge. In the Zoroastrian system it becomes the Bridge of the Judge, which the righteous only can cross by the aid of a beautiful maiden, in whom is embodied the holiness after which they had been striving in life, and who in answer to their question

Bragi, the lord of day.

Another god of the gleaming heaven is Bragi, the brilliant, while, like Donar or Baldur, he is a son of Odin. As the god of poetry and eloquence, he is the guardian and patron of bards and orators, and his name, like that of Vach or Saga, passes from the signification of light to that of fluent and honied speech. Thus *bragr Karla* was simply an eloquent man, and a further step degraded the name of *âsa bragr*, the chief among the gods, and left it as an epithet of vain boasters.

Oegir, the sea-god.

The name of the god Oegir, with whom Bragi is sometimes associated in the Edda, has shared a similar fate. Used first as a name for the sea, it has come to denote the Ogres with which nurses frighten children. If, as Grimm supposes, the word belongs to the same root with the Gothic agas and ôg, the Anglo-Saxon ege, egesa, Old High German akî, ekî, fear, dread, horror, the later meaning is quite in accordance with its original form. But however this may be, the word Oegir as a name for the sea carries us to the Greek stream

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asking who she is, says, "I am thy good thoughts, good words, good deeds."—Brown, *Religion of Zoroaster*, § 13.

[1] *Bebende Ristätte*, Bunsen, *God in History*, ii. 412. In Slavonic mythology this bridge seems to stand at the end of the Milky Way, where four monks guard the sacred road and cut to pieces all who attempt to traverse it.—Ralston, *Songs of the Russian People*, 109.

[2] These qualities reappear in the story of the Six Servants, Grimm. Of these, one has to keep a bandage over his eyes, for his sight is so keen that whatever he looks at splits in two; another can see all round the world; and a third can hear everything, even to the growing of the grass. These ministers of the solar hero are again seen in Grimm's story, How Six travelled through the World, and in the Gaelic tale of The King of Lochlin's Three Daughters.—Campbell, *Tales of the West Highlands*, i. 238, 250.

[3] *God in History*, ii. 412, 490.

which surrounds the earth. The phrase Sôl gengr í oeginn simply spoke of the sun going down into the sea, as Helios sinks into the ocean. The other forms Ogen, Ogyges, approach still more closely to the Teutonic Oegir. We find the idea of fear as attached to the name more fully developed when we come to the Oegishialm, or helmet of dread, which the dragon Fafnir wears as he lies on the golden treasures, to strike terror into those who may dare to gaze on him, and again in the Eckesax or Uokesahs, the fearful sword tempered by the dwarfs in the Vilkina Saga,[1] weapons which, although there may perhaps be no affinity between the names, must remind us of the Aigis of Athênê and the helmet of Hades. Oegir's wife Ran is the mother of nine children, who become the eponymoi of fountains and streams.

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[1] In the Dietrich story it is the sword with which the hero slays the gigantic Ecke.

CHAPTER II.

THE LIGHT.

SECTION I.—SÛRYA AND SAVITRI.

Sûrya, the pervading irresistible luminary.

NEITHER Dyaus nor Varuṇa, Indra nor Agni, occupies that precise place which is filled by Helios in Greek mythology as the dweller in the globe of the sun, or by Nereus as the actual inhabitant of the sea. This place in the Veda is reserved for Sûrya[1] or Savitri, the former name being etymologically identical with that of Helios or Hêrê. Like Helios and Heimdall, Sûrya sees all things and hears all things, noting the good and evil deeds of men. Like Indra and Agni, he is sometimes independent, sometimes the servant of others; but he is never, like Dyaus, without a parent. His light is his own, and yet it has been given to him by Indra or by Soma, who is often spoken of as his father. He is the husband of the Dawn, but the Dawn is also his mother, as Iokastê is both mother and wife of Oidipous. In all such phrases it was impossible to lose sight of his real character. He is the most active of all the active gods, he is the third in the earlier trimùrtti in which he is associated with Agni and Vayu, he has measured the worlds with their undecaying supports, he is the divine leader of all the gods; but as such, he is still "the pervading irresistible luminary."[2] His chariot is drawn by seven mares, and he "comes with them self-harnessed." Like Ixîon, Tantalos, and Sisyphos, he is the "lord of all treasures."[3] He is the eye of Mitra, Varuṇa, and Agni.[4] Sometimes again he is "without steeds, without stay; borne swift-moving and loud-sounding, he travels ascending higher and higher,[1] and when his daily course is run, he sinks, like Endymiôn or Kephalos, into the waters.

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[1] The name remains in the Russian Swarog, of whom Mr. Ralston speaks as having been originally the supreme deity of the Slavonic tribes, and as having been displaced by Perun, as amongst the Greeks Zeus displaced Ouranos.—*Songs of the Russian People*, 85.

[2] Muir, *Sanskrit Texts*, part iv. p. 96. *R. V.* viii. 90, 12.

[3] R. H. Wilson, *R. V.* i. 189.

[4] *Ib.* i. 304.

"I have beheld the permanent orb of the sun, your dwelling-place, concealed by water where (the hymns of the pious) liberate his steeds."[2]

The one-handed Savitar.

Savitar, the inspirer, from the root *su*, to drive or stimulate, is especially the glistening or golden god. He is golden-eyed, golden-tongued, and golden-handed; and in the later Brahmanic mythology such epithets might furnish a groundwork for strange and uncouth fancies. Thus the story (which probably started as the myth of Midas and ended with the ass which poured out gold from its mouth on hearing the word Bricklebrit) went that once when Savitar cut off his hand at a sacrifice, the priests gave him instead a hand of gold; and in the same spirit the commentators interpreted the epithet as denoting not the splendour of the sun but the gold which he carried in his hand to lavish on his worshippers.[3] The Teutonic god Tyr is also said to have lost one hand; but the German story ran that Tyr placed his hand as a pledge in the mouth of the wolf and that the wolf bit it off.[4] In the latter tale we have an instance of that confusion of homonyms which converted Lykâôn into a wolf, Kallistô into a bear, and the Seven Arkshas into seven sages.

The power of Savitar.

The power and strength of Savitar are naturally represented as irresistible. Not even Indra, or Varuṇa, or any other being can resist his will; and the verse which is regarded as the holiest in the Veda is addressed to Savitar.[5] He is a Tithônos who waxes not old.

"Shining forth, he rises from the lap of the Dawn, praised by singers; he, my god Savitar, stepped forth, who never misses the same place.

"He steps forth, the splendour of the sky, the wide-seeing, the far-shining, the shining wanderer; surely, enlivened by the sun, do men go to their tasks and do their work."[6]

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[1] H. H. Wilson, *R. V.* ii. 91.

[2] Cf. Eurip. *Alk.* 591, ἀμφὶ ἀελίου κνεφαίαν ἱππόστασιν.

[3] Professor Max Müller, speaking of this myth, compares it with the German proverb, "Morgenstunde hat Gold im Munde," as enforcing the same moral with the prosaic English adage which promises health, wealth, and wisdom to those who go to sleep early and rise early. *Lectures*, second series, 378. There was another version of the myth of Savitar, which made him lose both his hands. H. H. Wilson, *R. V.* i. 51.

[4] Compare the story of Nuad of the Silver Hand (Fergusson, *Irish before the Conquest*) and Grimm's tale of the Handless Maiden, for whom the king, when he takes her as his wife, orders silver hands to be made. Gubernatis, *Zoological Mythology*, ii. 31. But she is taken from him, like Urvasî from Purûravas, and when, after grievous sufferings, she is restored to him, her hands have grown again as beautiful as ever.

[5] Muir, *Principal Deities of R. V.*, p. 567.

[6] *R. V.* vii. 63.

"May the golden-eyed Savitri come hither.

"May the golden-handed, life-bestowing well-guarding, exhilarating and affluent Savitri be present at the sacrifice."

These phrases, which seem to have no reference to the later myth, carry us to the myth of the one-eyed Odin, who, like Savitar, is also Wegtam, or the wanderer, the broad heaven looking down on the earth with its one gleaming eye, the sun.[1] Like Indra, Varuṇa, and Vishṇu, he is Skambha, the supporter.

"Savitri has established the earth by supports; Savitri has fixed the sky in unsupported space;[2] he has milked the atmosphere, restless (or noisy) as a horse; Savitri, the son of the waters, knows the place where the ocean, supported, issued forth."[3]

SECTION II.—SOMA.

The physical and spiritual Soma.

The ninth book of the Rig Veda consists wholly of hymns written in praise of Soma, who is lauded as the source of life and vigour, of mental power and bodily strength both to gods and men, the generator or parent of Agni, Sûrya, Indra, and Vishṇu. Of the phrases employed in describing the nature and functions of Soma, many relate exclusively to the juice of the Soma plant, and to the process by which that juice is converted into an intoxicating drink. These phrases are often curiously blended with expressions which speak of a god exalted higher even than Varuṇa or Indra, while others show clearly that, like almost all other names of Hindu mythology, Soma was a word which might be applied alike to the gladdening power of wine and to the life-giving force from which the sky and sun derive their strength and brilliancy. In the latter sense, Soma imparts to Indra the power which enables him to overcome Vritra, and, like

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[1] H. H. Wilson, *R. V. Sanhita*, i. 99.

[2] Dr. Muir points out the inconsistency of this phrase with the later mythology, which spoke of the earth as resting on the head of the serpent S'esha, or on other supports, and remarks that the Siddhantas, or scientific astronomical works of India, maintain that the earth is unsupported. In these it is said plainly that, "if the earth were supported by any material substance or living creature, then that would require a second supporter, and for that second a third would be required. Here we have the absurdity of an interminable series. If the last of the series be supposed to remain from its own inherent power, then why may not the same power be supposed to exist in the first—that is, in the earth?" Dr. Muir adds that Aryya Bhatta, one of the most ancient of Indian scientific astronomers, even maintained that the alternation of day and night is produced by the rotation of the earth on its own axis. *Sanskrit Texts*, part iv. p. 97. It is remarkable that the Copernican system should thus have been anticipated in the East, as by Aristarchos of Samos in the West, without making any impression on the thought of the age.

[3] *R. V.* x. 149, 1; Muir, *Sanskrit Texts*, part iv. p. 97.

Indra, is the conqueror of demons and the destroyer of cities. All things are in his hand, for Soma rules over gods and men, and, like the other deities known as Skambha, supports the heaven and earth in his hands. In short, there are no powers attributed to Varuṇa, Indra, or Vishṇu, which are not, if it be possible, exceeded by those which are inherent in Soma. The sun, again, is said to have the nature of Agni, the moon of Soma, for the simple reason that the moon is the queen of night, which is especially the time of moisture. Yet Soma is also the drink of the gods, the Olympian nectar, the beverage which gives immortality. Soma is Indu, the sap which flows from Indra—the stream which is purity itself, and the cleanser of all defilement. In the symbolical interpretations of later times Soma is a mere name, which may denote physical, moral, or spiritual life, a name strictly of the one everlasting God.

"Soma purifies, [he who is] the generator of hymns, the generator of the sky, the generator of the earth, the generator of Agni, the generator of Sûrya, the generator of Indra, and the generator of Vishṇu."[1]

Soma is the Beatific Vision to which the pilgrims of this earth aspire.

"Where there is eternal light, in the world where the sun is placed, in that immortal imperishable world place me, O Soma. . . .

"Where life is free, in the third heaven of heavens, where the worlds are radiant, there make me immortal. . . .

"Where there is happiness and delight, where joy and pleasure reside, where the desires of our desire are attained, there make me immortal."[2]

In some hymns of the Rig Veda, all creatures are said to spring from the divine seed of Soma. All things are under his control, and he is, like Varuṇa and other deities, the divine sustainer (Skambha) of the world. He is an omniscient ocean, and his are the stars and the sun. He too, like Indra, is the slayer of Vritra.

"This divine Soma, with Indra for its ally, crushed, as soon as generated, Paṇi by force: thou, Soma, didst baffle the devices and weapons of the malignant secreter of the (stolen) wealth (the cattle)."[1]

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[1] The explanation of this verse given in the Nirukta-parisishta shows that the commentator was perfectly aware of the real nature of the myth. "Soma," he says, "is the generator of hymns (or thought), *i.e.* of those solar rays whose function it is to reveal; of the sky, *i.e.* of those solar rays whose function it is to shine; of the earth, *i.e.* of those solar rays whose function it is to spread; of Agni, *i.e.* of those solar rays whose function it is to move; of Sûrya, *i.e.* of those solar rays whose function it is to appropriate; of Indra, *i.e.* of those solar rays whose function is sovereignty; of Vishṇu, *i.e.* of those solar rays whose function is diffusion."—Muir, *Sanskrit Texts*, part iv. p. 81. In these comments all the deities disappear together, leaving Soma as the representative of the one great Cause of all things.

[2] *R. V.* ix. 113, 7; Max Müller, *Chips*, i. 47.

But at once the poet recurs to metaphors suggested by the process of preparing the Soma juice.

"In the filter, which is the support of the world, thou, pure Soma, art purified for the gods. The Usijas first gathered thee. In thee all these worlds are contained."[2]

"The Soma flowed into the vessel for Indra, for Vishṇu; may it be honied for Vayu."[3]

"Pouring forth streams, the Soma hastens to Indra, Vayu, Varuṇa, the Maruts, and to Vishṇu."[4]

"Indu, do thou flow sweet to Indra, to Vishṇu. Preserve from sin the men who praise thee."[5]

"Soma, Indu, purified, thou exhilaratest Varuṇa, thou exhilaratest Mitra, thou exhilaratest Indra, thou exhilaratest Vishṇu, thou exhilaratest the troop of the Maruts, thou exhilaratest the gods and the great Indra that they may be merry."[6]

When in the later mythology, Mahâdeva had thrown the older deities into the shade, Vishṇu, Soma, and Agni became different parts of his bow and arrow; "for all the world," we are told, "is formed of Agni and Soma, and is said to be composed of Vishṇu, and Vishṇu is the soul of Mahâdeva of boundless power."[7] So with Uma, as divine knowledge, Soma, as the supreme spirit, falls into the ranks of correlative deities."[8]

Powers of Soma.

With the change which came over later Hindu thought the popularity of Soma passed away; but the hymns of the Rig Veda suffice to show how great a charm the Soma drink had possessed for the people. It was to them life in health, strength in weakness, medicine in sickness, the restoration of youth in old age; and the vigour which it imparted to human beings was imparted with unstinting lavishness to the gods. The exultation of Indra is the exultation of Polyphemôs when he has drunk the wine given to him by Odysseus.

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[1] H. H. Wilson, *R. V. S.* iii. 461.

[2] *R. V.* ix. 86; Muir, *Sanskrit Texts*, part iv. p. 99.

[3] *R. V.* ix. 63, 3; Muir, *Sanskrit Texts*, part iv. p. 80.

[4] *R. V.* ix. 65, 20; Muir, *Sanskrit Texts*, part iv. p. 80.

[5] *R. V.* ix. 56, 4; Muir, *Sanskrit Texts*, part iv. p. 80.

[6] *R. V.* ix. 90, 5; Muir, *Sanskrit Texts*, part iv. p. 80.

[7] Muir, *Sanskrit Texts*, part iv. p. 189. Uma is also the wife of Mahâdeva, *ib.* 227. For further details respecting Uma, see Muir, *ib.* p. 357, *et seq.* Of genuine mythology the story of Uma, if it can be called a story, exhibits very little. It has been drawn out to suit an idea, but the idea has not been suggested by the myth. "Uma is divine knowledge; thou who existest with her, O Soma, supreme spirit, &c." Hence her attributes are plastic enough, and thus she becomes identified with Ambika, the sister of Rudra, a being not much more clearly defined than Uma herself.

[8] Max Müller, *Lectures on Language*, second series, 486.

SECTION III.—CORRELATIVE DEITIES.

Complementary deities.

A very slight acquaintance with the language of the Vedic hymns will suffice to show that the idea of any one deity rarely failed to suggest to the mind of the worshipper the idea of another god, whose attributes answered to, or were contrasted with, his own. The thought of Dyaus, the sky, was bound up with that of Prithivî, the earth, who was his bride; and their very names, blended into one word Dyava-prithivî, denoted their inseparable union. The idea of Varuṇa, the veiling heaven, brought up that of Mitra, the light-illumined sky.

The dualism of Nature.

The connexion was forced upon them by the phenomena of the outward world. We cannot sever in our minds the thought of day from that of night, of morning from evening, of light from darkness; and "this palpable dualism of nature"[1] has left its most marked impression on the mythology of the Veda. The dawn and the gloaming, the summer and the winter may, it is obvious, be described as twins or as sisters, standing side by side or dwelling in the same house. Thus, not only are Dyava-prithivî, heaven and earth, described as twins, but Indra and Agni are spoken of in the dual as the two Indras, Indragni, not only ushasanakta, the dawn and the night, but ushasau, the two dawns,[2] and the two Varuṇas. Like Indragni again, the twin Asvins, or horsemen, are called Vritrahana, destroyers of Vritra.[3]

Functions of the Asvins.

These Asvins have been made the subject of a perhaps unnecessarily lengthened controversy. Their features are not very definite, but in the oldest hymns they are worshipped with a peculiar reverence, as able not merely to heal sicknesses but to restore the aged to youth. Their relations to each other and to their worshippers are placed in a clearer light by a reference to Greek mythical phraseology. Speaking of these beings, the commentator Yaska says that their sphere is the heaven, and remarks that some regard them as heaven and earth, as day and night, or as sun and moon, while they who anticipated the method of Euêmeros affirmed that they were two deified kings. But when he adds that their time is after midnight, whilst the break of day is yet delayed, all room for doubt seems taken away.[1] The two Ahans, or Dawns, Day and Night, are born, it is said, when the Asvins yoke their horses to their car. The twins are born "when the Night leaves her sister, the Dawn, when the dark one gives way to the bright." After them comes Ushas, the Greek Eôs, who is followed first by Sûryâ, a feminine, or sister of Sûrya, the sun, then by Vrishakapayi, then by Saranyû,[2] and lastly by Savitar. They are *ihehajâte*, born here and there, either as appearing in the East and in the West, or as springing up on the earth and in the air; and this epithet may explain the alternate manifestations of the Dioskouroi, who stand to Helen in the same relation which the Asvins bear to Saramâ or Ushas.

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[1] Max Müller, *Lectures on Language*, second series, 486.

[2] *Ib.* 487, 495.

[3] This dualism seems to reach its acme in the phrase which speaks of Osiris as "the Lion of the double lions." "These two lions, two brothers, the two lion-gods, are two solar phases, as diurnal and nocturnal, Har and Let, Shu and Tafnut; and as there is but one solar orb, so he is 'the Lion of the double lions.'"—Brown, *The Unicorn*, 80.

Parentage of the Asvins.

The Asvins are thus the conquerors of darkness, the lords of light: ever youthful, swift as thought, and possessed, like Indra, Agni, and Phoibos, of a profound wisdom. If the poet needs to give them a father, he must assign them a parent in the clear heaven, or say that they are the children of Prajâpati, Tvashtar, or Savitar, names for the Creator. Their mother must be the East or West, from which they spring, regarded not as a place, but as the being who imparts to them their mysterious life.[3] As ushering in the healthful light of the sun, they are, like Asklêpios and his children, healers and physicians, and their power of restoring the aged to youth reappears in Medeia, the daughter of the Sun. They are adored at morning and evening tide as Rudrau, the terrible lords of wealth, and are thus identified or connected with another deity who became of supreme importance in the later Hindu mythology.[4] Like the Kourêtes and Telchînes, like Proteus, Thetis, and the other fish-gods, they have the power of changing their shape at will.

"The twin pair adopt various forms; one of them shines brightly, the other is black; twin sisters are they, the one black, the other white,"[5]—phrases which bring before us the rivalry not only of the Dioskouroi, but of the Theban Eteokles and Polyneikes, and perhaps the black and white eagles in the Agamemnon of Æschylos.[6] Like Phoibos the healer, and like Asklêpios and his sons Podaleirios and Machâôn, the Asvins are "physicians conversant with all medicaments."[7] In the Norse tale of Dapplegrim we have the Asvins in their original form as horses; for when the lad, who, having won on his wonderful steed the victories of Indra, Heraklês, and Bellerophôn, is told that he must produce its match or die, complains to the horse that the task is not easy, "for your match is not to be found in the wide world," the steed replies that he has a match, although it is hard to get at him, for he abides in Hell.

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[1] Tylor, *Primitive Culture*, i. 314.

[2] Max Müller, *Lectures on Language*, second series, 498.

[3] *Ib.* 492.

[4] Muir, *Sanskrit Texts*, part iv. ch. iii. sect. 1, p. 265.

[5] H. H. Wilson, *R. V. S.* iii. 97.

[6] *Ib.* 103.

[7] *Ib.* 101.

The Twins.

In Indra and in Agni, Mitra and Varuṇa, and in the Asvins we have three sets of twins, Yaman, Gemini, each being spoken of as Yama or Yami, the twin brother or the twin sister. These Yaman are the children of Vivasvat, who is wedded both to the morning and to the evening; and their sister, the night, prays her brother to become her husband. In this Yama we have probably the Hindu god of the dead, whose two dogs with four eyes and wide nostrils go about among men as his messengers. As both are children of Vivasvat, Professor Max Müller thinks it unnecessary to assume that two Vivasvats were each the father of Yama. The twin who represented the evening would naturally become the lord or judge or guide of the departed. As from the East came all life, so in the West lay the land of the dead, the Elysian fields, the region of Sutala; and thither the sun hastens as he sinks down from the heights of heaven. Thus "Yama is said to have crossed the rapid waters, to have shown the way to many, to have first known the path on which our fathers crossed over";[1] and the gulf is not wide which separates the functions of the Psychopompos from those of Hades. Like Varuṇa, Yama has his nooses, and he sends a bird as a token to those who are about to die. But although a darker side is not wanting to his character, Yama remains in the Veda chiefly the god of the blessed in the paradise where he dwells with Varuṇa. This Yama reappears in the Yima of the Avesta, his father Vivasvat being reproduced as Vivanghvat;[2] and in Yima we have an embodiment of the Hesiodic golden age free from heat and cold, from sickness and death, an image of the happy region to which Krishna consigns his conquered enemy. In a grotesque myth of the later Yamen, the death of men in youth as well as in old age is accounted for by a mistake made by the herald of Yamen after the latter had been restored to life by Siva who had put him to death. While Yamen lay dead, mankind multiplied so that the earth could scarcely contain them. Yamen on returning to life sent his herald to summon at once all the old men, for none others had ever been called away before. The herald, getting drunk, proclaimed instead that henceforth all leaves, fruits, and flowers, should fall to the ground, and thus men of all ages began to yield to the power of death.

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[1] Max Müller, *Lectures*, second series, 515; Muir, *Principal Deities of R. V.* 575.

[2] Max Müller, *Lectures*, second series, 522.

Soma and Sûryâ.

The connexion of Soma with Uma has been already noticed. Another couplet of deities is found in Soma and Sûryâ, the daughter of Sûrya the Sun; and here the twin Asvins stand by the side of Soma as the friends of the bridegroom. A later version, which says that, although Savitar had destined his daughter Sûryâ to be the wife of Soma, she was nevertheless won by the Asvins,[1] repeats the story of Pelops and Hippodameia, which represents the maiden as becoming the prize of the hero who can overtake her in a foot race. So again Arjuna, the Argennos of the myth of Agamemnon, stands to Krishna, who is represented as declaring him to be his own half, in that dual relation which links Phaëthôn with Helios, Patroklos with Achilleus, Theseus with Peirithoös, Telemachos with Odysseus, and which is seen again in the stories of Pelias and Neleus, Romulus and Remus, Prometheus and Epimetheus, Hengest and Horsa, and in the Teutonic tales of the Two Brothers and of the Faithful John who guards his prince as carefully as the Luxman of Hindu folk-lore guards Rama. This dualism we find again in the Hellenic Eros and Anteros, and still more plainly in the myth of Hermaphroditos.[2] The tale which describes Arjuna as receiving from Mahâdeva the Pasupata (or sceptre which guides the cows) under a strict charge not to use it rashly as it might destroy the whole world,[3] carries us to the ill-omened gifts which brought destruction to Phaëthôn and Patroklos. In the same way Rama is linked with his brother Laxmana, and one myth which regards Rama as a mortal hero speaks of both as wounded and rendered senseless by a cloud of serpents transformed into arrows.[4]

SECTION IV.—THE DAWN.

The lonely wanderer.

To the poets of all ages and countries the phenomena of morning and evening are full of pathos and sadness. The course of the day itself is but brief, and the career of the bright being who bears it across the heaven may be little more than a series of struggles with the vapours which strive to dim his splendours. All his life long he must toil for the benefit of the mean thing called man, and look on clear streams and luscious fruits without daring to quench his thirst or appease his hunger. He may be armed with invincible weapons; he may be the conqueror of all his enemies: but the doom is upon him; he must die in the flower of his age. Still there is for him a grief yet more bitter than this. Throughout almost the whole of his long journey he must go alone. The beautiful being who cheered him when his heart beat high and his limbs were fresh was parted from him almost as soon as he had found her, and there remains of her grace and loveliness only a consoling memory. He has hard toils before him, and there are grievous perils to be encountered. Still for him, as for the sons of men,

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[1] Muir, *Contributions to a Knowledge of Vedic Theogony*, 3.

[2] This story is after all only a counterpart of the legends of Echo and Selênê, whose part is here played by the nymph of the well, Salmakis. Like Endymiôn and Narkissos, the youth rejects her love, until the nymph lays hands on him as Aphroditê does on Adonis.

[3] Muir, *Sanskrit Texts*, iv. 196, 225.

[4] *Ib.* 384. The modern version of the story has been already given, book i. ch. viii.

> 'Tis better to have loved and lost,
> Than never to have loved at all.

But although he cannot go back to the bright land where he saw his early love, she may yet be restored to him when the hour of his death has come. The sight of that beautiful form, the tender glance of that loving countenance, will be more than a compensation for his long toil and his early death. He will die looking on her face. But in the meanwhile his heart is filled with an irrepressible yearning. He must hasten on until his eye has seen its desire, even though the shadow of death must immediately fall upon him. He may have been early severed from her; but she is his bride, pure and incorruptible, though the mightiest of the land seek to taint her faith and lead her aside into a new love. Her dwelling is his home, and to it he must hasten across the blue seas of heaven, although monsters may seek to scare him and beautiful beings may beseech him to tarry awhile with them in their luxurious chambers.

Developement of the myth.

Under this thin disguise we see at once the story of Odysseus and Penelopê; but this is, after all, one only of almost a thousand forms which the legends of Phoibos and Dionysos, of Perseus and Bellerophontes, may assume. The doom of the Dawn is as woful as that of the Sun who has loved her. The glance of both is fatal. The Sun looks upon the tender dew, and under his rays the sparkling drops vanish away. The evening turns to gaze upon the setting sun, and the being on whom her life depends is snatched from her sight. They can remain together only on the condition that the one shall not see the form and face of the other; and so when, after the rising of the sun, the violet hues of morning faded from the sky, the phrase would run that Indra, or Phoibos, or Orpheus had fixed their eyes on Dahanâ, or Daphnê, or Eurydikê, and their love had passed away from them like the fleeting colours of a dream. But the myth itself might be developed in many ways. The disappearance or death of Daphnê, or Prokris, or Arethousa would mark the moment of the great catastrophe; but the disaster was only the interruption of a union which had been continued during the long hours of the night, and at once we have in this fact the suggestion of disguise. If the being whose glance scorched even the object of his love could keep her near him without doing her hurt, this could only be because he had shrouded his splendour in darkness, or because he had assumed some other form. Either he might hide his limbs behind the skin of a lion, as in Greek stories, or of a fox or a jackal in Hindu folk-lore, or he might himself assume their form. Such an idea would prompt the tale that the beautiful Dawn had been given by her father in marriage to a hideous monster; or that she, the youngest and loveliest of his daughters, had been frightened by her gloomy sisters, the earlier hours of the night, into the belief that she was wedded to a loathsome being. The natural growth of the story would frame the more minute details, that before this terrible union the mother of the Dawn was dead; that the beautiful maiden was sacrificed by a new bride, who took part with her elder sisters; and that, as she sought to verify their words, she discovered the beauty and majesty of her husband only to see it vanish from her sight. Then over the heart of the forsaken Dawn would come that irrepressible yearning which filled the soul of Odysseus. For her life would now have nothing worth living for but the hope that one day she should be reunited to him whom she had lost; and until she should so recover him, she could know no rest or peace. She must follow him through all lands, she must seek him at all costs and at every sacrifice. To the uttermost bounds of the earth, and far beyond the clouds which veil the distant mountains, beyond the mists which brood on the restless sea, she must journey on, buoyed up by the ever undying longing to see his face once more. There are fearful dangers to be encountered and overcome. She is surrounded by awful shapes, who blot out all brightness from the sky; but the powers of light are on her side. The beautiful clouds which sail on the pure ether will bear her up above the murky vapours, and carry her, as on swan's wings, across the mysterious vaults of heaven. Her heart is full of sadness; but the tenderness of her beauty is not lessened, and as she moves on her weary way, helpless creatures feel her kindness, and declare that their gratitude shall not end in words. She may be doomed to scale a mountain of ice, or to remove heaps of enormous stones; but the winds are content to be her ministers, and their warm breath melts the ice, and drives away the massy storm-clouds. Still the malignant influence of one powerful enemy rests upon her, the influence of that witching sorceress who seeks to win for herself the love which Odysseus bears to Penelopê. But the tasks imposed upon her by her unpitying rival are at last accomplished; and as the clouds break away from the heaven, the Dawn, or the Eôs, who closes the day in our Homeric poems, sees before her the form of him whom she has sought with undaunted and untiring devotion.

The story of Urvasî.

In these simple phrases relating to a drama acted before us every day, we have the framework of a vast number of stories, some of which have furnished subjects for epic poems, while others have assumed strange and grotesque forms in the homely lore of popular tradition. One of the simplest versions of the myth is found in the story of Urvasî,[1] although even here the artificial influence of a growing ceremonial system is manifest. The personification of Urvasî herself is as thin as that of Eôs or Selênê. Her name is often found in the Veda as a mere name for the morning, and in the plural number it is used to denote the dawns which passing over men bring them to old age and death. Urvasî is the bright flush of light overspreading the heaven before the sun rises, and is but another form of the many mythical beings of Greek mythology whose names take us back to the same idea or the same root. As the dawn in the Vedic hymns is called Urûkî, the far-going (Têlephassa, Têlephos), so is she also Uruasî, the wide-existing or wide-spreading; as are Eurôpê, Euryanassa, Euryphassa, and many more of the sisters of Athênê and Aphroditê. As such she is the mother of Vasishtha, the bright being, as Oidipous is the son of Iokastê; and although Vasishtha, like Oidipous, has become a mortal bard or sage, he is still the son of Mitra and Varuṇa, of night and day. Her lover, Purûravas, is the counterpart of the Hellenic Polydeukês;[2] but the continuance of her union with him depends on the condition that she never sees him unclothed. But the Gandharvas, impatient of her long sojourn among mortal men, resolved to bring her back to their bright home; and Purûravas is thus led unwittingly to disregard her warning. A ewe with two lambs was tied to her couch, and the Gandharvas stole one of them. "Urvasî said, 'They take away my darling, as if I lived in a land where there is no hero and no man.' They stole the second, and she upbraided her husband again. Then Purûravas looked and said, 'How can that be a land without heroes or men where I am?' And naked he sprang up; he thought it was too long to put on his dress. Then the Gandharvas sent a flash of lightning, and Urvasî saw her husband naked as by daylight. Then she vanished.[1] 'I come back,' she said, and went. Then he bewailed his vanished love in bitter grief." Her promise to return was fulfilled, but for a moment only, at the Lotos-lake, and Purûravas in vain beseeches her to tarry longer. "What shall I do with thy speech?" is the answer of Urvasî. "I am gone like the first of the dawns. Purûravas, go home again. I am hard to be caught like the winds." Her lover is in utter despair; but when he lies down to die, the heart of Urvasî was melted, and she bids him come to her on the last night of the year. For that night only he might be with her; but a son should be born to him.[2] On that day he went up to the golden seats, and there Urvasî told him that the Gandharvas would grant him one wish, and that he must make his choice. "Choose thou for me," he said; and she answered, "Say to them, Let me be one of you." So the Gandharvas initiated Purûravas into their mysteries, and he became one of the Gandharvas.

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[1] Max Müller, *Chips, &c.*, ii. 99, *et seq.*

[2] "Though *rava* is generally used of sound, yet the root *ru*, which means originally to cry, is also applied to colour in the sense of a loud or crying colour. Besides, Purûravas calls himself Vasishtha, which, as we know, is a name of the sun; and if he is called Ai*d*a, the son of Idâ, the same name is elsewhere (*R. V.* iii. 29, 3) given to Agni, the Fire."—Max Müller, *ib.* 101. This son of Ida reappears perhaps as Idas, the father of Kleopatra.

Germs of the story of Penelopê.

In the story thus related in the Brâhmana of the Yagur-Veda we have a maiden wedded to a being on whose form her eyes may not rest, although she dwells in his house, and the terms of the compact are broken practically by herself, for although it is Purûravas who springs up, still it is Urvasî who provokes him to do so. Finally, she is impelled so to tempt him by beings who wish to obtain her treasures; and thus the element of jealousy enters into the legend. These leading ideas, of a broken pledge or violated secret, of beings jealous of her purity and happiness, and of immediate separation to be followed by reunion in the end, furnish the groundwork of a large group of stories belonging chiefly to the common lore of the people. They resolve themselves into the yet more simple notion of brief union broken by an early parting and a long absence, and this notion is the germ of the Odyssey. In the very spring-time of their joy the chieftain of Ithaka is parted from his bride. While he is away, she has to undergo hard trial at the hands of men who seek rather her riches than herself; and even when the twenty years are over, and Odysseus sees Penelopê once more, the poet still speaks of a time soon coming when they must again be parted. Here also the myth of Purûravas is in close agreement with that of Odysseus, for he too must be again parted from his love. She who, ever young, yet making men old, knows neither age nor change, cannot avert the doom which falls alike on Phaëthôn, Memnôn, and Sarpêdôn, on Achilleus, Baldur, and Sigurd. But all have the same work to do; and if the dawn cannot save them from death, she can restore them to life, and thus through her they become immortal. Thus Purûravas, who was created especially to do battle with and to conquer the powers of darkness, addresses Urvasî as the immortal among the mortals; and says of himself that he, as the brightest sun, holds her who spreads the sky and fills the air with light. The very rite for the sake of which the Brahmans converted the simple myth into an institutional legend points to the true nature of Purûravas. He can become immortal only by devising the mode of kindling fire by friction; and thus like Bhuranyu and Phorôneus, Hermes and Prometheus, he falls into the ranks of those who are the first to bestow the boon of fire on man. Nor. is it without significance that in the play of Kalidasa Purûravas, when first he rescues Urvasî from the beings who have carried her away, has already a wife, who, seeing her husband wasting away with love for another, makes a vow to treat with kindness the object of his love, whoever she may be. Purûravas has not indeed for his first wife the love which Kephalos is said to bear to Prokris; but here Urvasî, who hesitates not to take her rival's place, is so far the exact counterpart of Eôs, while in the first wife we have all the self-devotion which marks the beautiful daughter of Hersê.

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[1] Compare the story of Ivan and his frog-bride.—Gubernatis, *Zoological Mythology*, ii. 377.

[2] This child may be the first sun of the new year; but whether the myth be taken of that or any other sunrise, it is equally true that the mother must vanish soon after her child has been born. Hence in the play of Kalidasa, after Urvasî has been reunited to her lover, she tells him,

When for your love I gladly left the courts
Of heaven, the monarch thus declared his will,
"Go and be happy with the prince, my friend:
But when he views the son that thou shalt bear him,
Then hitherward direct thy prompt return.
The fated term expires, and to console
His father for my loss, he is restored.
I may no longer tarry."

See the analysis of this play by Professor Max Müller, "Comparative Mythology," *Chips*, ii. 126.

The Dawn and the Waters.

In most of these legends the meeting and the severance of these lovers take place by the side of the stream or the water from which Aphroditê rises, and in which the nymphs bathe the newly-born Apollôn. It is on the river's bank that Eurydikê is bitten by the fatal snake, and Orpheus is doomed to the same weary search as Purûravas, for the love which has been lost. On the heights which overhang Peneios, Phoibos sees and chases the beautiful Daphnê, and into the blue stream the maiden plunges when she almost feels the breath of her pursuer. So again Arethousa commits herself to the waters as she flies from the huntsman Alpheios, who wins her love only when they meet again upon the shore of Ortygia, the dawn-land. The Greek river is but the Teutonic Elbe, the running stream, and in the huntsman of Mainalos we see only an image of the sun as he rests on the waters in the morning or the evening, in other words, the Frog-prince of the German legend.[1] In the Sanskrit story Bhekî, the frog, is a maiden who consents to marry a king on condition that he never shows her a drop of water. "One day being tired, she asked the king for water; the king forgot his promise, brought water, and Bhekî disappeared."[2] As in the story of Urvasî the husband is the actual delinquent, but he is hurried into the fatal act by the words of his wife. If instead of the promise not to show her water we substitute a pledge that the lover shall not look upon his bride while she is bathing, the myth remains essentially the same; and in this form we see at once the germ of the story of Melusina, who is found by Count Raymund, as Daphnê is found by Apollôn, near running water, and who, like Bhekî or Urvasî, readily consents to marry her human lover on the condition that he shall never attempt to see her on one day of each week. When at length the promise is broken, Raymund sees his beautiful wife in the water, the lower portion of her body being now in the form of a fish. But Melusina did not know that her husband had thus seen her, and, as in Fouqué's story of Undine, the catastrophe comes only when Raymund calls her a serpent and bids her depart from his house.[1]

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[1] In the mythology of Assyria, Bhekî, or the frog-sun, is represented by the fish-sun, who, as Berosus says, rose up from the sea each morning, and plunged into it every evening. Mr. Gould remarks (*Curious Myths*, second series, 231) that "his semipiscine form was an expression of the idea, that half his time was spent above ground, and half below the waves." This fish-god is, like the Aryan Proteus, or Helios, the possessor of a mysterious wisdom of which, under certain conditions, he will make human beings partakers. As Oannes, or Dag-on, the fish On, he is the great teacher of the Babylonians, and his name is seen in the Hebrew Bethaon (Bethaven), which is translated by Bethshemesh, the house of the Sun. He is horned, as Mr Gould remarks, like all other sun and moon deities, the moon goddess of the Syrians being Derketo, Atergatis, the mother of Semiramis, in whose story again we have the elements of many Aryan myths. Like Cyrus and Romulus, Semiramis is brought up by a shepherd, and her beauty attracts the attention of a general, whose name is, of course, Onnes. But she is wooed also by Ninos, and thereupon Onnes slays himself. After a life full of marvels she wings her way to heaven in the form of a dove, as Romulus vanishes in the storm-cloud, and Aineias disappears in the waters of the Numician stream.

[2] Max Müller, *Chips*, ii. 248. This is the germ of the beautiful story of Undine, as told by Fouqué. She, like Daphnê, is the daughter of the stream; and the condition imposed upon her husband is, that he is never to speak angrily to her when on or near any water. "If you should, my kinsfolk would regain their right over me. They would tear me from you in their fury, because they would conceive that one of their race was injured; and I should be compelled, as long as I lived, to dwell below in the crystal palaces and never dare ascend to you again, or should they send me up to you, that would be far worse still." If he is false to her, she can reappear only to kiss him to death. Selênê can look upon Endymiôn only when he is just plunging into his dreamless sleep. The tale so exquisitely told by Fouqué was derived by him from the *Treatise of Elemental Spirits* by Theophrastus Paracelsus. The leading feature of his story is the acquisition of a human soul by Undine on her marriage with the knight Huldbrand. Mr. Gould cites a Canadian story of an Ottawa chief, who, whilst sitting by the water-side, sees arising from the flood a beautiful woman, who prays him to suffer her to live on earth, as she sought to win a human soul, and could do this only by marriage with a mortal. "He consented and took her to his own house, where she was to him as a daughter. Seven years after, an Andirondak youth beheld and loved her. He took her to wife, and she obtained that which she had desired, a human soul."—*Curious Myths*, second series, 238. It is possible that this story may be an importation from Europe, but we may ask for some conclusive evidence of the fact, when we find the legend of Pandora's box among the Indians of Labrador. Jesuit missionaries may have imparted much to their converts, but it is not likely that they instructed their hearers in the mythical fancies of pagan Greeks.—Hinds, *Explorations in Labrador*, i. 61.

Erôs and Psychê.

The idea, common to all these tales, of beings who though united in the closest love may not look upon each other, is but little modified in the story of Erôs and Psychê. The version given by Appuleius is commonly spoken of as an allegory. It deserves the name as much and as little as the Odyssey. Here, as in the tales already referred to, no liquid must come near the mysterious being to whom the love of the mortal husband or wife is given. The old phrase that the sun must die at the sight of water,[2] has retained its hold on the story-tellers of all the Aryan nations; but the version of Appuleius assigns reasons where the earlier Sanskrit myth is content to relate incidents. If like Urvasî Psychê brings about her own punishment, she does so because she is under a doom laid on her by Venus. But Venus is Aphroditê Anadyomenê, the mother, the wife, or the child of the sun; and the notion that the love of the sun for another must excite her jealousy and anger was one which must sooner or later be imported into the myth. With its introduction the framework of the story was completed; and so the tale ran that Venus charged her son to fill Psychê with the madness which made Titania fall in love with the enchanted Bottom. But Psychê, the dawn with its soft breath, is so beautiful that Erôs (Amor, Cupido) falls in love with her himself, and taking her to a secret cave (the cave of Diktê or of Lyktos), visits her as Purûravas comes to Urvasî. Stirred up by Venus, her sisters tell Psychê that she is wedded to a hideous monster, and at length her curiosity is so roused that, taking a lamp, she gazes upon her lover and beholds before her the perfection of beauty. But a drop of oil falls from her lamp on the sleeping god, and the brief happiness of Psychê is ended. She is left desolate like Purûravas, and like him she must go in search of her lost love. Eôs has looked on Helios, and he has plunged beneath the sea. If she seek him, it must be through the weary hours of the night, amidst many perils and at the cost of vast labour. In every temple Psychê looks for her lover until at last she reaches the dwelling of Venus, under whose spell he lies like Odysseus in the home of Kirkê or Kalypsô. At her bidding she accomplishes some hard and degrading tasks, under which she must have died but for the love of Erôs, who, though invisible, still consoled and cheered her. By his aid she at last made her peace with Venus, and becoming immortal, was united with her lover for ever. Of all these incidents not one has been invented by Appuleius; and all that can be said is that he has weakened rather than strengthened the beauty of the myth by adapting it to the taste of a thoroughly artificial age. Having taken up a story which had not yet been brought within the charmed circle of epic or lyric poetry, he has received credit for an originality to which the familiar tale of Beauty and the Beast, with which it is substantially identical, may lay an equal claim.[1]

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[1] For other versions and variations of this story see Gould, *Curious Myths*, "Melusina." The same myth is introduced by Sir Walter Scott in his romance of *Anne of Geierstein* (ch. xi.), whose mother's life depends on a brilliant opal which must not be touched with water. This gem, like many others, is sympathetic. It is, in short, the fatal brand of Meleagros. See also Scott, *Border Minstrelsy*, introduction to Ballad of Tamlane.

The idea of ugliness or unseemliness would naturally come to be connected with Bhekî or the Frog. Hence the king's daughter in the German story of the Frog Prince shows no special fancy for the little creature which brings up for her the golden ball (the sun's orb) from the bottom of the well. The ugliness of Bhekî serves to give point to the beautiful Gaelic legend of Nighean Righ Fo Thuinn, Campbell, *Tales of the West Highlands*, iii. 404. The maiden (Aphroditê) is not, indeed, here described as a frog; but she is a "strange-looking ugly creature" with her hair down to her heels, who in vain entreats Fionn and Oisean (Finn and Ossian) to let her come to their fire. Diarmaid, who scruples not to say how hideous he thinks her, is more merciful; but the Loathly Lady (for it is the same myth) becomes as exacting as the little Frog in Grimm's story. She has not been long at the fire when she insists on coming under Diarmaid's plaid. He turns a fold of it between them; and presently he finds by his side "the most beautiful woman that man ever saw." She is the Dawn-maiden, and she raises for his dwelling that palace of the sun which the Arabian story-teller delights to describe in the tale of Allah-ud-deen. The same being appears as the "foul wight" in Chaucer's tale of the Wife of Bath, Keightley, *Fairy Mythology*, 323.

[2] Max Müller, *Chips*, ii. 248.

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[1] In Hindu folk-lore this is the story of Gandharba-sena. Of this being Captain Burton (*Tales of Indian Devilry*, preface xiii.) says that he "is a quasi-historical personage who lived a century preceding the Christian era." Even granting the fact, we have here only a name belonging to the same class with Roland, Arthur, Dietrich of Bern, or others for whom an historical existence has been claimed The name clearly suggests a comparison with Gandharva Purûravas. The story of Gandharba-sena Captain Burton regards as the original of the Golden Ass of Appuleius. The hypothesis is scarcely necessary, unless it is to be maintained that the whole folk-lore of Greece, Germany, Scandinavia, and other countries has been bodily imported from India. The story of Gandharba-sena is, however, the story of Midas, of the Irish Lavra Loingsech, and of the Little Ass in Grimm's collection; and it may be noted that the being transformed into an ass in the romance of Appuleius is Lucius of Corinth (Phoibos Lykeios). The story of Psychê is also told in the Gaelic Tale of the Daughter of the Skies.

The search of the Dawn for the Sun.

The idea which underlies these tales runs through a large class of legends, which carry us into almost every Aryan land and make the hypothesis of conscious borrowing or importation as perilous as we have seen it to be in the story of the Master Thief. In almost all these legends the youngest and most beautiful of three (sometimes of twelve) daughters is married or given up to some unsightly being or monster, or to some one whom she is led to suppose hideous or repulsive. In some instances, as in the common English nursery tale, the enchantment is ended when the maiden confesses her love for the disguised being in his unsightly shape:[1] in the version which Appuleius followed, the maiden has a lover who is marvellously beautiful, but whose beauty she has never seen. In all cases, however, there are jealous sisters or a jealous mother who insist that the lover is hideous, and incite her to look upon him while he is asleep. Thus goaded on, she disregards the warnings in each case given that such curiosity cannot be indulged without causing grievous disaster, and in each case the sleeping lover is awakened by a drop of oil or tallow from the torch or lamp in the maiden's hand, and instantly vanishes or is transformed, generally into a bird which tells her that she must wander in search of him through many weary years, and do the bidding of some harsh mistress into whose power her fatal curiosity has brought her. In some versions, as in that of Appuleius, this mistress is the mother of the lost lover.[2] Then follow the years of wandering and toil, which can be brought to an end only by the achievement of tasks, generally three in number, each utterly beyond human powers. In these tasks the maiden is aided by brute creatures whom she has befriended in their moment of need, and who perform for her that which she could not possibly accomplish herself. The completion of the ordeal is followed by the happy union of the maiden with her lover.

The Search of the Sun for the Dawn.

It is scarcely necessary to say that there is perhaps no one feature in these stories which does not reappear in the tales told of Boots, or the youngest son, in his search for the enchanted princess who has been torn away from him, or whom after a long toil he is to win as his bride. It could not be otherwise, when the stories turn in the one case on the search of the dawn for the sun, in the other on the search of the sun for the dawn. As we might expect in popular tales, the images drawn from myths of the day and night are mingled with notions supplied by myths of summer and winter. The search is always in comparative gloom or in darkness.[1] Either it is Odysseus journeying homeward among grievous perils, clad in beggar's raiment, or it is Orpheus seeking Eurydikê in the awful regions of Hades. The toil or the battle which precedes the victory is common to all the traditions, whether epical or popular; but in the wildest forms of Aryan folk-lore the machinery of the most complicated tales can be broken up into its original parts. In northern countries especially, the powers of frost, snow, and cold, must be conquered before Phoibos can really win Daphnê, or Psychê recover Erôs. Hence there are mountains of glass (glaciers) to be scaled, huge castles of ice to be thrown down, or myriads of icebergs or boulders to be removed. In these tasks the youth or the maiden is aided by bears, wolves, or foxes, by ducks, swans, eagles, or by ants, the Myrmidons of Achilleus; but all these are names under which the old mythical language spoke of the clouds or the winds, or of the light which conquers the darkness. The bear appears in the myth of the seven shiners as well as in that of Arkas and Kallistô, the wolf in the stories of Phoibos Lykeios, of Lykâôn, and the Myrmidons. The clouds assume the forms of eagles and swans alike in Eastern or Western traditions. The eagles bear Sûrya Bai on their wings through the heaven, and the swans, or white cirri clouds, are seen in all the stories which tell of Swan maidens and the knights who woo and win them. These creatures, who are as devoted to the youth or the maiden as the Myrmidons are to Achilleus, speedily remove the mighty heaps of grain, stones, or ice, and leave the battle-ground clear for their joyous meeting. In the German story of the White Snake, the flesh of which, like the serpents of Iamos and the heart of Hogni in the Volsung tale, imparts to him who eats it a knowledge of the language of birds, the labour falls on the lover, while the maiden plays the part of Aphroditê in the legend of Psychê. The animals here befriended by the trusty servant, who is Erôs, or Boots, or Odysseus, or a thousand others, are fishes, ants, and ravens—names which carry us to the fish or frog sun, to the Myrmidons and the clouds; and the tasks are the recovery of a ring,[1] the picking-up of some bags of millet seed, and the finding of the apple of life (the sun's orb). The first is accomplished by the fishes, one of which, as in the story of Polykrates, brings the ring in its mouth, the second by the ants, and the third by the ravens.

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[1] The converse of this incident is found in the legend of the Loathly Lady. See also Fouqué's *Sintram*.

[2] In Grimm's Story of the Twelve Brothers she is the mother of the king who marries the dawn-maiden, *i.e.* she is Venus. She reappears as his second wife in the tales of The Little Brother and Sister, of the Six Swans, who fly away like the children of Nephelê, and of Little Snow White. The Little Brother and Sister (Phrixos and Hellê) are seen again in the story of Hansel and Grethel. These two come in the end to a pond (Hellespontos); but the maiden who represents Hellê is more fortunate than the daughter of Athamas. In the Gaelic story of The Chest, Campbell, ii 4, she disguises herself as a gillie in order to search for her lost lover. This story contains also the myth of the judgment of Portia in the *Merchant of Venice*, *ib.* 6, 13.

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[1] This search is well described in the Gaelic story of Nighean Righ Fo Thuinn, where the hero Diarmaid loses his wife, as Raymund of Toulouse is separated from Melusina, because he breaks the compact made with her. The search goes as in the other stories, but an odd turn is given to it at the end by making Diarmaid take a dislike to the maiden whom he rescues in the Realm Underwaves (where Heraklês regains Alkêstis), and thus he leaves her to go to his own home. After all it is but Orpheus, who here abandons Eurydikê, instead of Eurydikê fading from the eyes of Orpheus. The one myth is as forcible and true as the other. —Campbell, iii. 419.

Origin of these myths.

That these tales, of which the most familiar type for English children is that of Beauty and the Beast, have been borrowed directly from the apologue of Appuleius, no one probably will venture to maintain. With as little likelihood can it be said that they were suggested by the Vedic myth of Urvasî and Purûravas. Their relationship to the latter is precisely that of the Latin and Greek dialects to the ancient Sanskrit; and thus they must be placed in the class of organic myths. They spring up on all soils from the seed which the Aryan tribes carried away with them when they left their common home, and every variation may therefore be noted as exhibiting the power of growth inherent in the old mythical ideas. In few cases is there even a plausible ground for saying that any one tale is copied or consciously adopted from another; in none is there any necessity for the assumption. The Teutonic nurse was as little conscious that the Frog Prince and Boots were one and the same person, as the grandams of the Punjâb were that Bhekî was but another form of Urvasî. As an example of the measure in which the myth, retaining still the essential idea, may become modified, we may take the tale of the Soaring Lark.[2] In this story, the maiden knows that the being who, like Heraklês with the lion's skin on his back, is during the day a lion is at night a man, but no ray of light must fall upon him while he is in his human shape. At her entreaty, however, he goes to the bridal feast of the elder sister, where a single ray of light streams in upon him through a chink in a door made of unseasoned wood, and the maiden entering the room finds a dove, which says that for seven years he must fly about in the world, but that at every seventh mile he will let fall a drop of blood and a feather, to guide her in her quest of him.[1] At last this guidance fails her, and she asks the sun and moon to tell her whither the dove had gone. As in the tale of Dêmêtêr and Persephonê, they are unable to say: but they give her a casket and an egg which may one day be of use. She then asks aid of the North Wind, who bears her over the world until she rescues her lover, who has resumed his lion's shape, from a caterpillar who is an enchanted princess. But the latter, when disenchanted, seizes on the maiden's lover, and bears him away. The maiden follows to the place in which she hears that the wedding is to be celebrated, and then opening the casket, finds a dress which glistens like the sun and which the princess seeks to buy. But it can be given only for flesh and blood, and the maiden demands access to the bridegroom's chamber as her recompense. During the first night her lover sleeps by force of a potion, but her voice sounds in his ears like the murmuring of the wind through the fir-trees. On the next day, learning the trick, he refuses the draught, and the maiden, availing herself of the gift bestowed by the moon, is reunited to him at last.[2]

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[1] Compare also the Gaelic story of Mac Iain Direach, Campbell, *Tales of the West Highlands*, ii. 359.

[2] Grimm. With these legends may be compared the story of Tulisa (a tale which in Professor Benfey's opinion is very ancient), obtained from a washerwoman at Benares, and published in the *Asiatic Journal*. See also the tales in the *Pentameron of Basil*, 15, 19, 44; and Hahn's *Greek and Albanian Tales*. A complete analysis of the fable of Appuleius is given in Friedlaüter's *Sittengeschichte Roms*.

"East of the Sun and West of the Moon."

The Norse tale "East of the Sun and West of the Moon," approaches more nearly to the form of Beauty and the Beast. A white bear (we are at once reminded of the process which converted the seven shiners into seven bears) taps at a poor man's window on a cold winter night, and promises him boundless wealth, on condition that he receives his daughter as his wife. The man is willing, but the maiden flatly says nay, until, overcome by the thought of her father's poverty, she agrees to live with the beast. The bear takes her to a palace in which the rooms gleam with silver and gold; but the being who comes to her at night is a beautiful youth who never allows her to see him. The woman who acts the part of Venus in this tale is the mother, not of the lover, but of the maiden; and as she could scarcely be represented as jealous of her daughter's happiness, we are told that, while suggesting the same doubts which brought Psychê to her trouble, she warned her child not to let a drop of oil fall on her husband while she stooped to look upon him. The sequel of the story presents no features materially different from that of the Soaring Lark, except that the oil dropped from the maiden's lamp is made to bring about the catastrophe. The prince is, of course, under the power of the sorceress, who wishes to marry him, like Odysseus in the house of Kirkê or the cave of Kalypsô; but when on the wedding morning he displays a fine shirt with three drops of tallow on it, and declares that he will marry only the woman who can wash them out, the Trolls, vainly attempting the task, see the prize snatched from their hand by the maiden whom they had despised as a stranger and a beggar.[1]

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[1] Frere, *Deccan Tales*, 221.

[2] In the German story of the Iron Stove (Grimm), the part of Erôs is played by a king's son, who is compelled by a witch to sit in a great iron stove which stood in a wood. This is manifestly a reversing of the myth of Brynhild, in which the flame surrounding the maiden on the Glistening Heath answers to the fiery stove in which the prince is imprisoned. In the tale of Strong Hans (Grimm), it is Psychê who is rescued from a tower or well in which she is confined like the Argive Danaê. In the legends of the True Bride and of the Drummer the maiden recovers her lover as in the story of the Soaring Lark. See also ch. viii. sect. 2 of this book.

The Wanderers in the Forest.

The myth passed into other forms. In every case the bonds of true love were severed; but the persons thus separated were sometimes brothers and sisters, sometimes parents and children. In the German story of the Twelve Brothers, the sister goes forth to search for the lost children in that great forest which reappears in almost all tales of Teutonic folk-lore, the forest of the night or the winter, in which the huntsman or the king's daughter, or the two babes, or Tanhaüser or True Thomas, the prince, the tailor, or the soldier, lose their way, to fall in every instance into the hands of witches, or robbers, or magicians, sometimes malignant, sometimes merciful and almost genial. It is perhaps no exaggeration to say that under this type of solar legend (for, as turning on the presence or the absence of light and warmth, these are all solar legends), four-fifths of the folklore of northern Europe may be ranged. The inhabitants of this dark forest are the Paṇis, by whom the wanderers are sometimes welcomed, sometimes slain. These wanderers, or stolen youths or maidens, can be recovered only through much suffering on the part of those who seek them. In the tales of the Twelve Brothers and the Six Swans, the sister must not utter a word for seven or for six years, an incident which, in the story of the Woodcutter's Child, is changed into loss of voice, inflicted as a punishment by the angel who has charged her not to look into the thirteenth door of the palace in the land of Happiness, or in other words, into the treasure-house of Ixîon or Tantalos. But the appetite for mythical narratives was easily gratified. Incidents repeated a thousand times, with different names and slight differences in their sequence or arrangement, never palled upon it. If Psychê has hard tasks to perform before recovering Erôs, the Greek was as well content to listen to the story of the same tasks as they are performed by Erôs before he can recover Psychê. Thus the part of the latter in the legend of Appuleius is played by the former in the German stories of the White Snake and the Golden Bird, the Queen Bee, Strong Hans, the Drummer, and many others.[1]

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[1] In the German story of Bearskin, the soldier is not turned into a beast, but is under compact with the evil one not to comb his hair or wash his face for seven years, but to wear a bear sark or cloak. In this disguise he compels the king to give him one of his daughters in marriage, and the youngest consents to be the victim, saying that a promise which has been made must be kept. The transformation is more complete in the story of Hans the Hedgehog, whose enchantment is brought to an end by burning his skin, as in the Deccan story of the enchanted rajah.

The spell of moonlight.

The common element of all these stories is the separation of two lovers by the intervention of a third person, who is represented sometimes as the mother, more often as another lover of the youth whose heart is given to the maiden from whom he is to be parted. In the latter case, her great object is to prolong the separation for her own benefit; and we have at once the framework of the tales which relate the sojourn of Odysseus in the abodes of Kirkê and Kalypsô. Penelopê, like Psychê, is far away, and though Odysseus has not forgotten her and longs to be with her, still he cannot escape from his irksome bondage. While the time of slumber lasts, he must tarry with the beautiful women who seek to wean him from his early love. The myth is but the fruit of phrases which spoke of the sun as sojourning in the land of sleep, freed from all woes and cares,[2] and but dimly remembering the beautiful hues of morning under the magic charm of night. Thus in Kirkê and Kalypsô alike we have the moon-goddess beneath whose spell the sun may be said to slumber, and in the palace of the one and the flashing cave of the other we see the wonderful home of Tara Bai, the Star-maiden, the Ursula or Selênê of the modern Indian tale. Girt with her zone of stars, the beautiful being who can neither grow old nor die sings the lulling song whose witching power no mortal may withstand. If she seeks for sensuous enjoyment, still her desire is not for the brutal pleasures which turn men into swine;[3] but to see before her the wise chief whose glory is in all lands is a happiness for which she is ready to sacrifice all her wealth and splendour. Still her abode is full of a strange mystery. Its magnificence is not the magnificence of the open sunshine, its pleasures are not the wholesome pleasures of the outer air. If then the sun tarries in her chambers, it is because he is under a spell, because Selênê has cast her deep sleep upon Endymiôn, and Zeus has not yet sent Hermes to bid Kalypsô let Odysseus go. Thus in these Greek myths we have the germ and the groundwork of all those countless stories which speak of mortal men carried away from their homes to dwell with unseen beings beneath the earth. These beings are in each story headed by a beautiful queen, whose will it is impossible to resist. This power is prominent in the myth which tells us that Thomas the Rimer was carried off in his youth to Fairyland, where he became possessed of vast and mysterious knowledge. At the end of seven years he was suffered to go back to the upper earth on condition of obeying the summons to return to Elfland whenever it might be given. The bidding came while Thomas was making merry with some friends in the Tower of Ercildoune. A hart and a hind, it was said, had come from the neighbouring forest and were slowly moving up the street of the village. Thomas immediately rose, left the house, and following the animals to the wood was never seen again.[1] The story of Thomas is substantially identical with Chaucer's Rime of Sir Thopas, in whom the beauty of the Fairy Queen excites the same desire which the sight of Helen awakened in the Athenian Peirithoös.[2] This fairy queen sometimes assumes the form of the Echidna who for a time made Heraklês sojourn in her dwelling: but the Tailor's son of Basle in the mediæval story had the courage neither of Heraklês nor of Sir Gawain, and he was so terrified by the writhing of her tail that in spite of the beauty of her face he fled after giving her only two of the three kisses which she had bargained for.[1] Such a myth as this, it is obvious, would, if subjected to Christian influence, exhibit the fairy queen as a malignant demon who takes delight in corrupting the faith of true believers by plunging them into a horrible sensuality. Thus modified, the myth of Odysseus and Kalypsô appears as the story of Tanhaüser, whom Venus entices into her magic cave, within the Horselberg (Ercildoune) or mountain of Ursula. After a time the sensuous enjoyment of the place palls upon him as upon Odysseus, and he makes his escape to the earth with a weary load of sin upon his heart, for which he vainly seeks to obtain absolution.[2] At last he comes before pope Urban IV., who tells him that his pastoral staff will put forth leaves and blossoms sooner than God should pardon him. Tanhaüser has scarcely departed when the staff is seen to bloom; but it is too late. The minnesinger cannot be found, and he re-enters the Horselberg in despair, never to leave it again. Another modification, not less obvious and more in accordance with the spirit of the mediæval myth, would be that of mere sleep, and Endymiôn would thus become the type of other slumberers to whom a century was but as a day. Among such is Epimenides, who while tending sheep fell asleep one day in a cave, and did not wake until more than fifty years had passed away. But Epimenides was one of the Seven Sages, who reappear in the Seven Manes of Leinster,[3] and in the Seven Champions of Christendom; and thus the idea of seven sleepers was at once suggested. This idea finds expression in the remarkable legend of the seven sleepers of Ephesus; and the number seven may be traced through other mediæval stories. So Barbarossa changes his position every seven years, and at the end of every seventh year Charlemagne starts in his chair, and Olger Dansk stamps his iron mace on the floor. To the number of these sleepers must be added Arthur who slumbers in Avallon, waiting for the time when he shall wake up to free Britain once more; Sebastian of Portugal; the three Tells of Rütli; the priest of the Church of Hagia Sophia, who bides the day when the Turk shall be driven from Constantinople; and Boabdil, the last of the Moorish kings of Spain, who lies spell-bound within the hill of the Alhambra in a slumber broken only on the eve of St. John,[1] who himself slumbers at Ephesus.

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[1] This myth reappears in a very thin disguise in the ballad of Erlinton, Scott's *Border Minstrelsy*. Here we have the forest, the maiden and her lover, while the robbers are a troop of knights headed by an old and grey-haired warrior, Winter himself. The knight, of course, fights with and slays all, except the grey-haired chief, who is suffered to go home to tell the tale; in other words, the mortal Medousa is slain, but the power of cold itself (her immortal sisters) cannot be destroyed. With this we may compare the deaths of Hellê and Sarpedon, while Phrixos and Glaukos live on. So, too, the youngest child of Kronos is not devoured, and the youngest goat in Grimm's story of the Wolf and the Seven Little Goats escapes the fate of the six others.

[2] "Ὕπν' ὀδύνας ἀδαὴς ὕπνε δ' ἀλγέων.
Soph. *Phil.* 827.

[3] The turning of the companions of Odysseus into swine is only another form of the more common transformation into birds which the witches of Teutonic and Arabian folk-lore keep hung up in cages round their walls. Compare the story of Jorinde and Joringel (Grimm) with that of Punchkin in the *Deccan Tales*, and of the Two Sisters in the *Arabian Nights*.

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[1] Scott, *Border Minstrelsy*, iv. 114. Mr. Gould, in his chapter on the Mountain of Venus, notices among other stories that of the Norse Helgi, Thorir's son, who is invited by Ingebjorg the Troll queen to come and live with her. His absence, however, is confined to three days, at the end of which he returns home laden with treasure. His second visit was extended over many years, and from this he returned blind. The story told by Gervase of Tilbury, the scene of which is the mountain of Cavargum in Catalonia, is cited by Sir Walter Scott in his introduction to the Ballad of Tamlane, *Border Minstrelsy*.

[2] Mr. Price (introduction to Warton's *History of English Poetry*, 49) compares the journey of Thomas to Elfland, in the Scottish ballad, with Ælian's story (*Var. Hist.* iii. 18) respecting Anostos "the bourne from which no traveller returns," and remarks that the prophetic power acquired by the Rimer during his sojourn with the Fairy Queen is no novel feature in the history of such fictions. "In one of Plutarch's tracts, *De Defect. Orac.* 21, a certain Cleombrotus entertains the company with an account of an Eastern traveller whose character and fortunes are still more remarkable than those of the Scottish seer. Of this man we are told that he only appeared among his fellow mortals once a year. The rest of his time was spent in the society of nymphs and demons who had granted him an unusual share of personal beauty, had rendered him proof against disease, and supplied him with a fruit which was to satisfy his hunger, and of which he partook only once a month. He was, moreover, endowed with a miraculous gift of tongues; his conversation resembled a continuous flow of verse; his knowledge was universal, and an unusual visitation of prophetic fervour enabled him to unfold the hidden secrets of futurity." This is practically the story of the Thrakian Zalmoxis, which Herodotos refuses to believe, iv. 94.

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[1] Gould, *Curious Myths, &c.*, second series, 223.

[2] The same story is presented in the romance of Sir Launfal and the Fay Tryamour, who bestows on him the never-failing purse, and in the tale of Oberon and Huon of Bordeaux. This Oberon is the dwarf king Elberich of the Heldenbuch, who performs to Otnit the service discharged by Oberon to Huon. The story of Tanhaüser, again, is only another form of the legend of Ogier the Dane, who is Tithônos restored to a youth, which, like that of Meleagros, is to last as long as a brand which the fairy gives him remains unconsumed.—Keightley, *Fairy Mythology*, 34, *et seq.* For the legend of Ogier, or Olger the Dane, see *Popular Romances of the Middle Ages*, and *Introduction to Comparative Mythology*, 302.

[3] Fergusson, *The Irish before the Conquest.*

The Seven Rishis.

The same mystic number is found in the seven Rishis of ancient Hindu tradition. These Rishis are the media or instruments through which the divine Veda was imparted to mankind. In its widest meaning the word was taken to denote the priestly bards who conducted the worship of the gods; but they are spoken of sometimes as the poets who compose the songs and present them to the deities whom they celebrate, and sometimes as the mere mouthpieces of these gods. They are mortal, and yet they are united with immortals, and are rivals of the gods. But although the idea most prominently associated with them is that of wisdom, they are sometimes mentioned in language which carries us back to the etymological meaning of the name. With their true hymns, we are told, they caused the dawn to arise and the sun to shine for the afflicted Vayu and Manu.[2] The names of the Rishis are variously given, Manu with Bhrigu, Angiras and others, being sometimes reckoned among them: but of the whole number seven attained a pre-eminent dignity. With Manu, according to one version, they entered into the ark while the earth lay beneath the waters of the flood, and therein abode with him until the vessel rested on the peak called Naubandhana from the binding of the ship. In the account of this flood the Brahmana story introduces a fish which guides the ark as the Delphian Apollôn guides the vessel of the Cretan mariners to Krisa.[3]

The Arkshas or Shiners.

The main story connected with the Rishis has already been noticed as the result of an equivocal word.[4] The notion of making bright conveyed also the idea of gladdening and cheering, and hence arkshah became a name not only for the sun, but for a hymn or song of praise, and the makers or singers of these hymns were naturally termed Rishis or gladdeners. It was not less natural that, as the

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[1] Washington Irving, *Tales of the Alhambra*, "Legend of the Two Discreet Statues."

[2] *R. V.* viii. 76, 4, and 91, 1; Muir, *Sanskrit Texts*, part iii. p. 119. During this time of oppression and sorrow, it is said that Vishnu thrice measured the mundane regions for Manu. *R. V.* vi. 49, 13; Muir, *ib.* part iv. p. 71.

[3] Max Müller, *Sanskrit Literature*, 526.

[4] Book i. ch. iii

Rishis or sages took a stronger hold on the imagination of the people, the seven arkshas or stars should be converted into rishis, and that the rishis should be said to have their abode in them. Among the Western Aryans, as *lykos*, the glistening, denoted the wolf, *arktos* became a name for the bear,[1] and stood to the Sanskrit riksha in the relation of the Greek τέκτων, a carpenter, to takshan, and the Latin pectus, a breast, to vakshas;[2] and then the seven stars were necessarily converted into seven bears, while the sages whom the Hindu placed in those shining orbs survived as the seven wise men of Hellas, to reappear under different forms, as we have already seen, elsewhere.

The Rishis and Manu.

In the name of Manu, the friend of the Rishis, we have simply and strictly *man*, as the measurer or the thinker. The same root has also yielded names for the moon and the month,[3] while in Europe, as in Asia, there arose the idea of a man of whom they spoke as the son of heaven and earth. In India he was known as Manu Svayambhuva, the child of Svayambhu, the self-existent, or, like the Hellenic Minos, the son of Eurôpê, the dawn, as Vaivasti, the worshipper or child of Vivasvat, the sun, whose wife Saranyû, having borne the twin Asvins, the steeds or horsemen, left in her place another like herself, Savarna, who became the mother of Manu.[4] But Manu is also not unfrequently called the son of Dyaus or of Brahma, just as the German tribes spoke of their ancestor Mann as the son of Tiw or Tuisco.

SECTION V.—DAWN GODDESSES.

Ushas and Eôs.

The name Ushas reappears in the Greek Eôs, and Ushas, like Eôs, is the goddess of the dawn or morning.[5] The language addressed to her betokens a more distinct personality than that even of Varuṇa and Indra, because the worshipper in addressing her speaks always from the heart, and his words are the manifest utterances of love. She is the daughter of the heaven, who brings with her light and life and joy; she drives away pain and anguish; she is the image of undying youth, for day by day she appears in unfading beauty, although they who look upon her grow daily older and at last die.[1]

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[1] Tylor, *Primitive Culture*, i. 263.

[2] Max Müller, *Lectures on Language*, second series, 361.

[3] Greek, μήν, μήνη: Latin, mensis.

[4] Professor Max Müller, *Lectures on Language*, second series, 482, 509, thinks that Manu may have been called Savarni, as meaning the Manu of all colours, *i.e.* of all tribes or castes, while Savarna, the second wife of the sun, is simply the twilight in which he dies, just as the myth that Saranyû had left her twin behind, meant only that the Dawn had disappeared. The root *man* is taken also to denote "backward thought, remembering and admonishing; whence the proper name Mentor, the adviser." With this may be compared the name Juno Moneta: and thus Athênê, when she appears among the suitors before the great vengeance of Odysseus, is naturally said to assume the likeness of Mentor.

[5] The root US, to burn, appears as USH in Sanskrit. From this Ushas is formed without any vowel modification. "The Græco-Italian people raised the vowel by regular process to *au*, and formed *ausos*, which received no further increase in Greek, but in Latin a secondary noun was formed from the primary one, that is *ausosa*. Now both Greeks and Italians, as is well known, disliked the sound *s* between two vowels: the Greeks generally dropped it, and so got αὐ(σ)ώς: the Latins changed it to *r*, and made *aurora*: the verb appears as *uro*."—Peile, *Introduction to Greek and Latin Etymology*, xii. The Lithuanian form of the word is Ausera.

"Ushas, nourishing all, comes daily like a matron, conducting all transient (creatures) to decay."[2]

"The divine and ancient Ushas, born again and again and bright with unchanging hues, wastes away the life of a mortal, like the wife of a hunter cutting up the birds."[3]

"How long is it that the dawns have risen? How long will they rise?

"Those mortals who beheld the pristine Ushas dawning have passed away: to us she is now visible, and they approach who will behold her in after times."[4]

Like the Greek Athênê, she is pure and unsullied, the image of truth and wisdom.

"Ushas, endowed with truth, who art the sister of Bhava, the sister of Varuṇa, be thou hymned first of the gods."

"Unimpeding divine rites, although wearing away the ages of mankind, the Dawn shines the likeness of the mornings that have passed, or that are to be for ever, the first of those that are to come."[5]

In all this, although it determines the source of later myths beyond all possibility of question, there is little or no mythology; and we have advanced scarcely more than half-way on the road to a full-formed myth even when we read that "the night, her sister, prepares a birthplace for her elder sister (the day), and having made it known to her departs;[6] that the night and dawn "of various complexions, repeatedly born but ever youthful, have traversed in their revolutions alternately from a remote period earth and heaven—night with her dark, dawn with her luminous limbs,"[7] or that "of all the sisters who have gone before a successor daily follows the one that has preceded."[8] It is this very transparency of meaning which imparts value to almost every expression of praise in the hymns addressed to her.

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[1] Hence the decrepitude of some of the mythical beings beloved by the Dawn. This is the idea of the myth of Eôs and Tithonos, and it seems to be united with that of Odin, Savitri, or Odysseus the wanderers, in the story of the Wandering Jew. The myth is here, as we might expect, strangely distorted: but the Jew must wander on until the evening of the world is come.

[2] H. H. Wilson, *R. V. Sanhita*, i. 129.

[3] *Ib.* i. 274.

[4] *Ib.* i. 298.

[5] *Ib.* ii. 8, 10.

[6] *Ib.* ii. 12.

[7] *Ib.* i. 169.

[8] *Ib.* ii. 12. The idea of Ushas as

"She shines upon us like a young wife, rousing every living being to go to his work. The fire had to be kindled by men: she brought light by striking down darkness.

"She rose up, spreading far and wide, and moving towards every one she grew in brightness, wearing her brilliant garment. The mother of the cows, the leader of the dogs, she shone gold-coloured, lovely to behold.

"She, the fortunate, who brings the eye of the god, who leads the white and lovely steed (of the sun), the Dawn was seen revealed by her rays, with brilliant treasures she follows every one.

"Thou, who art a blessing when thou art near, drive far away the unfriendly; make the pastures wide, give us safety. Remove the haters, bring treasures. Raise up wealth to the worshipper, thou mighty Dawn.

"Shine for us with thy best rays, thou bright Dawn, thou who lengthenest our life, thou the love of all, who givest us food, who givest us wealth in cows, horses, and chariots."[1]

Ushas the broad-spreading.

The hymns speak especially of the broad-spreading light of Ushas; and this flush of dawn suddenly passing across the heaven takes us at once to the many names of like meaning which belong to the Hellenic solar beings. She "shines wide" (Urvasî), like Euryphassa and Eurydikê, like Euryganeia, Eurynomê, and Eurôpê. As the daughter of Dyaus, who chases away the darkness of the night, she goes before Indra, Savitar, and Sûrya. She reveals mysteries and opens the ends of heaven, where the Panis had hidden away the cows of which she is the mother. She tells the Angiras where they are to be found, and as she lightens the sky she is said to drive her own herds to their pastures. She is sent especially to awaken men; but she is charged to let the Paṇis (the dark powers) sleep. She is the beloved of all men and the darling of the god of love, Aniruddha, the resistless,[2] who thus receives the name Ushâpati, lord of the dawn; and finally, we have in Ushas the germ of the idea which found its most graceful expression in the Hellenic Athênê, and its most majestic developement in the Latin Minerva. The Sanskrit *budh* means both to wake and to know, and *vayunâ* has the double meaning of light and knowledge, just as the notions of knowledge

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bringing to an end the days which spring from her is closely allied to the myth of Kronos, and seems to lie at the root of the many popular German and Norse stories, in which the bride of the king is accused of being a murderess who destroys her own children.

[1] *R. V.* vii. 77.

[2] ἔρως ἀνίκατε μάχαν.—Soph. *Ant.* 781.

and of creative power are both expressed by the root *jan* and the English *can* and *ken*. Hence Ushas is said to enable men to cross the frontier of darkness, and, as the seer, to give light far and wide. "Waking every mortal to walk about, she receives praise from every thinker." Thus, as the Day, she is the mother of the Divine Night, who reveals all her splendour after she has driven away her sister the Twilight.[1] Of the birth of Athênê fully armed from the head of Zeus, when cloven by the axe of Hephaistos, the poets of the Iliad and Odyssey say nothing; but the presence of the story in the Hesiodic Theogony is a conclusive argument against any inference which might be drawn from their silence, even if Ushas were not, as she actually is, spoken of in the Veda as sprung from the forehead of Dyaus, the sky.[2]

Ahanâ.

But Ushas is only one of many names for the light of early morning. As Ahanâ, she plays the part as well as bears the name of Athênê and of Daphnê. The word expresses the idea of burning light; and although it occurs only once in the Rig Veda,[3] the flexibility of the old mythology justifies us in attributing to Ahanâ all that is told us of Ushas or of Saramâ.[4] If then we apply to Dahanâ the phrases which spoke of Ushas as pursued by the Sun, who slays though he loves her, or as dying in his arms, we see at once an offshoot from the parent stem which in the West yielded the myths of Daphnê and of Prokris. Daphnê too is loved by Phoibos, and, like Ahanâ, she flies from his face until she takes refuge in the Peneian stream. But in some passages of the Veda the idea of her might remains too prominent to allow much room for that of love.

"This strong and manly deed also thou hast performed, O Indra, that thou struckest the daughter of Dyaus, a woman difficult to vanquish.

"Yes, even the daughter of Dyaus, the magnified, the Dawn, thou, O Indra, a great hero, hast ground to pieces.

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[1] The benignant aspect of night must be carefully borne in mind, as the germ of the myths of Asteria, Asterodia, Kalypsô, and other Fairy Queens. Under all these forms we have the νὺξ φιλία μεγάλων κόσμων κτεάτειρα of Æschylos, *Agam*. 356. As such, Night is invoked in the Veda to "drive away the wolf and the thief, and carry her worshippers safely across" (to the light). —*R. V*. x. 127; Muir, *Sanskrit Texts*, part iv. p. 123.

[2] Max Müller, *Lectures on Language*, second series, 503.

[3] "Ahanâ comes near to every house, she who makes every day to be known.

"Dyotana (the dawn), the active maiden, comes back for evermore; she enjoys always the first of all goods."—*R. V*. i. 123, 4.

[4] "Athênê, as far as letters go, would correspond to a Sanskrit Ahânâ, which is but a slightly differing variety of Ahanâ."—Max Müller, *Lectures*, second series, 503.

"The Dawn rushed off from her crushed car, fearing that Indra, the bull, might strike her.

"This her car lay there, well ground to pieces. She went far away."[1]

More commonly, however, she is beloved by all the gods, and the Asvins bear her away triumphant in her chariot.

Saramâ.

But it is to the phrases which speak of the dawn under the name of Saramâ, that we must look for the germ of the great epics of the western Aryans. It is indeed only the germ, and no fancy can be more thoroughly groundless than that which would regard the Hellenic representative of Saramâ as derived from the dawn-goddess of the Hindu. Identity of names and of attributes can prove nothing more than the affinity of legends, which, as differing not only in local colour but also in the form of thought, must point to some common source in a past yet more remote. Whatever may be the precise meaning of the name, whether Saramâ or Saranyû be taken to denote the storm-cloud or the morning, there is no doubt that the root of the word is *sar*, to creep or go, which we find in *serpent* as well as in the Greek Erinys and Sarpêdôn. In the Rig Veda, Saramâ is especially the guardian of the cows of Indra, and as his messenger she goes to the Paṇis, who have stolen them away. She, too, like Ushas, is said to be the first to spy out the cleft in the rock where the Paṇis, like Cacus, had hidden the plundered cattle, and, like Heraklês, she is the first to hear their lowings. Like Ushas also, she walks in a straight path: but when she comes to the stronghold of the Paṇis, a conference follows in which we see unmistakably the dawn peering about through the sky in search of the bright clouds, and restoring them in all their brilliance and beauty to the broad pastures of the heaven.

"The Paṇis said, 'With what intention did Saramâ reach this place? for the way is far, and leads tortuously away. What was your wish with us? How was the night? How did you cross the waters of the Râsa?'

"*The Paṇis:* 'What kind of man is Indra, O Saramâ, what is his look, he as whose messenger thou comest from afar? Let him come hither, and we will make friends with him, and then he may be the cowherd of our cows.'

"*Saramâ:* 'I do not know that he is to be subdued, for it is he himself that subdues, he as whose messenger I came hither from afar. Deep streams do not overwhelm him; you, Paṇis, will lie prostrate, killed by Indra.'

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[1] *R. V.* iv. 30.

"*The Paṇis:* 'Those cows, O Saramâ, which thou desirest, fly about the ends of the sky, O darling. Who would give them up to thee without fighting? for our weapons too are sharp.'

"*Saramâ:* 'Though your words, O Paṇis, be unconquerable, though your wretched bodies be arrowproof, though the way to you be hard to go, Brihaspati will not bless you for either.'

"*The Paṇis:* 'That store, O Saramâ, is fastened to the rock, furnished with cows, horses, and treasures. Paṇis watch it who are good watchers; thou art come in vain to this bright place.'

"*Saramâ:* 'Let the Rishis come here fired with Soma, Ahasŷa (Indra), and the ninefold Angiras · they will divide the stable of cows; then the Paṇis will vomit out this speech.'

"*The Paṇis:* 'Even thus, O Saramâ, thou art come hither driven by the violence of the gods; let us make thee our sister, do not go away again; we will give thee part of the cows, O darling.'

"*Saramâ:* 'I know nothing of brotherhood or sisterhood: Indra knows it, and the awful Angiras. They seemed to me anxious for their cows when I came: therefore get away from here, O Paṇis, far away.

"'Go far away, Paṇis, far away; let the cows come out straight, the cows which Brihaspati found hid away, Soma, the stones, and the wise Rishis.'"[1]

The cows of Indra.

This hymn, seemingly so transparent in its meaning, becomes unintelligible if interpreted of any other being than the Dawn in her struggle with the powers of darkness: and hence it seems a superfluous task to show that all the essential features of Ushas reappear in Saramâ; that like Ushas Saramâ is followed by Indra, and that walking first she reveals the treasures which had been hidden away; that both alike go to the uttermost ends of heaven; that both break the strongholds of the Paṇis; both are the mothers and deliverers of the cows; both drive forth their cattle to the pastures; both walk in the right path and bestow wealth and blessings upon men. Every phrase tells us of some change in the heaven from the time when the sun sinks to sleep in the west to the moment when his face is first seen again in the east. As the light of evening dies away, the power of the darkness is restored, and the Paṇis extinguish the bright-coloured clouds which have looked down on the death of the Sun, or in other words they steal the cows of Indra, the cattle which Phaethousa and Lampetiê feed in the rich pastures of Helios. During the weary hours of night they are shut up in the demon's prison-house; but at length the messenger of the day comes to reclaim her children. With a faint flush she starts slowly from the doors of the east. Her light, creeping along the dark face of the sky, seems to ebb and flow like the sea-tide; and so might Saramâ be said to hold parley with the Paṇis who refuse to yield up their plunder. But the Dawn is only the messenger of one far mightier than herself, and if they will not yield to her, they shall feel the force of the arm of Indra; and the conference with the Paṇis, which answers to the spreading of the Dawn, ends in their overthrow, as soon as Indra appears in his chariot—in other words, when the Sun is risen.

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[1] Max Müller, *Lectures on Language*, second series, 465.

The fidelity of Saramâ.

In the Rig Veda, Saramâ steadily refuses the bribes offered to her by the Paṇis. Another turn was given to the tale when the faithfulness of Saramâ was represented as not invincible. Saramâ, we are told in the Anukramanika, was sent as the dog of the gods to seek for the strayed or stolen herds, and when she espied them in the town of Vala, the Paṇis strove to make her an accomplice in their theft. But although she refused to divide the booty, she yet drank a cup of milk which they gave her, and returning to Indra denied that she had seen the cows. On this Indra kicked her, and the milk which she vomited up gave the lie to her words. Here, then, we have in its germ the faithlessness of the Spartan Helen, who in name as in her act is Saramâ, and who was supposed to speak of herself as the dog-eyed or dog-faced, although by none else was the name applied to her.[1] Thus the Greek carried away with him the root of the great Trojan epic from the time when he parted from his ancient kinsfolk, he to find his way to his bright Hellenic home, they to take up their abode in the land of the seven streams. For him, Helen and Paris, Brisêis and Achilleus, were already in existence. For him Phoibos already dwelt in Delos, and Sarpêdôn ruled in the land of the golden river. So, again, it makes but little difference whether the Sarameya, sometimes but rarely mentioned in the Rig Veda, be definitely the son of Saramâ, or whether the word remained a mere epithet for any one of the gods who might denote the morning. The name itself is etymologically identical with that of Hermes; and the fact that he is addressed as the watchdog of the house[2] may have led to the notion which made him in later times the hound which served as the messenger of the gods, and which in the story of Prokris reappears at the feet of Artemis.[1]

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[1] The first word in the compound κυνῶπις is the same as in Kynosarges, Kynossema, Kynosoura, none of these having any reference to dogs.—Bournouf, *La Legende Athénienne.*

[2] Professor Müller notices that in a hymn of the seventh book of the *Rig Veda*, Vastoshpati, the lord of the house, a kind of Lar, is called Sarameya, and is certainly addressed as the watch-dog of the house; and he adds that this deity would thus denote the "peep of day conceived as a person, watching unseen at the doors of heaven during the night and giving his first bark in the morning." The features of the deity

Saranyû.

Another name from the same root which has furnished those of Saramâ, Helen, Hermes, and Sarpêdôn, is found in Saranyû (a feminine of Saranyu), in whom some discern the dark and impetuous storm-cloud.[2] The phrases employed when the poet addresses her all seem to point in another direction. Like Ushas, she is spoken of as the mare, and as the mother of a twin. The male Saranyu is in like manner called a horse, and the goddess herself is the mother of the twins Yama and Yami, and again of Nasatya and Dasra, the twin Asvins or steeds,[3] who represent the Dioskouroi. The persons with whom this dualism connects her indicate at once her real nature, and with Saranyu she takes her place by the side of the two Ahans or Dawns, of Indrâ, the two Indras, of Dyavâ, the double Dyaus, of Ushasau, the two mornings, of Agnî, the two Agnis, of Varuṇâ, the two Varuṇas.

Erinys.

But as Saramâ is Helen, so Saranyû is Erinys; and here too the seed, which in the East sprang up only to wither away, shot up in the West to a portentous growth. It was certainly no euphemism which spoke of the Erinyes as the gentle beings or Eumenides, and there was no incongruity in giving the name to the Dawn-mother Dêmêtêr.[4] Hence in spite of all the failure of memory, and of the fearful

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thus conceived are brought out with sufficient clearness in the following verses:

> "When thou, bright Sarameya, openest thy teeth, O red one, spears seem to glisten on thy jaws as thou swallowest. Sleep, sleep.
>
> "Bark at the thief, Sarameya, or at the robber, O restless one. Now thou barkest at the worshippers of Indra. Why dost thou distress us? Sleep, sleep." — *Lectures on Language*, second series, 473.

[1] This dog of the morning is prominent in the Norse tale of Bushy Bride. While the hero lies in a pit full of snakes (Helios in the land of the throttling serpent), a lovely lady (Ushas or Saramâ) comes into the palace kitchen—the connexion, as with Boots or Cinderella among the ashes, lying in the fire of the earth or oven—and asks the kitchen-maid for a brush. "Then she brushed her hair, and as she brushed down dropped gold. A little dog was at her heel, and to him she said, 'Run out, little Flo, and see if it will soon be day.' This she said three times, and the third time that she sent the dog it was just about the time the dawn begins to peep." The old myth could not be retained with greater fidelity.

[2] Roth, quoted by Professor Max Müller, *ib.* 404. The name itself, as in Hermes, Saramâ, and ὁρμή, may express any motion, slow or rapid.

[3] The Vedic hymn-makers tell us distinctly that the horses of these Asvins are the rays of the sun. When they do this, it seems as difficult to deny that they made this comparison as to call in question the interpretation which the witch herself gives in one of the Russian stories of Afanasieff. The girl in this tale sees, as night comes on, a black horseman who disappears underground, at dawn a white horseman on a white horse, and, as the sun rises, a red horseman on a red horse. She is told by no less an authority than the witch that the black horseman is the dark night, the white horseman the clear dawn-light, and the red horseman the young red sun.

[4] Professor Max Müller seems to see in Dêmêtêr, not the earth, but the dawn-mother, Dyâvâ Mâtar, corresponding to Dyauspitar.—*Ib.* 517.

character which Erinys had assumed, the poet who tells the terrible tale of Oidipous could not but make him die in the sacred grove of beings who, however awful to others, were always benignant to him—in groves which to the storm-tossed wanderer were the Hyperborean gardens into which grief, and fear, and anguish could never enter. The change which converted the beautiful Saranyû into the avenging furies of Æschylos has excited the wonder of some who hesitate on this account to believe that Erinys and Saranyû can come to us from a common source. It is more than probable that their scepticism arises from the notion that comparative mythologists derive the Greek from the Sanskrit deity. It is enough to say that they do not.

The Harpies.

The change itself is one which could scarcely fail to be brought about. The Harpies, who in our Homeric poems are the beautiful daughters of Thaumas and Elektra, appear in the Æneid of Virgil as foul monsters, who do the work of vultures. The Ara, or prayer of the longing heart,[1] became more and more the curse which the weak uttered against their tyrants. Indra and Phoibos, who, as the sun-gods, see and hear all things, become almost more dreaded for their destructive power, than loved for their beneficence. As representing the day with its searching light, Varuṇa and Indra are the avengers of all iniquity; and in this sense it could not fail to be said of evil-doers that Saranyû would find them out. The old phrase survives with its clearness scarcely dimmed in the Hesiodic Theogony. Night there is the mother of Strife (Eris), and of all the evils that come of Strife;[2] but she is also the mother of righteous recompense (Nemesis). In other words, the evil deeds done in the night will receive their reward when brought to light in the day; and thus, according to Æschylos, the Erinyes also are daughters of the Night, who, like the Drukhs, the Vedic Atê, track out the sins of men. It was in truth impossible that, the germ once given, its developements should fail to be modified by time and place, by power of imagination and failure of memory. The Atê of the Iliad is the spirit merely of mischievous folly, and as such, she is hurled by Zeus from Olympos, for postponing the birth of Heraklês to that of Eurystheus; the Atê of Æschylos is the sleepless doom which broods over a house until the vengeance for the shedding of innocent blood has been exacted to the uttermost farthing. There is nothing wonderful therefore in the process which changed the lovely Saranyû of the Veda into the awful goddesses[3] of Athens; and if the Erinys of the Iliad is called hateful, yet she wanders in the air and hears the summons addressed to her from the land of darkness.[1] In the fact that at Athens there were statues only of two Erinyes, we have perhaps a memory of that early dualism which is so marked a feature in the mythology of the Veda.

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[1] ἀρὴν ἐποιήσαν ο παῖδα γενέσθαι.—Herod. vi. 63.

[2] Hes. *Theog.* 226.

[3] σεμναὶ θεαί.

Arjunî.

But if Eôs and Zeus remained to the Greeks what Ushas and Dyaus were to the Hindu, there were other names which seem to have been transplanted to Hellenic soil only to die. Among these is Argennos in whose honour Agamemnon is said to have built a temple to Aphroditê Argynnis on the banks of Kephîsos. The name in the West had no meaning: but in the Vedic Arjunî we have simply an epithet denoting the brilliance of the dawn, while in the later Hindu mythology, Arjuna comes before us as standing to Krishna in the relation of Luxman to Rama, of Phaëthôn to Helios, or of Patroklos to Achilleus.

The cows and horses of the Sun-gods.

The analysis of all these myths proves convincingly that for human thought in its earliest stages the danger lay not in the poverty of language, but in its superabundant wealth. The heaven, the sun, the dawn, the clouds, might be described by a thousand names, all truthfully and vividly denoting the thing spoken of in one of its countless aspects. But the characteristic features so marked were found in more than one object. If the sun shone brightly or moved rapidly, so did the horse. If the clouds gave nourishment to the thirsty earth, so did the cows bestow a gift scarcely less necessary for man. The words which told of the one would serve also to designate the other; and so in fact we find that they did. The cow received its name as the moving animal; the horse was named from its speed, asvan, or from its colour, harit, the glistening—rohit, the brown: and all these names were of necessity applied to the sun, the dawn, and the sky, first in their strictly etymological sense, but insensibly, and by an inevitable result, in the meaning to which usage gradually confined each word. Thus, when the name asvan was reserved especially for the horse, the sun, who had been hitherto called asvan simply as speeding through the sky, now himself became the steed who hurries across the broad heaven.[2] The impulse once given issued in an almost incredible wealth of metaphor. The horse as the bearer of burdens was called vahni;[3] but the flames also bore their burdens into the air, and the rays of the sun brought his light to man. Thus the flame of fire and the solar rays, being both alike vahni, became vehement and fiery horses. So, too, the morning and the evening, the gloaming and the dawn, became, as we have seen, twin steeds—the Asvins—joined together in a mysterious bond which made it impossible to draw a line between the approach of the one and the vanishing of the other. But this step taken rendered another step necessary. The glorious being whose light wakes a sleeping world to life must be enthroned in a burning chariot, of which the rays that stream across the heaven must be the gleaming steeds; and thus the sun who had himself been Hari, the flashing, now became Indra, or Sûrya, or Savitar, whose car was drawn by the glistening Harits. Where we say that "the sun is rising," or that "he is high in the heaven," they said, "the sun has yoked his steeds for his journey," or that "his horses have borne his chariot to the house of Dyaus." But how little the name Harit had lost its original meaning, is clear from the many terms which are used in describing them. The Vedic poet knew well the differences of meaning in the words which he uttered when he spoke of them as Harits, or Rohits, or Arushis; yet under each of these names was growing up a distinct personality, and thus the Harits, whose number is given sometimes as seven, sometimes as ten, become sisters who fly on beautiful wings.[1] But while even in India the idea of loveliness was beginning to predominate over that of mere animal strength, among the Western Aryans the glistening Harits became the lovely Charites whom the Latins called the Gratiæ and we the Graces. Yet by the side of these fair creations of human thought, the root which yielded these names was discharging a more homely function: and the grease with which our wheels are rubbed is but another form of the names of Charis in the Iliad, and the Graces of Canova.

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[1] *Il.* x. 571.

[2] The process is completely analysed by Professor Max Müller, "Comparative Mythology," *Chips, &c.*, ii. 132, &c.

[3] The root is found in the Latin vehere, the Greek ἔχειν, and in compound words as cervix, the neck, as carrying the head.

Arushî.

Arushî, however, is only the feminine form of arvan, a horse; and the masculine arusha is a common Vedic epithet for the sun. But this name is applied to him only at his rising. He is arusha, when "Night goes away from her sister the dawn, and the dark one opens the path for the bright god." But arusha is also a child. "The seven sisters have nursed him, the joyful, the white one, as he was born, the Arusha with great might; as horses go to the foal that is born, so did the gods bring up his son when he was born."[2] He has the eyes of a man, and he is also Saparnas, with beautiful wings. More evidence can scarcely be needed to show that in this picture we have the Hellenic god of love, the bright and winged Erôs. But further, as Professor Max Müller has noted in his exhaustive analysis of this myth, Arusha is called the young child of Dyaus, the child of heaven, the sun of strength. He is the first of the gods, as coming at the point of the days; and of his two daughters (the Snow-White and Rose-Red of German folk-lore), the one is clad in stars, the other is the wife of Svar, the sun. He moves swift as thought, longing for victory: he is the love or desire, Kama, of all men; and as irresistible in his strength, he is Ushâpati, lord of the dawn. With all these phrases the mythology of the Greeks is in thorough harmony. Although, according to later poets, Erôs is a son of Zeus and of Gaia, or Aphroditê, or Artemis, we may fairly assert that in the Hesiodic theogony, as in the Veda, he is "the first of the gods," for with Chaos, Gaia, and Tartaros, he makes up the number of self-existent deities. Still, although appearing thus in the awful silence of a formless universe, he is the most beautiful of all the gods, and he conquers the mind and will both of gods and of men. The transition was easy to the thought of Erôs, ever bright and fair as (like Yavishtha or Hephaistos) the youngest of the gods, as the companion of the Charites, as the child of the Charis Aphroditê: and this association of Erôs and Charis brings us back to Arusha and the glistening Harits, who bear him across the wide seas of heaven.[1]

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[1] Max Müller, *Chips*, &c., ii. 131.

[2] This is precisely the picture of the Muses nursing the infant Phoibos in the Homeric hymn. Max Müller, *ib.* 136.

Snakes and dragons.

The brilliant steeds reappear in the myth of Medeia as the dragons who bear her mysterious chariot through the air. The name dragon, indeed, denotes simply any keen-sighted thing, and in its other form, Dorkas, is applied to a gazelle. We shall presently see that a sharp distinction is drawn between the serpent as an object of love and affection, and the snake which is regarded (whether as Ahi, Vritra, or Ahriman) with profound hatred. But the serpent-worship of the East and West is founded on the emblem of the Linga,[2] and belongs to a class of ideas altogether different from those which were awakened by the struggle of darkness against the light and the sun. This darkness is everywhere described as a snake or serpent: but the names applied to Ahi and Vritra do not imply keenness of sight, and the enemy of Indra and Phoibos becomes on Hellenic soil a dragon, only because the beast had there received this as its special name. The tradition, however, survived that the steeds of the sun were also Drakontes or keen-eyed things, and thus they not only draw the chariot of Medeia, but reveal to Iamos the knowledge of things to come. These snakes who nurse the infant prophet on the violet beds are the flashing-eyed messengers of morning, not the devouring serpents of darkness who seek to slay the new-born Heraklês in his cradle.

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[1] In his notes on the *Rig Veda Sanhita*, vol. i. p. 11, Professor Max Müller, noting the objections made to some of his interpretations of passages in which the word Arusha occurs, on the ground that in them the word is an epithet of Agni, Indra, or Sûrya, remarks that this objection would apply "to many other names originally intended for these conceptions, but which, nevertheless, in the course of time, become independent names of independent deities."

[2] See Section XII. of this chapter.

Sorcery and witchcraft.

As possessing this gift of the dragon-chariot bestowed on her by Helios, Medeia is emphatically the wise woman; and in this myth we have probably the groundwork of those notions which were finally developed into the system of sorcery and witchcraft. The knowledge of Medeia came to her from the same superhuman source with the inspiration of the Pythian priestess of Delphoi; the Latin witch derived her power from a secret compact with Hekatê. Christianity converted Phoibos and his sister into demons, and at once the Canidias of the empire were regarded as trafficking with devils for the acquisition of unlawful powers. In the transition from the idea of a wisdom which, although not naturally attainable, might be conferred on some by the bright being whose eye pierces all space, to the notion of compacts made between witches and the devil we have a developement or corruption in close analogy with that confusion between Leukos, bright, as a general epithet, and the same word Lukos, as a special name for the wolf, from which sprung first the myth of the transformation of Lykâôn, and then probably the wide-spread superstition of Lykanthropy.

The story of Medeia.

As the wise woman, Medeia is the child of the ocean nymph Idyia, or, in another version, of Hekatê (the female correlative of Hekatos or Phoibos), who is herself the daughter of Asteria, the star-lit night. Her father is Aiêtês, the Kolchian king, but he is a son of Helios who leaves to him and his descendants the magic wreath and robe by which Medeia revenges herself on Glaukê.[1] This robe is, indeed, only another form of the golden fleece, the mantle of burnished cloud seen at sunrise and sunset. As such, it eats into the flesh not only of Glaukê, the fair daughter of the Corinthian Kreôn, but of Heraklês himself, when his toils come to an end on mount Oita. Of her share in the victory of Iasôn at Aia, it is enough here to say that in the taming of the fire-breathing bulls, and in the discomfiture of the men sprung from the dragon's teeth, she plays the part of Ariadnê and receives Ariadnê's reward. Whether faithful or treacherous, the sun can never remain with his first love, and even Odysseus, whose one longing is to return to his home, is parted from Penelopê during the weary hours which pass between sunset and sunset. But before the time of her great sorrow comes, Medeia avenges the wrongs done to Iasôn long ago at Iolkos. During her sojourn there in the house of Pelias, she persuaded his daughters to cut up his body and boil his limbs in a cauldron, in the belief that he would thus be restored to youth.[1] Medeia purposely failed to pronounce the spell at the right time, and the limbs of Pelias were consumed by the fire. Then follows her escape with Iasôn in her dragon chariot to Corinth, where his love is transferred to Glaukê, after whose death Medeia, like Gudrun in the Volsung story, slays her own children—a crime closely resembling the slaughter of Pelops by Tantalos. Such are the chief features of the myth of Medeia, to which some added that she became the wife of Aigeus, the Athenian king, or of the Corinthian Sisyphos. Some, again, made her return with Iasôn to Kolchis, while others took her to Italy, and described her as acquiring the name Anguitia from her power of fascinating serpents. Finally, she is said to have been wedded to Achilleus in Elysion.

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[1] Eur. *Med.* 957.

The myth of Prokris.

The involuntary departure of the sun from the dawn or his capricious desertion of her is exhibited in the myths of a long series of maidens wooed and forsaken, whether by Phoibos himself or by heroes on whose head rests his light and majesty. With the story of Korônis the mother of Asklêpios the myth of Prokris is in close accordance. Her birthplace is Athens, the city of the Dawn, and her mother is Hersê, the Dew, while her own name denotes also simply the sparkling drops.[2] We are thus prepared for the myth which tells us that Kephalos, a Phokian chief, coming to Athens, won her love and plighted his faith to her. But Kephalos was loved also by Eôs, who sought to weaken his love for Prokris with a purpose so persistent that at last she induced him to make trial of her affection. He therefore deserts Prokris, to whom after a time he returns in disguise. When in this shape he has won her love, he reveals himself, and Prokris in an agony of grief and shame flies to Crete, where she obtains from Artemis the gift of a spear which shall never miss its mark and of a hound which can never fail to seize its prey.[3] With these gifts she returns to Kephalos, who after seeing her success in the chase longs to possess them. But they can be yielded only in return for his love, and thus Prokris brings home to him the wrong done to herself, and Eôs is for the time discomfited. But Prokris still fears the jealousy of Eôs and watches Kephalos as he goes forth to hunt, until, as one day she lurked among the thick bushes, the unerring dart of Artemis hurled by Kephalos brings the life of the gentle Prokris to an end. This myth explains itself. Kephalos is the head of the sun, and Kephalos loves Prokris,—in other words, the sun loves the dew. But Eôs also loves Kephalos, *i.e.* the dawn loves the sun, and thus at once we have the groundwork for her envy of Prokris. So again when we are told that, though Prokris breaks her faith, yet her love is still given to the same Kephalos, different though he may appear, we have here only a myth formed from phrases which told how the dew seems to reflect many suns which are yet the same sun. The gifts of Artemis are the rays which flash from each dewdrop, and which Prokris is described as being obliged to yield up to Kephalos, who slays her as unwittingly as Phoibos causes the death of Daphnê or Alpheios that of Arethousa. The spot where she dies is a thicket, in which the last dewdrops would linger before the approach of the midday heats.

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[1] With this may be compared the Norse story of the Master Smith, in whom we see another form of Hephaistos or Wayland. The incident of the cutting up of the body of Pelias occurs also in the German story of Brother Lustig. Medeia herself appears in benignant guise in the legend of the Goose-girl at the Well (the Dawn-maiden with her snow-white clouds).

[2] Professor Max Müller refers Prokris to the Sanskrit prush and prish, to sprinkle, used chiefly of raindrops. The same root in the Teutonic languages has taken the sense of 'frost,' and Bopp identifies prush with the O. H. G. frus, frigere. In Greek we must refer to the same root πρώξ, πρωκός, a dewdrop, and also Prokris, the dew. Thus the wife of Kephalos is only a repetition of Hersê, her mother—Hersê, dew, being derived from Sanskrit prish, to sprinkle." — "Comparative Mythology," *Chips, &c.*, ii. 87.

[3] In the myth of Ikaros, or Ikarios, this dog appears under the name Maira (the glistening), who helps Erigonê the daughter of Ikarios in her search for

Eôs and Tithônos.

The various incidents belonging to the life of Eôs are so transparent that the legend can scarcely be said to be a myth at all. Her name is, as we have seen, that of the Vedic dawn-goddess Ushas, and she is a daughter of Hyperion (the soaring sun) and of Euryphassa (the broad shining), and a sister of the sun and moon (Helios and Selênê). If Ovid calls her a child of Pallas, this is only saying again that she is the offspring of the dawn. Like Phoibos and Heraklês, she has many loves; but from all she is daily parted. Every morning she leaves the couch of Tithônos,[1] and drawn by the gleaming steeds Lampos and Phaëthôn, rises into heaven to announce to the gods and to mortal men the coming of the sun. In the Odyssey she closes, as she began, the day. Her love, which is given to Tithônos and Kephalos, is granted also to Orîon[2] (the sun in his character as the hunting and far-shooting god), whom according to one version she conveys to Delos, the bright land, but who in another is slain by the arrow of Artemis. She also carries to the home of the gods the

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the body of her father, who has been slain by the peasants and thrown into the well Anygros (the parched). Her grief leads her to hang herself on a tree under which he was buried, a myth which suggests a comparison with that of Helenê Dendritis. Ikaros, the son of Daidalos, is only a reflexion of Phaëthôn.

[1] The lot of Tithônos is simply the reverse of that of Endymiôn.

[2] Brown, *Great Dionysiak Myth*, ii. 275.

beautiful Kleitos. Her children are born in many lands. As united with Astraios, the starry, she is the mother of Zephyros, Boreas, and Notos, the breezes or winds of morning, and of Heôsphoros, the light-bringer. Another son of Eôs is Phaëthôn, of whom mythographers spoke as the luckless son of Helios, but who is really the same being with his father. Finally, she is the mother of Memnôn, the chieftain from the glistening land of the Aithiopians (Ethiopians), who falls by the spear of Antilochos, and on whose death she weeps tears of morning dew, and obtains from Zeus the boon that he shall rise again to renewed and endless life.

Hêbê and Ganymêdês.

Another form of Eôs is the beautiful Hêbê, ever young, on whom is bestowed without any drawback the youthfulness of the maimed Hêphaistos. She is the daughter necessarily of Zeus and Hêrê. Like the Vedic Ahanâ or Ushas she can make the old young again, and she ministers to the gods the life-giving nectar and ambrosia. But Hêbê, though the bride of the deified Heraklês, or the mother of his children Alexiarês and Anikêtos, the invincible deliverers, remains little more than a name. She is Ganymêdê, the brilliant; and thus what Iris is to Hermes, that is Hêbê to Ganymêdês, the lovely Trojan youth who is borne away on the eagle's wing to the Olympian heaven, where he also became the immortal cup-bearer of the gods. Thus in both alike we see the morning light carried up into heaven on the wings of the sunlit cloud.[1]

The story of Dido and Anna.

The same story of unrequited love which has been embodied in the myths of Ariadnê and Medeia, of Selênê and Echo, meets us again in the legends which the Latin poets modified to suit their own traditions, or their prejudices and fancies. But although Virgil has chosen to mix up the story of Dido with that of Æneas (Aineias), he has introduced into it little or nothing which is not found in the myth as related by Justin. In fact, the story of Aphroditê or Daphnê is twice told in the life of Dido, for the Sichæus or Acerbas whose death she bewails is the Adonis who, like Sichæus, is slain by the dark being or power of night. As the Paṇis look greedily on the cattle of Indra, Pygmalion[2] covets the vast treasures which Sichæus possesses with Tantalos, Sisyphos, Helen and Brynhild, or Ixîon; and thus is the husband of Dido murdered, her first and, according to the version of Justin, her only love, and his wealth is in the hands of his destroyer. But the idea of dwelling with Pygmalion is as hateful to her as Paris became to the Helen whom he had stolen with her treasures. As faithful to the memory of her lost love as is Saramâ to Indra, Dido pretends to listen to the traitor, while she makes ready for flight. In her new home another suitor appears in the Libyan Hiarbas, who repeats the importunities of the Ithakan suitors, until Dido, wearied out, promises to do as he wishes; but having made a huge pile for the offering of a hecatomb, she slays herself upon it, declaring that now she is going, as her people and the Libyans desired it, to her husband. The version of Virgil differs from this in little more than a name. Æneas is only another form of the bright being with whom Dido would willingly have dwelt for ever; but he is the sun-god who cannot pause to bestow on her his love, or who must hasten away after a brief mockery of gladness. In the former case, the myth answers to the legends of Adonis, Endymiôn, or Narkissos; in the latter the desertion of Dido is but the desertion of Prokris, Ariadnê, or Korônis; and the Tyrian Elissa dies, like Heraklês, amid the flames of a fiery sunset. The same story is repeated yet again in the myth of Anna, the sister of Dido, whom Latin tradition identified with the goddess Anna Perenna.[1] After her sister's death Anna follows Æneas to Italy, where, though she is kindly received by him, she finds in Lavinia a Prokris, whom she, like Eôs, must regard with deadly jealousy. But her arms are turned not upon her rival but upon herself; and the second woman who has lavished her affections on Æneas casts herself into the same Numician stream in which Æneas afterwards disappears from the sight of men. The same repetitions mark the story of Æneas, who, although fighting (reluctantly, as some versions have it) on the side of the thief who steals Helen, is yet a being like the Lykian Sarpêdôn or the Aithiopian Memnôn. Like them, he is the child not of a mortal mother, but of the brilliant goddess of the dawn, and in the Trojan army he plays the part of Achilleus in the Achaian host. Like the son of Thetis, he is the possessor of immortal horses, and like him he is at feud with the king, for Priam fails to do him honour, as Agamemnon heaps disgrace on Achilleus. From the flames of the ruined Ilion he escapes bearing on his shoulders his father Anchises, the aged man who, while yet he had the youth and beauty of Tithônos, had been the darling of Aphroditê. His wife Creusa (Kreiousa, a name answering to that of Euryanassa, the wide-ruling, and being simply the feminine form of Kreôn or Kreiôn) comes behind him like the twilight following the sun who is hastening on into the land of night. But the twilight must vanish before the sun can be seen again, and Creusa dies or disappears, like Hellê,—the converse of the myth of Hêrô and Leiandros (Leander). But Æneas, like Heraklês, has other loves before him; and the fortunes of Dido and Anna are brought before us again in the legend of the Italian Lavinia. She too is the bright Helen for whom kings and nations are ready to fight and die; but although Æneas wins her, there remain yet other dangers and other enemies, and in the final strife with the Rutulians the dawn-child vanishes in the stream of Numicius, as Arethousa and Daphnê plunge into the waters from which Anadyomenê comes up in the morning. The true feeling of the people who recounted this myth is shown in the title which they accorded to him. Henceforth he is Jupiter Indiges, the father from whom they spring, and who bestows upon them all that makes life worth living for.

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[1] For Slavonic versions of this myth see Ralston, *Songs of the Russian People*, 171.

[2] The antagonism between Pygmalion and Sichæus answers to that of Sat-Osiris and Typhon. "The one who is slain signifies *the pure*, 'Zakkai,' and Pohem Elyon, 'the murderer of the Most High.'"—Brown, *Great Dionysiak Myth*, ii. 289.

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[1] This name was naturally referred to the words *annus* and *perennis* by a people who had retained the mere name without its meaning. Hence the goddess became to the Latins the bestower of fruitful seasons; but the false etymology of the prayer, "ut annare perennareque commodè liceat," happened to correspond with the original force of the name, if Anna Perenna be the Sanskrit Apnapurna, who is described as "of ruddy complexion, her robe of various colours, a crescent on her forehead: She gives subsistence; she is bent by the weight of her full breasts, all good is united in her." In short, she is a deity who, in Colebrooke's words, "fills with food, and is very similar to Lakshmi, or the goddess of abundance, although not the same deity." The title Apna, in which we see the root ap (aqua), points to nourishment by water, while the name Purna comes apparently from the same stem with the Latin pario, to produce.—Nork, *Real-Wörterbuch*, i. 89.

Hêrô and Leiandros.

The same story of disastrous love is presented under other names in the legend of Leiandros (Leander), a myth which exhibits the sun as plunging through the waters to reach the beautiful morning, who holds out her gleaming light in the east; for Hêrô (whose name is identical with that of Hêrê) is the priestess of the dawn-goddess Aphroditê, and the road which separates her lover from herself is the Hellespontos, the Lykabas or path of light, the track of Hellê the dawn-maiden. Hêrô, again, dwells in the eastern Lesbos, while Leiandros has his home in Abydos. He is thus the Phoibos Delphinios, the fish or frog-sun, who dies in the furious storm; and through grief for her lost love Hêrô casts herself into the waters, like Kephalos from the Leukadian cliff after the death of Prokris.

The Brides of the Sun.

Not less sad than that of Prokris or of Dido is the lot of Iolê, Iokastê, Aithra, Augê, Danaê, or Ariadnê. In the first two of these forsaken wives or desolate mothers we see the violet tints of morning, which reappear in Iamos, Iolâos, and Iasôn. From Heraklês, Iolê is parted almost at the moment when she meets him. Her beautiful form is seen near his funeral pile, as the violet-tinted clouds may be seen among the flaming vapours lit up in a blood-red sunset; and as the blaze of the fire which consumes the body of Heraklês rises to the heavens, she is left alone in her sorrow to vanish before the cheerless gloaming. The fate of Iokastê had for the Greeks of the age of Perikles a more terrible significance. She is not only the mother of Oidipous, but his wife. As his mother, she had been tortured by seeing her child torn from her arms, to be cast away on Mount Kithairôn; and the shame of finding herself his wife after his victory over the Sphinx drives her to end her misery with her own hands.[1] According to the version of Hyginus, the life of Aithra (the pure air), the mother of Theseus, had the same end. Long ago she had been loved by Bellerophôn; but when he was driven from Corinth, she became the wife of the Athenian Aigeus, who left her with the infant Theseus at Troizen, having, like the father of Sigurd, placed his invincible weapons under a large stone, that his son might become possessed of them only when he had reached his full strength. Later still, the Dioskouroi, it is said, carried her away to Sparta, where she became the slave of Helen, and whence with Helen she was taken to Troy, to be brought back again through the prayers of her grandson Demophon. By the same hard fate, Augê, the (brilliant) daughter of Neaira, who, as the early morning, reappears as the mother of the nymphs Phaethousa and Lampetiê in the Odyssey, no sooner becomes the mother of Têlephos (the being who shines from far) than she is deprived of her child, who is exposed on Mount Parthenion. The story of Ariadnê exhibits much the same outlines. She is the daughter of Minos, the son of Zeus, and the all-brilliant Pasiphaê, who is the mother of the Minotauros, as the bright Hêrê is the mother of Typhâôn. In the slaughter of this monster she has a share corresponding to that of Medeia in the conquest of the bulls and the dragon-sprung men; like Medeia, she accompanies the conqueror, and like her she is deserted by him. Ariadnê then either slays herself, like Iokastê and Augê, Dido or Anna, or becomes the wife of Dionysos, who places her among the stars. In substance this is also the story of the Argive Danaê, who is shut up by her father Akrisios in a brazen dungeon,[2] which Zeus enters in the form of a golden shower, as the light of morning pierces the dark chambers of the night. She thus becomes the mother of Perseus; but, as in the case of Oidipous, the oracle had foretold that if she had a son, he would become the slayer of her father Akrisios, and Akrisios, anxious like Laios to preserve his own life, placed Danaê and her child in a chest, as according to one version Oidipous also was placed and borne away to Brasiai. The story of her sojourn in the house of Polydektês at Seriphos, of his persecutions and the more benignant treatment of his brother Diktys, of her rescue on the return of her son, and her restoration to her native land, belongs rather to the mythical history of Perseus. The myth of Andromeda, the beautiful daughter of the Aithiopian king Kepheus, is less gloomy; but although her woes seem to end with her deliverance from the dragon, she had up to that time had her full share of sorrow. Her mother Kassiopeia had, like Niobê, boasted that her child was more beautiful even than the daughters of Nereus, who prayed to Poseidôn to avenge the insult, as Lêtô called on Phoibos to requite the wrong done to her by Niobê. Poseidôn accordingly brought the waters of the sea over the land, and with them a sea-monster who, like the Sphinx or the Minotauros, can be satisfied only with human blood. The former fills the streets of Thebes with corpses; the latter exacts the yearly tribute of the dawn-children. But the solitary Andromeda, abandoned to the huge sea-dragon, takes a firmer hold on the popular imagination, and is reproduced in a thousand forms, from the women rescued by Oidipous and Theseus down to Una and her Red Cross Knight. All these deliverers are men unknown to fame; but they are all endowed with powers for which they who see them give them no credit, and they all exhibit the manly type of generous chivalry which finds its consummation in the pure Sir Galahad.

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[1] Iokastê is the wife of the gloomy Laios: in other words, the dawn from which the sun is born may be regarded as the wife of the dark and cheerless night.

[2] The Iron Stove of the German story. (Grimm.)

The Arkadian Augê.

The same idea is the groundwork of the myth of the Arkadian Augê, the clear atmosphere of the land of light. Hence the local myth necessarily related that Heraklês came to her whenever he visited Tegea, and thus she becomes the mother of one of the fatal children whose life begins and ends in disaster. No sooner is her son born than her father Aleos decrees her death and the exposure of the child. But Augê is saved to become the wife of the Mysian Teuthras, or, according to another version, to escape narrowly the fate of the Theban Iokastê, and in the end to be brought back to Tegea by her son Têlephos, as Perseus brings his mother back to Argos.

Eurôpê and the Bull.

The story of Eurôpê brings before us the dawn, not as fleeing from the pursuit of the sun, but as borne across the heaven by the lord of the pure ether. Zeus here, like Indra, himself assumes the form of a bull, and takes away the child as she plays with her brother in her Phenician home.[1] Almost every name in the myth tells its own tale, although we may perhaps have to put aside the names of Agênôr and Kadmos as merely Hellenised forms of the Semitic Kedem and Chnas. Eurôpê herself, the splendour of morning, seen first in the Phoinikian or purple land, is the child of Têlephassa, the being whose light streams from afar;[1] and in her first loveliness she is lost to those who delight in her, when she is snatched away to her western exile. Then follows the long journey of Kadmos and Têlephassa, the weary search of the sun through the livelong day for his early lost sister or bride. There were obviously a thousand ways of treating the myth. They might recover her in the end, as Alpheios is reunited to Arethousa and Perseus comes again to Danaê; but as it might be said that they might behold her like hereafter, so the tale might run that the being who had delighted them with her beauty should be seen herself again no more. The myth of Eurôpê sets forth the latter notion. Têlephassa sinks down and dies far in the west on the plains of Thessaly, and Kadmos, journeying westward still, learns at Delphoi that he is to seek his sister no longer.

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[1] This bull reappears in the Norse tale of Katie Wooden-cloak (Dasent), endowed with the powers of Wish. In its left ear is a cloth which, when spread

Althaia and the burning brand.

The myth of Althaia sets forth the dawn or morning as the mother of a child whose life is bound up with a burning brand. As soon as the brand is burnt out her son will die, according to the inexorable doom pronounced by the Moirai. This brand is the torch of day, which is extinguished when the sun sinks beneath the western horizon. From this conception of the sun's course sprung the idea that his mother kept him alive by snatching the log from the fire. But although Meleagros is, like Phoibos and Achilleus, invincible and invulnerable, the words of the Moirai must be accomplished; and as the mother of the sun may be either the dark night or the nourishing dawn (Althaia), so the wife of Oineus has her kinsfolk among the dark beings; and when these are slain by Meleagros, she thrusts the brand again into the fire, and the life of her brilliant child smoulders away. But his death brings with it the death alike of his mother and his bride, for the tints of the dawn or the gloaming cannot linger long after the sun is down. The names introduced

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out, furnishes abundant banquets for the dawn-maiden, who has been thrust out of her father's house; but when the stepmother says that she cannot rest until she has eaten the Dun Bull's flesh, the beast, hearing her, tells the dawn-maiden that, if she wills, he will carry her away. The pursuit of Katie on her bull is the chase of Iasôn by the angry Aiêtês, not the loving search of Kadmos and Têlephassa; and the bull has to go through fearful conflicts with the Trolls, before the happy end is brought about by means of a golden slipper as in the stories of Cinderella and Sodewa Bai.

[1] Pindar (*Pyth.* iv.) speaks of Eurôpê as a daughter of Tityos, a gigantic being, who is slain by the swift arrow of Artemis, and condemned to a like penalty with Ixiôn, Sisyphos, Tantalos, and Prometheus.

into this myth are found for the most part in a host of other stories. She is the daughter of Eurythemis, a reflexion of Eurôpê or Euryganeia, and a sister of Leda, the mother of the brilliant Dioskouroi; and among her own children is Dêianeira, whose union with Heraklês is fatal to the hero.[1] Of Kleopatra, the beautiful wife of Meleagros, there is little more to say than that she is, like Daphnê and Arethousa, a child of the waters, the Euênos being her father, and that, like Oinônê and Brynhild, she dies of grief when the chequered life of the being whom she loves has been brought to an end.

SECTION VI.—ATHÊNÊ.

The original idea of Athênê purely physical.

The name Athênê is practically a transliteration of the Vedic Ahanâ, the morning, which in a cognate form appears as Dahanâ, the Greek Daphnê.[2] The myths which have clustered round this greatest of Hellenic dawn-goddesses differ indefinitely in detail; but all may manifestly be traced back to the same source, and resolved into the same mythical phrases. She is pre-eminently the child of the waters, she springs from the forehead of the sky, and remains fresh, pure, and undefiled for ever. In her origin the virgin deity of the Athenian Akropolis was strictly physical; but the notion of the being who wakes up the world after the darkness of night might soon pass into that of wisdom, the connexion between light and knowledge (the φῶς and γνῶσις of the Fourth Gospel) being of the closest kind. Thus, in one of the Vedic hymns we have already had the phrase that the dawn as waking every mortal to walk about receives praise from every thinker. But as being sprung from the forehead of the sky, she may be expected to know the secrets of heaven; and thus we have in Athênê a being who, like Phoibos, is filled with all the wisdom of Zeus. In the earlier form of the myth neither the Vedic Ahanâ nor the Hellenic Athênê has any mother. In the Rig Veda, "Ushas, the dawn, sprang from the head of Dyu, the mûrddhadivah, the East, the forehead of the sky."[3]

Athênê Tritogeneia.

But if Athênê is Zeus-born, the poet, when he tells us this, speaks of her as Tritogeneia, the child of Tritos.[4] It is strange that this god, whose name differs so slightly from that of the water-god Triton, should have so far disappeared from the memory of the Greeks as to leave them at a loss to account for the epithet except by connecting it with places bearing a similar name, as among others the Libyan lake Tritonis, and the Boiotian stream Triton, on whose banks, as on those of the Attic stream, towns sprung up called Athênai and Eleusis.[1] In short, every stream so named became a birthplace for Athênê, although the meaning of the old phrase was not lost, until an attempt was made, by referring the myth to the alleged Eolic word for a head, to resolve it into the story of her springing from the head of Zeus. But the fact that in the Veda Trita rules over the water and the air, establishes the identity of Trito or Tritos, the father of Athênê, not only with that deity, but with Triton, Amphitritê, and the Tritopatores or lords of the winds.[2] The theory which, from the supposed Libyan birthplace of Athênê, infers a relation between Egyptian and Hellenic mythology need not be considered here.

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[1] Dêianeira is the last of the many brides of Heraklês, and belongs, in truth, rather to the darkness than the light, and as sending to him the fatal garment, may be regarded as rather the colleague or bride of the enemy of the day: and thus her name is Dâsyanarî, the wife of the fiend.—*Chips, &c.*, ii. 89, 234.

[2] See note 4, p. 230.

[3] Max Müller, *ib.* "Homer knows of no mother of Athênê, nor does the Veda mention a name for the mother of the dawn, though her parents are spoken of in the dual."

[4] Hes. *Theog.* 924.

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[1] This connexion of the dawn with water runs through almost every legend which turns on the phenomena of morning. Thus in the Norse tale of Katie Wooden-cloak, the dawn-maiden, while working humbly like Cinderella in the kitchen, asks permission to take up water for the prince, who will receive no service from one so mean-looking. Next day she appears at the palace on a splendid steed, and to his question whence she comes, her reply is, "I'm from Bath;" the next day she is from Towel-land, the third day from Comb-land, the comb being that with which the dawn-maidens always comb their golden locks by the water-side.

[2] M. Bréal, who traces this identity, *Hercule et Cacus*, 17, cites the words of Suidas, "τριτοπάτορες· Δήμων ἐν τῇ Ἀτθίδι φησὶν ἀνέμους εἶναι τοὺς Τριτοπάτορας." It is said of Indra that, "animated by the sacrificial food, he broke through the defences of Vala, as did Trita through the coverings of the well."—H. H. Wilson, *R. V. S.*, vol. i. p. 141. Professor Wilson here remarks that "Ekata, Dwita, and Trita [the first, second, and third] were three men produced in water, by Agni, for the purpose of removing or rubbing off the reliques of an oblation of clarified butter. The Scholiast . . . says that Agni threw the cinders of the burnt-offering into the water, whence successively arose Ekata, Dwita, and Trita, who, as elsewhere appears, were therefore called Aptyas or sons of water." Noticing Dr. Roth's opinion that Trita is the same name as Thraêtana (Feridun), he says that the identity of Trita and Traitana remains to be established. It is, at the least, not disproved by the story which he cites as setting it aside. This story is that "the slaves of Dirghotamas, when he was old and blind, became insubordinate, and attempted to destroy him, first by throwing him into the fire, whence he was saved by the Asvins, then into water, whence he was extricated by the same divinities; upon which Traitana, one of the slaves, wounded him on the head, breast, and arms, and then inflicted like injuries on himself, of which he perished." This story becomes clear throughout when compared with the myth of Eôs, who, like the slaves of Dirghotama, shut up the decrepit Tithônos. In the story of Dirghotamas and Yayâtis, Count de Gubernatis discerns King Lear in embryo. Cordelia is here the third son who consents to become old in his father's stead, when his two elder brothers refuse; or in another version the youngest child, who remains with his parents when these have been driven from their home by the elder children. In Thraêtana Athwyâna, the son of Thrita Athwya, Professor Th. Benfey recognises the Tritônis Athana of the Greeks. See also Gubernatis, *Zoological Mythology*, i. 24.

Birth of Athênê.

The Hesiodic Theogony assigns Mêtis (a name akin to that of the wise Medeia) as a mother to Athênê; but this story is reconciled with the other myth by saying, that by the counsel of Ouranos and Gaia Zeus swallowed Mêtis before her child was born. The saying of Pindar, that Hephaistos at her birth split the forehead of Zeus with a brazen axe, may point to the sudden stream of light shooting up in the morning sky, or to the lightning flash which reveals the darkened heaven,[1] and in the golden shower which falls at her birth, we have a repetition of the mode in which Danaê became the mother of Perseus.[2] When Apollodoros and others say that the forehead of Zeus was cloven by Prometheus or Hermes, we have only to remember that these are both spoken of (together with the Argive Phorôneus) as the first givers of the boon of fire to mankind.[3]

Parentage of Athênê.

As springing from the forehead of Zeus, Athênê was known as Koryphasia in Messênê, as Akria in Argos, while Minerva was called Capta (capita) at Rome.[4] But there were also traditions which spoke of her as a child not of Zeus, but of the giant Pallas,[5] who attempts to violate her purity, and is therefore slain by her. Here we have the dawn regarded as springing from the night, and the night as seeking to mar or to destroy his offspring. It is, in short, the myth which makes Laios, Akrisios, and Astyages hate their children, who are in their turn doomed to slay their sires, as Athênê slays the monster Pallas. The legend which makes her a daughter of Poseidôn is merely a statement that the morning is born from the waters. But as with the dawn there comes generally the morning breeze (Sarameya, Hermeias, Hermes, the child of Saramâ) with its sweet and soothing tones, so when, by the aid of Athênê, Perseus has slain the dark Gorgon, Athênê is said, like Hermes, to have invented the flute in order to imitate the plaintive sounds in which the Gorgon sisters mourned the slain Medousa.[6]

Athênê mother of Phoibos and Lychnos.

But pure and undefiled though the dawn may be, she is yet followed by the sun, who may therefore be regarded as her offspring; and thus Phoibos Apollôn was sometimes called a son of Hephaistos and Athênê, while another version expressed the same idea by making them the parents of Lychnos (the brilliant), another Phaëthôn.[1] As the dawn-goddess, she can keep men young, or make them old. She rouses them to fresh vigour from healthful sleep, or as the days come round she brings them at last to old age and death. From her come the beauty and strength, the golden locks and piercing glances of Achilleus and Odysseus. But when for the accomplishment of the great work it becomes needful that Odysseus shall enter his own house as a toilworn beggar, it is Athênê who dims the brightness of his eye, and wraps him in squalid raiment,[2] and again she restores his former majesty when once more he is to meet his son Telemachos.[3] So, again, she preserves to Penelopê all the loveliness of her youth, and presents her to Odysseus as beautiful as when he left her twenty years ago, when the Achaian hosts set out for Ilion, while she restores Laertes also to something of his ancient vigour.[4]

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[1] Preller, *Grieschische Mythologie*, i. 151, regards the axe splitting the forehead of Zeus as the lightning.

[2] Pind. *Olymp.* vii. 65. The expression applied to Athênê, ἀλάλαξεν ὑπερμάκει βοᾷ, indicates the din of a thunderstorm.

[3] Apollod. i. 3, 5. The myth which makes Hephaistos himself her father speaks only of the burst of flaming light from which the day seems to be born.

[4] Max Müller, *Lectures on Language*, second series, 503.

[5] This name is manifestly only another form of Phallos.

[6] Pind. *Pyth.* xii. 35. The knife with which Perseus slays the Gorgon comes from Athènê; it is the same weapon with which Hermes put out the eyes of Argos. But when the head of the dark Gorgon has been cut off, "the light, veiled for a moment, soon reappears on the *Aigis* of the dawn-queen."—Brown, *The Unicorn*, 52.

Epithets of Athênê.

Of the vast number of names by which she was known and worshipped, the earliest probably, and certainly the most common, denote the light. She is especially the goddess of the grey or gleaming face, Glaukôpis. She is Optiletis, Oxyderkês, Ophthalmitis, the being of keen eyes and piercing vision. But these epithets might, it is plain, be made to bear a moral or intellectual meaning; and thus a starting-point would be furnished for the endless series of names which described her as full of wisdom and counsel, as enforcing order and justice, as promoting the tillage of the earth, and as fostering all science and all art. Thus the epithets Akria and Akraia, which can be rightly interpreted only after a comparison with her other names, Koryphasia and Capta, might be taken to denote her protection of cities and fortresses, while her name Ageleia, as the driver of the clouds whom Saramâ leads forth to their pastures, might be regarded as denoting her care for those who till the soil or keep herds. But her physical character is never kept out of sight. She is the goddess especially of the Athenians, and of the dawn city which received her name after the contest in which she produced the olive against the horse created by Poseidôn, for so it was decreed by Zeus that the city should be called after the deity who should confer the greatest boon on man, and the sentence was that the olive, as the emblem of peace, was better than the horse, whose chief use was for war. But the city so named after her was emphatically the glistening city (λιπαραὶ Ἀθῆναι), although the epithet, it seems, was so little applicable to it in its outward aspect that the Athenians of the historical ages prized it with a jealous earnestness, and were ready to grant any prayer made by people who addressed them as citizens of brilliant Athens.

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[1] Athênê also brings up and nourishes Erechtheus, and lodges him in her own temple. On this Mr. Grote, *History of Greece*, i. 75, remarks, "It was altogether impossible to make Erechtheus the son of Athênê: the type of the goddess forbade it." Rather, it was forbidden only by the form which the idea of Athênê assumed in the minds of the Athenians; and the reason is obvious.

[2] *Od.* xiii. 430.

[3] *Od.* xvi. 172.

[4] *Ib.* xxiv. 368.

Athênê the guardian of heroes.

She is, however, the guardian not of Athenians only but of all the solar heroes; in her Bellerophontes, Achilleus, Heraklês and Perseus, Odysseus and Diomêdes, find their unfailing friend and comforter. From her come all wealth and prosperity, and accordingly we find the special emblems of wealth and fertility intimately associated with her worship. Her sacred serpent was fed on the Akropolis, and yearly in her great procession the sacred ship, covered with the peplos woven by Athenian maidens, was carried to her shrine.[1] In one of the so-called Orphic hymns,[2] she is said to be both male and female, and thus to remain unwedded. Doubtless the dawn may be regarded as of spotless purity and unfading loveliness, and this idea might give rise to images of transcendent holiness and majesty; but she may be thought of also not only as giving birth to children, but as being sensible to passion, and we are not justified in leaving out of sight those myths which present Athênê in this light. On the one hand, according to one story, she blinds Teiresias because he had looked upon her unclothed form (a myth closely akin to that of the dazzling treasures of Ixîon, which no man might look upon and live), and shrinks with loathing from Hephaistos when he seeks to lay hands upon her. On the other, the myth of Prometheus exhibits her as aiding him in his theft of fire against the will of Zeus, while one version represents her as so acting from feelings not of friendship but of love. In general, however, the harmony between the dawn and the sky from which it springs, in other words, between Zeus and Athênê, is undisturbed; and thus when Zeus is determined to take vengeance for the deceit put upon him by Prometheus, Athênê lends herself as a willing accomplice in his scheme. She is to teach Pandora the skilful use of the loom, while Aphroditê is to adorn her with all the enticements of physical beauty, and Hermes is to give her a crafty and thievish mind and temper.[3] But even in the Iliad where she is generally represented as being in perfect accord with the will of Zeus, she engages, as we have seen, in an abortive conspiracy to bind Zeus, in which she is the accomplice of Hêrê and Poseidôn.[1]

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[1] See section xii. of this chapter.

[2] xxxii.

[3] Hes. *Op. et Dies.* 60, *et seq.* The statement in line 72 that Athênê placed the girdle on Pandora and made her beautiful may be regarded as another version of the myth. It is certainly not in accordance with line 65.

The Latin Minerva.

In all her essential attributes, the Hellenic Athênê is represented by the Latin Minerva, a name which Professor Max Müller connects with mens, the Greek μένος, and the Sanskrit *manas*, mind, and compares it with mane, the morning, Mânia, an old name of the mother of the Lares, and the verb manare as applied especially to the sun, while Matuta and other kindred words denote the dawn.[2] Whatever may be the connexion between Minerva and Matuta, we can scarcely fail to see the affinity of the name with the verb promenervare, used in the Carmen Saliare as an equivalent to the kindred moneo, to admonish. The Latin Minerva, as embodying a purely intellectual idea, is thus a being even more majestic than the Hellenic Athênê; and to so intellectual a conception we should scarcely expect that many fables would attach themselves. Hence the Latin Minerva can scarcely be said to have any mythology. Like Ceres she stands alone in incommunicable sanctity and in unfathomable wisdom.

SECTION VII.—APHRODITÊ.

Birth of Aphroditê.

The story told in the Hesiodic Theogony is manifestly a comparatively late form of the legend of Aphroditê. Yet it resolves itself almost at the first touch into the early mythical phrases. From the blood of the mutilated Ouranos which fell upon the sea sprang the beautiful goddess who made Kythêra and Kypros her home, as Phoibos dwelt in Lykia and in Delos. This is but saying in other words that the morning, the child of the heaven, springs up first from the sea, as Athênê also is born by the water-side. But as Athênê became the special embodiment of the keen wisdom which Phoibos alone shared with her, so on Aphroditê, the child of the froth or foam of the sea, was lavished all the wealth of words denoting the loveliness of the morning; and thus the Hesiodic poet goes on at once to say that the grass sprung up under her feet as she moved, that Erôs, Love, walked by her side, and Himeros, Longing, followed after her.[3] At her birth she is not only the beautiful Anadyomene of Apelles, as the sun whom Sêlênê comes to greet is Endymiôn,[4] but she is also

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[1] *Il.* i. 400.

[2] *Lectures on Language*, second esries, 505. To the same root, probably, must be referred the epithet *moneta*, applied to Juno as the guardian of the mint on the Capitoline hill. But see also Isaac Taylor, *Etruscan Researches*, 136.

[3] *Theog.* 194–201.

[4] The words tell each its own story, the one denoting uprising from water, as the other denotes the down-plunging into it, the root being found also in the English *dive*, and the German *taufen*.

Enalia and Pontia, the deity of the deep sea.[1] In our Iliad and Odyssey the myth is scarcely yet crystallised. In the former poem Aphroditê is the daughter of Zeus and Dionê, in whom was seen the mother of Dionysos after her resurrection. In the Odyssey she is the wife of Hephaistos, whose love for Arês forms the subject of the lay of Demodokos. Here she is attended by the Charites who wash her and anoint her with oil at Paphos. In the Iliad, however, the wife of Hephaistos is Charis, and thus we are brought back to the old myth in which both Charis and Aphroditê are mere names for the glistening dawn. In Charis we have simply the brilliancy produced by fat or ointment,[2] which is seen again in Liparai Athanai, the gleaming city of the morning. In the Vedic hymns this epithet has already passed from the dawn or the sun to the shining steeds which draw their chariot, and the Haris and Harits are the horses of Indra, the sun, and the dawn, as the Rohits are the horses of Agni, the fire.[3] Thus also the single Charis of the Iliad is converted into the Charites of the Odyssey, the graceful beings whose form in Hellenic mythology is always human.[4]

The ministers of Aphroditê.

With this origin of the name Charis all the myths which have gathered round the Charites are in the closest agreement; and they do but resolve themselves, somewhat monotonously, into expressions denoting the birth of the morning from the heavens or the sky, and the sea or the waters. In the Hesiodic Theogony, the Charis who is the wife of Hephaistos is called Aglaia (the shining), whose name is also that of Aiglê, Glaukos, and Athênê of the bright face (Glaukôpis). In other versions their mother is herself Aiglê, who here becomes a wife of Phoibos; in others again she is Eurydomene, or Eurynome, names denoting with many others the broad flush of the morning light; or she is Lêthê, as Phoibos is also a son of Lêtô, and the bright Dioskouroi spring from the colourless Leda. So too the two Spartan Charites are, like Phaethousa and Lampetiê, Klêtê and Phaenna (the clear and glistening). But beautiful though they all might be, there would yet be room for rivalry or comparison, and thus the story of the judgment of Paris is repeated in the sentence by which Teiresias adjudged the prize of beauty to Kalê, the fair. The seer in this case brings on himself a punishment which answers to the ruin caused by the verdict of Paris.[1]

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[1] This notion is seen in the strange myth of transformations in which to escape from Typhon in the war between Zeus and the Titans, Aphroditê, like Phoibos and Onnes, Thetis or Proteus, assumes the form of a fish. Ov. *Met.* v. 331. With this idea there is probably mingled in this instance the notion of the vesica piscis as the emblem of generation, and denoting the special function of Aphroditê. The same emblematical form is seen in the kestos or cestus of Aphroditê, which answers to the necklace of Harmonia or Eriphylê. This cestus has the magic power of inspiring love, and is used by Hêrê, when she wishes to prevent Zeus from marring her designs.

[2] Max Müller, *Lectures on Language*, second series, 369, 375. The Latin Gratia belongs to the same root, which yields—as has been already noticed—our "grease." Objections founded on any supposed degrading association of ideas in this connexion are themselves unworthy and trivial. Professor Müller remarks that "as fat and greasy infants grow into airy fairy Lilians, so do words and ideas," and that "the Psalmist does not shrink from even bolder metaphors," as in Psalm cxxxiii. That the root which thus supplied a name for Aphroditê should also be employed to denote gracefulness or charm in general, is strictly natural. Thus the Sanskrit arka is a name not only for the sun, but also for a hymn of praise, while the cognate arkshas denoted the shining stars.

[3] Max Müller, *ib.* 370.

[4] Professor Müller, *Lect.* 372, remarks that in Greek the name Charis never means a horse, and that "it never passed through that phase in the mind of the Greek poets which is so familiar in the poetry of the Indian bards." But the Greek notion, he observes, had at the least dawned on the mind of the Vedic poets, for in one hymn the Harits are called the Sisters, and in another are represented with beautiful wings.

The arrows of Aphroditê.

As the goddess of the dawn, Aphroditê is endowed with arrows irresistible as those of Phoibos or Achilleus, the rays which stream like spears from the flaming sun and are as fatal to the darkness as the arrows of Aphroditê to the giant Polyphemos. Nay, like Ixîôn himself, she guides the four-spoked wheel, the golden orb at its first rising: but she does not share his punishment, for Aphroditê is not seen in the blazing noontide.[2] In her brilliant beauty she is Arjunî, a name which appears again in that of Arjuna, the companion of Krishna, and the Hellenic Argynnis.

Her children.

But the conception of the morning in the form of Aphroditê exhibits none of the severity which marks the character of Athênê. She is the dawn in all her loveliness and splendour, but the dawn not as unsullied by any breath of passion, but as waking all things into life, as the great mother who preserves and fosters all creatures in whom is the breath of life. She would thus be associated most closely with those forms under which the phenomena of reproduction were universally set forth. She would be a goddess lavish of her smiles and of her love, most benignant to her closest imitators; and as the vestals of Athens showed forth the purity of the Zeus-born goddess, so the Hierodouloi of Corinth would exhibit the opposite sentiment, and answer to the women who assembled in the temples of the Syrian Mylitta. The former is really Aphroditê Ourania; the latter the Aphroditê known by the epithet Pandêmos. Aphroditê is thus the mother of countless children, not all of them lovely and beautiful like herself, for the dawn may be regarded as sprung from the darkness, and the evening (Eôs) as the mother of the darkness again. Hence like Echidna and Typhon, Phobos and Deimos (fear and dread) are among the offspring whom the bright Paphian goddess bore to Ares, while Priapos and Bacchos are her children by Dionysos. Nor is her love confined to undying gods. The so-called Homeric hymn tells the story how in the guise of a simple maiden she came to the folds where the Trojan Anchises was tending his flocks, and how Aineias was born, whom the nymphs loved by the Seilenoi and Hermes the Argos-Slayer tended and cherished.[1]

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[1] Sostratos ap. Eustath. ad Hom. p. 1665. Smith, *Dictionary of Greek and Rom. Biography*, s.v. Charis.

[2] Pind. *Pyth.* iv. 380.

Share of Aphroditê in the Trojan war.

In the Iliad, Aphroditê, as the mother of Aineias, fights on the side of Ilion, not so much because she has any keen wish for the victory of the one side rather than the other, as because she desires to preserve her child and make him a father of many nations. Nowhere in fact do we more clearly see the disintegration of the earliest myths than in the part which the several deities play in the long struggle before the walls of Ilion. That struggle is strictly the desperate strife which is to avenge the wrongs and woes of Helen and to end in her return to her ancient home in the west,—the return of the beautiful dawnlight, whom the powers of darkness had borne away from the western heavens in the evening. It is unnecessary to do more here than to refer to the evidence by which this conclusion may be regarded as proved; but it follows hence that not only is the faithless Helen the Saramâ whom the dark beings vainly try to seduce in the hymns of the Veda, but Paris is Paṇi, the cheat and the thief, who steals away and shuts up the light in his secret lurking-place. Thus in the early and strict form of the myth, Helen is all light and Paris is all blackness; and his kinsfolk are the robbers who are associated with the great seducer. Hence we should expect that on the side of the Trojans there would be only the dark and forbidding gods, on the side of the Achaians only those who dwell in the ineffable light of Olympos. The latter is indeed the case: but although Hêrê, the queen of the pure ether, is the zealous guardian of the Argive hosts, and Athênê gives strength to the weapons and wisdom to the hearts of Achilleus and Odysseus, yet Apollôn and Aphroditê are not partakers in their counsels. Throughout, the latter is anxious only for the safety of her child, and Apollôn encourages and comforts the noble and self-devoted Hektor. There was in truth nothing in the old mythical phrases which could render this result either impossible or unlikely. The victory of the Achaians might be the victory of the children of the sun over the dark beings who have deprived them of their brilliant treasure; but there was no reason why on each hero, on either side, there should not rest something of the lustre which surrounds the forms of Phoibos, Heraklês, Perseus, and Bellerophôn.

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[1] *Hymn to Aphroditê*, 258.

There might be a hundred myths inwoven into the history of either side, so long as this was done without violating the laws of mythical credibility. Glaukos must not himself take part in the theft of Helen: but if local tradition made him a Lykian chief not only in a mythical but also in a geographical sense, there was no reason why he should not leave his home to repel the enemies of Priam. Phoibos must not so far turn the course of events as to secure the triumph of Paris: but he might fairly be regarded as the supporter and guide of the generous and self-sacrificing Hektor. Hence when the death day of Hektor has come, Apollôn leaves him, reluctantly it may be, but still he abandons him while Athênê draws near to Achilleus to nerve him for the final conflict.[1] So again, Aphroditê may wrap Aineias in mist and thus withdraw him from the fight which was going against him; but she must not herself smite his enemy Diomêdês, and the Achaian must be victor even at the cost of the blood which flows within her own veins. But when the vengeance of Achilleus is accomplished, she may again perform her own special work for the fallen Hektor. The dawn is the great preserver, purifier, and restorer; and hence though the body of Hektor had been tied by the feet to Achilleus' chariot wheels and trailed in the defiling dust,[2] still all that is unseemly is cleansed away and the beauty of death brought back by Aphroditê, who keeps off all dogs and anoints him with the ambrosial oil which makes all decay impossible, while Phoibos shrouds the body in a purple mist, to temper the fierce heat of the midday sun.[3] It is true that this kindly office, by which the bodies of Chundun Raja and Sodewa Bai are preserved in the Hindu fairy tales, is performed for the body of Patroklos by Thetis: but Thetis, like Athênê and Aphroditê, is herself the child of the waters, and the mother of a child whose bright career and early doom is, like that of Meleagros, bound up with the brilliant but short-lived day.

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[1] The importance of the subject warrants my repeating that too great a stress cannot be laid on this passage of the Iliad (xxii. 213). With an unfairness which would be astounding if we failed to remember that Colonel Mure had an hypothesis to maintain which must be maintained at all costs, the author of the *Critical History of Greek Literature* thought fit to glorify Achilleus and vilify Hektor, on the ground that the latter overcame Patroklos only because he was aided by Phoibos, while the former smote down Hektor only in fair combat and by his own unaided force. But in point of fact Achilleus cannot slay his antagonist until Phoibos has deserted him, and no room whatever is left for any comparison which may turn the balance in favour of either warrior. In neither case are the conditions with which we are dealing the conditions of human life, nor can the heroes be judged by the scales in which mankind must be weighed. Nay, not only does Phoibos leave Hektor to his own devices, but Athênê cheats him into resisting Achilleus, when perhaps his own sober sense would have led him to retreat within the walls. *Il.* xxii. 231.

[2] *Il.* xxii. 396. Yet it has been gravely asserted that "Homer knows nothing of any deliberate insults to the body of Hektor, or of any barbarous indignities practised upon it."

[3] *Il.* xxiii. 185–191.

Aphroditê and Adonis.

But the dawn as bringing back the sun and thus recalling to life the slumbering powers of nature is especially the lover of the bright fruits and flowers which gladden her brilliant pathway. In other words, Aphroditê loves Adonis, and would have him for ever with her. The word Adonis is manifestly Semitic, and the influence of Asiatic thought may be readily admitted in the later developements of this myth; but the myth itself is one which must be suggested to the inhabitants of every country where there is any visible alternation or succession of seasons. There is nothing in the cultus of Tammuz which may not be found in that of Dêmêtêr or Baldur, if we except its uncontrolled licentiousness. It is scarcely necessary to go through all the details of the later mythographers,—not one of which, however, presents any real discordance with the oldest forms of the legend. Adonis, as denoting the fruitfulness and the fruits of the earth, must spring from its plants, and so the story ran that he was born from the cloven body of his mother who had been changed into a tree, as Athênê sprang from the cloven head of Zeus. The beautiful babe, anointed by the Naiads with his mother's tears (the dews of springtime) as the tears of Eôs fall for her dead son Memnôn, was placed in a chest and put into the hands of Persephonê, the queen of the underworld, who, marking his wonderful loveliness, refused to yield up her charge to Aphroditê.[1] It is the seeming refusal of the wintry powers to loosen their clutch and let go their hold of the babe, which cannot thrive until it is released from their grasp. But the Dawn is not thus to be foiled, and she carries her complaint to Zeus, who decides that the child shall remain during four months of each year with Persephonê, and for four he should remain with his mother, while the remaining four were to be at his own disposal. In a climate like that of Greece the myth would as inevitably relate that these four months he spent with Aphroditê, as on the fells of Norway it would run that he was compelled to spend them in Niflheim. Still the doom is upon him. He must beware of all noxious and biting beasts. The fair summer cannot longer survive the deadly bite of winter than Little Surya Bai the piercing of the Raksha's claw, or Baldur withstand the mistletoe of Loki. Like Atys the fair and brave, he is to meet his death in a boar-hunt; and the bite, which only leaves a life-long mark on the body of Odysseus, brings to an end the dream of Aphroditê. In vain she hastens to stanch the wound.

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[1] In short, Persephonê refuses to give up the treasure which the dragon so jealously guards on the Glistening Heath.

The flowers (the last lingering flowers of autumn) spring up from the nectar which she pours into it, but Adonis the beautiful must die. Once again she carries the tale of her sorrow to Zeus, who grants her some portion of her prayer. Adonis may not, like Memnôn or like Sarpêdôn (for in some versions he also is raised again), dwell always in the halls of Olympos, but for six months in the year he may return to cheer Aphroditê as, in the Eleusinian legend, Persephonê is restored to the arms of Dêmêtêr. Of the love of Aphroditê for Boutes it is enough to say that Boutes, the shepherd, is a priest of the dawn-goddess Athênê, who, as the Argonauts approach within hearing of the Seirens, throws himself into the sea, but is saved by Aphroditê and carried away to Lilybaion.[1]

The armed Aphroditê.

Lastly, Aphroditê may assume a form as stern and awful as that of Athênê herself. As Duhita Divah, the daughter of the sky, is invincible, so Aphroditê, as the child of Ouranos and Hemera, the heaven and the day, has a power which nothing can resist, and the Spartan worshipped her as a conquering goddess clad in armour and possessing the strength which the Athenian poet ascribes to Erôs the invincible in battle.[2]

The Latin Venus.

The Latin Venus is, in strictness of speech, a mere name, to which any epithet might be attached according to the conveniences or the needs of the worshipper. The legends which the later poets applied to her are mere importations from Greek mythology, and seem to be wholly unnoticed in earlier Roman tradition. When the Roman began to trace his genealogy to the grandson of Priam, the introduction of the story of Anchises was followed naturally by other myths from the same source; but they found no congenial soil in the genuine belief of the people, for whom a profusion of epithets supplied the place of mythical history. With them it was enough to have a Venus Myrtea (a name of doubtful origin), or Cloacina the purifier,[3] barbata, the bearded, militaris, equestris, and a host of others, whose personality was too vague to call for any careful distinction.

Meaning of the name.

The name itself has been, it would seem with good reason, connected with the Sanskrit root van, to desire, love, or favour. Thus, in the Rig Veda, girvanas means loving invocations, and yajnavanas loving sacrifices, while the common Sanskrit preserves vanita in the sense of a beloved woman. To the same root belong the Anglo-

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[1] Apollod. i. 9, 25.

[2] Soph. *Ant.* 781.

[3] From cluere=κλύζειν, to wash or cleanse. Most of these epithets lie beyond the region of mythology. They are mere official names, like Venus Calva, which seemingly has reference to the practice of devoting to her a lock of the bride's hair on the day of marriage.

Saxon wynn, pleasure, the German wonne, and the English winsome. The word Venus, therefore, denotes either love or favour. To the former signification belongs the Latin venustas; to the latter the verb veneror, to venerate, in other words, to seek the favour of any one, venia being strictly favour or permission.[1] Venus was probably not the oldest, and certainly not the only name for the goddess of love in Italy, as the Oscan deity was named Herentas.

Adonis and Dionysos.

The myth of Adonis links the legends of Aphroditê with those of Dionysos. Like the Theban wine-god, Adonis is born only on the death of his mother: and the two myths are in one version so far the same that Dionysos like Adonis is placed in a chest, which being cast into the sea is carried to Brasiai, where the body of his mother is buried. But like Memnôn and Athamas, the Syrian Tammuz or Adonis, Semêlê[2] is raised from the underworld and on her assumption receives the name of Dionê.

SECTION VIII.—HÊRÊ.

Myths relating to the birth of Hêrê.

In the Hellenic mythology Hêrê, in spite of all the majesty with which she is sometimes invested and the power which is sometimes exercised by her, is little more than a being of the same class with Kronos. The same necessity which produced the one evoked the other. Zeus must have a father, and the name of this father was suggested by the epithet Kronides or Kronion, Semitic though these words may be. In like manner he must have a wife, and her name must denote her abode in the pure and brilliant ether. Accordingly the name Hêrê points to the Sanskrit svar, the gleaming heaven, and the Zend hvar, the sun, which in Sanskrit appears in the kindred form Sûrya, and in Latin as Sol.[3] She is thus strictly the consort of Zeus, with rather the semblance than the reality of any independent powers. In the Iliad she speaks of herself as the eldest daughter of Kronos, by whom, like the rest of his progeny, she was swallowed, and as having been given by Rheia into the charge of Okeanos and Tethys, who nursed and tended her after Kronos had been dethroned and imprisoned by Zeus beneath the earth and sea.[1] This myth passed naturally into many forms, and according to some she was brought up by the daughters of the river Asterion (a phrase which points to the bright blue of heaven coming into sight in the morning over the yet starlit waters), while others gave her as her nurses the beautiful Horai,[2] to whose charge are committed the gates of heaven, the clouds which they scatter from the summit of Olympos and then bring to it again.[3] In other words, the revolving seasons all sustain the beauty and the splendour of the bright ether. When she became the bride of Zeus, she presented him with the golden apples, the glistening clouds of the morning,[4] guarded first by the hundred-headed offspring of Typhon and Echidna, and afterwards by Aiglê, Erytheia, Hestia, and Arethousa, the glistening children of Hesperos, whether in Libya or in the Hyperborean gardens of Atlas.[5]

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[1] I am indebted for this explanation to Professor Aufrecht through the kindness of Dr. Muir.

[2] "Semel, the Assyrian Samulti, . . . means *image*. It is quite possible that Semele may be really an oriental name, to which, as in many other cases, an Hellenic derivation, suitable in itself, has been attached, and may mean 'the image of the sublunary world,' as the neo-Platonist would say."—Brown, *Great Dionysiak Myth*, i. 361. No Greek derivation has been attached to this name, which certainly cannot be explained by reference to any Greek word.

[3] Welcker *Griechische Götterlehre*, i. 363, regards the name as a cognate form of ἔρα, earth, and traces it through a large number of words which he supposes to be akin to it. Of this and other explanations, Preller, who refers the name to the Sanskrit svar, says briefly, "Die gewöhnlichen Erklärungen von ἔρα, die Erde, oder von ἀὴρ, die Luft, oder Ἥρα, d. i. Hera, die Frau, die Herrin schlechthin, lassen sich weder etymologisch noch dem Sinne nach rechtfertigen."—*Griechische Mythologie*, i. 124.

Relations of Zeus and Hêrê.

Throughout the Iliad, which makes no mention of this incident, the will of Hêrê, though compelled to submit, is by no means always in harmony with the will of Zeus. The Argives, the children of the bright evening land, are exclusively the objects of her love; and the story of the judgment of Paris was designed to furnish a reason for this exclusive favour. So the tale went that when the gods were assembled at the marriage board of Thetis and Peleus, Eris flung on the table a golden apple to be given to the fairest of the fair. The trial which follows before the shepherd of Ida is strictly in accordance with the mythical characters of Hêrê and Athênê, as well as of Aphroditê, to whom, as the embodiment of the mere physical loveliness of the dawn (apart from the ideas of wisdom or power underlying the conceptions of Hêrê and Athênê), the golden prize is awarded. Henceforth Aphroditê threw in her weight on the side of the Trojans, while Athênê and Hêrê gave their aid to the kinsfolk or the avengers of Helen. But the way was not so clear to Zeus as it seemed to be to Hêrê. Hektor himself was the darling of Apollôn, and here alone was a reason why Zeus should not be eager to bring about the victory of the Achaians; but among the allies of Priam there were others in whose veins his own blood was running, the Aithiopian Memnôn, the child of the morning, Glaukos, the brave chieftain from the land of light, and, dearest of all, Sarpêdôn. Here at once there were causes of strife between Zeus and his queen, and in these quarrels Hêrê wins her ends partly by appealing to his policy or his fears, or by obtaining from Aphroditê her girdle of irresistible power. Only once do we hear of any attempt at force, and this instance is furnished by the conspiracy in which she plots with Poseidôn and Athênê to make Zeus a prisoner.[1] This scheme is defeated by Thetis and Briareos, and perhaps with this may be connected the story that Zeus once hung up Hêrê in the heaven with golden handcuffs on her wrists and two heavy anvils suspended from her feet. In the same way she is at enmity with Heraklês, and is wounded by his barbed arrows. But where the will of Zeus is not directly thwarted, Hêrê is endowed with the attributes even of Phoibos himself. Thus she imparts to the horse Xanthos the gifts at once of human speech and of prophecy, and sends the unwilling Helios to his ocean bed when Patroklos falls beneath the spear of Hektor.

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[1] *Il.* xiv. 201.

[2] *Paus.* ii. 13, 3.

[3] In this case we have the authority of the *Iliad* itself for an interpretation which would otherwise be probably censured as a violent straining of the text: but the office of the gatekeeper of Olympos is expressly stated to be

ἠμὲν ἀνακλῖναι πυκινὸν νέφος ἠδ' ἐπιθεῖναι·
v. 751.

Preller, *Gr. Myth.* 374.

[4] This myth, which arose from the confusion of the word μῆλον, an apple, with μῆλον, a sheep, is really only another form of the legend which gave the story of Phaethousa and Lampetiê.

[5] Apollod. ii. 5, 11.

Hêrê and Ixion.

But while Zeus asserts and enforces his own power over her, none other may venture to treat her with insult; and the proud Ixîon himself is fastened to the four-spoked wheel of noon-day, for his presumption in seeking the love of the wife of Zeus. The sun as climbing the heights of heaven, and wooing the bright ether, is an arrogant being who must be bound to the fiery cross, or whose flaming orb must be made to descend to the west, like the stone of Sisyphos, just when it has reached the zenith, or summit of the hill.

Hêrê Akraia.

Among the many names under which she was known appears the epithet Akraia, which was supposed to describe her as the protectress of cities, but which was applied also to Athênê as denoting the bright sky of morning.[2] Thus viewed she is the mother of Hêbê, the embodiment of everlasting youth, the cupbearer of Zeus himself. Hêrê, however, like Athênê, has her dark and terrible aspects. From Ouranos, the heaven, spring the gigantic monsters, Thunder and Lightning; and as the source of like convulsions, Hêrê is the mother of Arês (Mars), the crusher, and Hephaistos, the forger of the thunderbolts.

Hêrê the Matron.

But her relations to marriage are those which were most prominently brought out in her worship throughout Hellas. She is the wife of Zeus in a sense which could not be applied to any other of the Olympian deities; and, apart from the offspring which she produces by her own unaided powers, she has no children of which Zeus is not the father. Hence she was regarded both as instituting marriage, and punishing those who violate its duties. It is she who sends the Eileithyiai to aid women, when their hour is come; and thus she has that power of hastening or retarding a birth which is used to give Eurystheus priority over Heraklês.

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[1] Mr. Brown regards the story of this conspiracy as a tradition of the struggles consequent on the attempt to introduce the foreign worship of Poseidôn into the West.

[2] See Preller, *Gr. Myth.* i. 125.

The Latin Juno.

In these functions she is practically identical with the Latin Juno (a name closely akin to that of Zeus).[1] But Juno not only presides over marriage. She is the special protectress of women from the cradle to the grave, and as such, is Matrona and Virginalis. As Moneta, the guardian of the mint, she bears a name which connects her functions with those of Minerva.

SECTION IX.—THE ERINYES.

Doctrine of Necessity.

In the whole cycle of Greek mythology no idea perhaps is more prominent than that of the inevitable doom of toil, sorrow, and suffering which is laid without exception on every one of the heroes, and on all the gods, unless it be Zeus himself. For none is there any permanent rest or repose. Phoibos may not tarry in his brilliant birthplace, and his glance must be fatal to the maiden whom he loves. Nay, more, he must fight with, and destroy the Kyklôpes, the loathsome giants or storm-clouds; but these are the children of Zeus, and Phoibos must therefore atone for his deed by a long servitude in the house of Admêtos. But on this house there rests the same awful fate. In the midst of all her happiness and wealth Alkêstis must die if her husband is to live, and the poet who tells the tale declares in the anguish of his heart that he has searched the heaven above and the earth beneath, and found nothing so mighty, so invincible, as this iron force, which makes gods and men bow beneath her sway. The history of Phoibos is the history of all who are of kin to him. Heraklês, with all his strength and spirit, must still be a slave, and the slave of one infinitely weaker and meaner than himself. Perseus must be torn away from his mother Danaê, to go and face strange perils and fight with fearful monsters. Yet more, Heraklês must even unwittingly do harm to others, and his mischief must end in the disorder of his own mind, and the loss of power over his own will. He must show certain dispositions, and do certain acts. The sun must rise in the heavens, must seem to woo the queen of the deep blue ether, must rouse the anger of her lord, must be hurled down from his lofty place. Hence, Ixîon must writhe on his fiery cross, and Sisyphos must roll the huge stone to the hill-top only to see it dash down again to the plain beneath. There would not be wanting more terrible crimes and more mysterious complications. The Sun must be united again in the evening to the mother from whom he was parted in the morning; and hence that awful marriage of Oidipous with Iokastê, which filled his house with woe and brought his lineage to an end in blood. Iphigeneia must die that Helen may be brought back, as the evening twilight must vanish away if the light of dawn is to come again. But Iphigeneia has done no wrong. She is the darling of her father's heart, and the memories linked with her image are those only of tenderness and love. Must there not then be vengeance taken for the outpouring of her innocent blood? And can Atê rest till she has visited on Agamemnon himself the death of his guiltless child?

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[1] P. 174.

The conflict between light and darkness.

Without going further, we have here the germs, and more than the germs, of doctrines which, from the time that these ideas were awakened in the human mind, have moulded the theology of the world—the doctrines of irresistible force, of the doom which demands blood for blood, of the destiny which shapes a man's life even before he is born. These doctrines necessarily assume at an early age a moral or a spiritual character; but the ideas which underlie them were evoked by the physical phenomena of nature. The moral conflict and antagonism between Ormuzd and Ahriman points to the earlier struggle in which Indra fights with and slays the biting snake, the thief, the seducer, who hides away his prey in his dismal cave; and the battle between spiritual good and evil takes form from the war between the light of the Sun and the darkness of the night. But while these ideas were passing more and more into the region of things spiritual, and were becoming crystallised in theological systems, the growth of a physical mythology was not wholly arrested. The vengeance for iniquity may belong to the fearful Erinyes; but the Erinys is still a being who wanders in the air. The wrath of Atê may never slumber, so long as the murderer remains unpunished; but she is still the tangible being whom Zeus seizes by her long-flowing locks, and hurls from the portals of Olympos. But the impulse to a moral mythology once given could not but call into existence other beings answering to Atê or the Erinyes in their purely spiritual aspects. From the idea of a being who can see all that is done by the children of men would come the notion of three beings, each having as its province severally the past, the present, and the future; while the lot which is each man's portion, and the doom which he cannot avoid would be apportioned to him by beings whose names would denote their functions or the gentler qualities which men ascribed to them in order to deprecate their wrath.

Erinyes and Eumenides.

Of these beings the Erinyes are in the Hellenic mythology among the most fearful—so fearful, indeed, that their worshippers, or those who had need to speak of them, called them rather the Eumenides, or merciful beings, to win from them the pity which they were but little supposed to feel. Yet these awful goddesses[1] are but representatives of the Vedic Saranyû, the beautiful morning whose soft light steals across the heaven, and of whom it was said that she would find out the evil deeds committed during the night, and punish the wrongdoer. Still, unconscious though the Athenian may have been of the nature of the beings whom he thus dreaded or venerated, they retained some of their ancient characteristics. Terrible as they might be to others, they had only a genial welcome for the toilworn and suffering Oidipous, the being who all his life long had struggled against the doom which had pressed heavily on the Argive Heraklês. Close to Athens, the city of the dawn goddess, is their sacred grove; and under the shadow of its clustering trees the blinded Oidipous will tranquilly wait until it is his time to die. Where else can the weary journey come to an end than amidst the sacred groves in which the Erinyes are seen in the evening, weaving, like Penelopê, the magic web which is to be undone again during the night? The threads of this web become in their hands, and in those of the kindred Moirai, the lines of human destiny. Having said thus much of these dreaded beings we have practically said all. Mythographers could not fail to speak of them as children of Gaia, sprung from the blood of the mutilated Ouranos, or as the daughters of the night, or of the earth and darkness—a parentage which will apply with equal truth to Phoibos or the Dioskouroi. When we are told that in cases where their own power seems inadequate they call in the aid of Dikê or Justice, we are manifestly on the confines of allegory, which we are not bound to cross. In the conceptions of later poets, they appear, like the Gorgons, with writhing snakes in place of hair, and with blood dripping from their eyes; and as naturally, when their number was limited to three, they received names which, like Allêktô, Megaira, and Tisiphonê, imply relentless hatred, jealousy, and revenge. Their domain is thus far wider and more terrible than that of the Moirai, who weave, deal out, and cut short the thread of human life.

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[1] *σεμναὶ θεαί.*

BOOK II.

The Fatal Sisters.

From this point the mythology, which has grown up, such as it is, round the fatal sisters, may be regarded as thoroughly artificial. The division of time into the past, the present, and the future once made, it only remained to assign these divisions severally to one personal being, and to invest this being with attributes suited to the office which it has to perform. It may be instructive to trace the process by which the single Moira of the Iliad and Odyssey suggests the notion of many Moirai, and is represented by the Hesiodic sisters, Klóthô, Lachesis, and Atropos; but the process is altogether different from that which, starting with phrases denoting simply the action of wind or air in motion, gives us first the myths of Hermes, Orpheus, Pan, and Amphíon, and ends with the folk-lore of the Master Thief and the Shifty Lad. In the latter case, the myth-maker knew little, probably nothing, of the source and the meaning of the story, and worked in unconscious fidelity to traditions which had taken too strong a root to be lightly dislodged or materially changed. In the former we have the work rather of the moralist or the theologian. The course of human existence and of all earthly things is regarded as a long coil of thread, and the gods are the spinners of it. Thus this work is specially set apart to Aisa, the spoken word of Zeus, the Fatum of the Latins, or to Moira, the apportioner; for to both alike is this task of weaving or spinning assigned,[1] and Aisa and Moira are alike the ministers of Zeus to do his will, not the despotic and irresponsible powers before whom, as before the Anankê of Euripides, Zeus himself must bow. Nay, even a mortal may have a certain power over them, and Achilleus may choose either a brief career and a brilliant one, or a time of repose after his return home which shall stand him in the stead of glory.[2] The dualism of the ideas of birth and death would lead us to look for two Moirai in some traditions, and accordingly we find the two at Delphoi, of whom Zeus and Apollôn are the leaders and guides.[3] The three Hesiodic Moirai, who are sisters of the Erinyes, are also called the Kêres, or masters of the destinies of men.[4] Of these three one alone is, by her name Klôthô, charged with the task of spinning; but in some later versions this task is performed by all three; nor is the same account always given of their functions with regard to the past, the present, and the future. Commonly Klôthô spins the threads, while Lachesis deals them out, and Atropos severs them at the moment of death; but sometimes Klôthô rules over the present, Atropos over the past, and Lachesis over the future.[1] If, again, they are sometimes represented in comparative youth, they sometimes appear with all the marks of old age; and thus we come to the Teutonic Norns. The Hellenic Moirai, as knowing what was to befall each man, had necessarily the power of prediction, a characteristic which is the most prominent attribute of the fatal sisters of the North. These in the German myths are Vurdh, Verdhandi, and Skuld, names purely arbitrary and artificial, denoting simply that which has been, that which is in process of becoming or is in being, and that which shall be hereafter.[2] Of these names the two last have dropped out of English usage, while Vurdh has supplied the name by which the sisters were known to Shakespeare; and thus we have the weird sisters whom Macbeth encounters on the desolate heath, the weird elves of Warner's Albion, the Weird Lady of the Woods of the Percy Ballads,[3] the Fatal Sustrin of Chaucer.

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[1] Il. xx. 128; xxiv. 209.

[2] Il. ix. 411.

[3] Paus. x. 24, 4.

[4] These are the κῆρες τανηλεγέος θανάτοιο, the name belonging to the same root which has yielded the words κείρω, κορμός, and the Latin creare (cf. Gr. κρείων), creator. The name Moira answers to that of the Latin Mors, the grinding, crushing power, the μοῖρα κραταιή of the *Iliad*. Yet the etymology was not wholly without reason, which connected the word with μέρος, a share or portion, the idea of pieces or fragments being naturally expressed by the root used to denote the working of the hammer or the millstone.

The Teutonic Norns.

These Norns, gifted with the wisdom of the Thriai,[4] lead us through all the bounds of space. They are the guardians of the great ash-tree Yggdrasil, whose branches embrace the whole world. Under each of its three roots is a marvellous fountain, the one in heaven, the abode of the Æsir, being the fountain of Vurdh, that of Jōtunheim being called by the name of the wise Mimir, while the third in Niflheim, or Hades, is the Hvergelmir, or boiling cauldron. At the first the Æsir and Norns hold their court; at the second Mimir keeps his ceaseless watch, a being whose name has apparently a meaning closely akin to that of the Latin Minerva,[1] and who leaves to Wuotan (Odin) only one eye, having demanded the other as a pledge before he will grant to him a draught from the water which imparts wisdom. Such is the sanctity of this water, which the Norns every morning pour over the branches of the ash-tree, that everything touched by it becomes snow-white, and the dew which falls from the tree is always sweet as honey. On the crown of the tree sits an eagle; under its roots lurks the serpent or dragon Nidhögr; and between these the squirrel, ever running up and down, seeks to sow dissension. This mighty ash-tree in Grimm's belief is only another form of the colossal Irminsul,[2] the pillar which sustains the whole Kosmos, as Atlas bears up the heaven, the three roads which branch from the one representing the three roots of the other. The tree and the pillar are thus alike seen in the columns, whether of Heraklês or of Roland; while the cosmogonic character of the myth is manifest in the legend of the primeval man Askr, the offspring of the ash-tree, of which Virgil, from the characteristic which probably led to its selection, speaks as stretching its roots as far down into earth as its branches soar towards heaven.[3]

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[1] Clotho præsentis temporis habet curam, quia quod torquetur in digitis, momenti præsentis indicat spatia; Atropos præteriti fatum est, quia quod in fuso perfectum est, præteriti temporis habet speciem: Lachesis futuri, quòd etiam illis, quæ futura sunt, finem suum Deus dederit.—Apuleius, *de Mundo*, p. 280; Grimm, *Deutsche Myth.* 386. The Hesiodic poet, in his usual didactic vein, makes the Moirai strictly moral beings who punish the wrong-doing, or transgressions, whether of gods or men. —*Theog.* 220.

[2] Vurdh represents the past tense of the word werden. Verdhandi is the present participle, werdend, while Skuld is the older form of Schuld, the obligation to atone for the shedding of blood. Skuld thus represents really the past tense *skal*, which means "I have killed, and therefore am bound to make compensation for it." The difference between our "shall" and "will" is thus at once explained.—Max Müller, *Chips*, ii. 62; Grimm. *D. Myth.* 377.

[3] Grimm, *D. M.* 378; Max Müller, *Lectures on Language*, second series, 563. The Norns are the Three Spinsters of the German story in Grimm's collection, who perform the tasks which are too hard for the delicate hands of the Dawn-maiden. In the Norse Tales (Dasent) they reappear as the Three Aunts, or the three one-eyed hags, who help Shortshanks, as the three sisters in the tale of Farmer Weathersky, and the three loathly heads in the story of Bushy Bride.

[4] Their wisdom is inherited by the bards whose name, Skalds, has been traced by Professor Kuhn to the same root with the Sanskrit *K*handas, metre; and *K*handas Professor Max Müller regards as identical with the term *Zend.* For the evidence of this see *Chips, &c.*, i. 84, note.

Nemesis and Adrasteia.

The process which multiplied the Norns and defined their functions exalted also the character of Atê, who, as we have seen, appears in the Iliad simply as the spirit of mischievous folly, hurled out of Olympos for bringing about the birth of Eurystheus before that of Heraklês, but who in the hands of Æschylos becomes the righteous but unrelenting avenger of blood. The statement that the Litai are beings who follow closely when a crime is done, and seek to make amends for it, is a mere allegory on the office of prayer; and what is told us of Nemesis, if less allegorical, is still merely the result of moral reflexion. In the world good and evil seem to be capriciously distributed, so that on the one side we have the squalid beggar, on the other the man whose prosperity is so unvarying that his friend, foreseeing the issue, sends to renounce all further alliance with him. This inequality it is the business of Nemesis to remedy; and thus she becomes practically an embodiment of righteous indignation at successful wrong, although she is also regarded as the minister of the gods who are jealous when the well-being of man passes beyond a certain limit.[1] In either aspect she is Adrasteia, the being from whom there is no escape.

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[1] Grimm, who traces the word through its many changes, notes also the relation of the Latin *memor* with the Greek *μιμέομαι*—the mimic being the man who remembers what is done by another; and thus "mummery" is but another form of "memory."—*D. Myth.* 353. Mimir is thus the Kentaur Mimas; and the wisdom of the Kentaur, it may be noted, became a proverb. In one story Mimir is sent by the Æsir to the Vanir, who cut off his head and send it back to them. Wuotan utters a charm over it, and the head, which never wastes away, becomes his coun[illegible]ch reminds us of the myth of Memnôn's head with its prophetic powers, localised in Egypt. Compare also the Greek kephalos.

[2] Although the name of the German Irmin cannot be identified with the Greek Hermes (Grimm, *D. Myth.* 328), yet we may compare the Greek *ἑρμίδιον* with the German Irminsul, the pillar or column of Irmin, answering to the busts of Hermes fixed on the Hermai at Athens and elsewhere. Cf. the note of M. Bréal in Professor Max Müller's *Lectures*, second series, 474.

[3] See also Max Müller, *Chips*, ii. 207.

Tychê Akraia.

In the meaning commonly attached to the word, Tychê denoted the idea of mere blind chance, scattering her gifts without any regard to the deserts of those on whom they might fall. But this was not the conception which led some to represent her with a rudder as guiding the affairs of the world, and not only to place her among the Moirai, but to endow her with a power beyond that of the others.[2] In her more fickle aspect she carries the ball in her hand, while her wealth and the nature of her gifts are denoted by the horn of Amaltheia at her side, and the boy Erôs who accompanies her, or the Good Demons who sometimes surround her. As Akraia, Tychê becomes simply a name of Athênê, the wealth-bringer; with the epithet Agathê, good, she becomes practically identical with the Agathos Daimôn, the nameless benignant deity invoked by cities and individual men. The names Theos and Daimôn are often given to those unnamed forces in nature which are more felt in their general influences than in particular acts.[3] Nor is the assertion without warrant that the genuine utterances of the heart were addressed to this incomprehensible power, of whose goodness generally they felt assured, and not to any mythical deities on whose capricious feelings no trust could be placed. When the swineherd Eumaios talks with Odysseus, we hear nothing of Zeus or Phoibos, but we are told simply that the unnamed God gives and takes away as may seem to him best. Nor can we doubt that even the mass of the people were impressed with the belief in a deity or power different in kind from the mythical deities brought before them by their epic or tragic poets. This deity was simply the good God, or the unknown Being, worshipped ignorantly, whom St. Paul said that he came only to declare to them.

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[1] *φθονερὸν τὸ δαιμόνιον*—the doctrine which lies at the root of the philosophy attributed by Herodotos to Solon, and of the policy of Amasis in his dealings with Polykrates. The myth of the Rhamnusian egg of Nemesis belongs to the story of Leda and Helen.

[2] *Paus.* vii. 26, 3.

[3] Preller, *Gr. Myth.* i. 421.

Doubtless even this conception underwent many modifications; and in the end not only each state or city, but each man and woman, from the moment of birth, had a guardian demon or angel who sought to lead them always in the right way.[1] This guardian was invoked on all occasions, in such forms as our "Luck be with you," or the "Quod bonum, felix, faustumque sit" of the Latins.[2]

SECTION X.—HELLENIC SUN GODS AND HEROES.

The Ionian legend of the birth of Phoibos.

The Ionian legend, embodied in the so-called Homeric Hymn, tells the simple tale that Lêtô, the mother of the unborn Phoibos, could find no place to receive her in her hour of travail until she came to Delos. To wealthier and more fertile lands she made her prayer in vain; and when she addressed herself to the little stony island with its rugged cliffs and hills, Delos trembled with joy not unmingled with fear. The unborn child, she knew, would be a being of mighty power, ruling among the undying gods and mortal men; and she dreaded lest he should despise his sterile birthplace and spurn it with his foot into the sea. It remained only for Lêtô to make a solemn covenant with Delos, that here should be the sanctuary of her child for ever, and that here his worshippers, coming from all lands to his high festival, should lavish on her inexhaustible wealth of gold and treasures. So the troth was plighted; but although Diônê and Amphitritê with other goddesses were by her side, Hêrê remained far away in the palace of Zeus, and the child of Lêtô could not be born unless she should suffer Eileithyia to hasten to her relief. Then, as she drew near, Lêtô cast her arms around a tall palm-tree as she reclined on the bank of Kynthos, and the babe leaped to life and light as the earth smiled around her. The goddesses bathed him in pure water, and wrapping him in a glistening robe, fine and newly wrought, placed a golden band round the body of Chrysâôr, while Thetis touched his lips with the drink and food of the gods. But no sooner had the child received this nourishment, than he was endowed with an irresistible strength, and his swaddling bands fell off him like flax, as he declared his mission of teaching to men the counsels of Zeus. Then began the journey of the far-shooting god, whose golden hair no razor should ever touch. From land to land he went, delighting his eyes with the beautiful sights of grove-clad hills and waters running to the sea.

The Delphian story.

This hymn has, indeed, an historical interest, as being manifestly the work of a time when the great Ionian festival at Delos was celebrated with a magnificence which the Lydian and Persian conquests grievously impaired. To the hymn-writer Delos is the abode dear above all others to the lord of light; and thither come worshippers whose beauty and vigour would seem beyond the touch of sickness, pain, or death. The rest of the hymn is manifestly a different poem, composed by a Delphian when the oracle of that place had reached its highest reputation; but the blind old bard of the rocky islet of Chios is well aware that, apart from any rivalry of other temples and other festivals, it is impossible for Phoibos always to abide in Delos. For him there is no tranquil sojourn anywhere; and all that the poet can say on behalf of his beloved Delos is, that the God never fails to return to it with ever-increasing delight, as in the old Vedic hymns the Dawn is said to come back with heightened beauty every morning. In truth, almost every phrase of the hymn is transparent in its meaning. The name Lêtô is close akin to that of Leda, the dusky mother of the glorious Dioskouroi, and is in fact another form of the Lêthê, in which men forget alike their joys and sorrows, the Latmos in which Endymiôn sinks into his dreamless sleep, and the Ladon, or lurking-dragon, who guards the golden apples of the Hesperides. But for many a weary hour the night travails with the birth of the coming day, and her child cannot be born save in the bright land (Delos) of the Dawn. A toilsome journey lies before her; and the meaning of the old myth is singularly seen in the unconscious impulse which led the hymn-writer to speak of her as going only to lofty crags and high mountain summits.[1] Plains and valleys it would obviously be useless to seek; the light of the sun must rest on the hill-tops long before it reaches the dells beneath. In another version, she is said to have been brought in twelve days from the land of the Hyperboreans to Delos in the form of a she-wolf,[2] Lukos, a phrase which carries us to the story of Lykâôn, and to the interpretation given to the name of the Lykeian Apollôn.[3] So again in the Phoinix or palm, round which Letô casts her arms, we have that purple hue of dawn which marks the early home of the children of Agênôr and Têlephassa.[4] But there were other traditions about his birth. Any word expressing the ideas of light and splendour might be the name of his birthplace; and so the tale ran that Apollôn and Artemis were both born in Ortygia, the land of the quail, the earliest bird of spring,[1] and thus of the early morning. No mythical incidents were attached to his epithet Lykêgenês; but this name speaks of him simply as born in that land of light, through which flows the Xanthian or golden stream, and where dwell Sarpêdôn, the creeping flush of morning, and Glaukos the brilliant, his friend. He is the Phanaian[2] or glistening king, who gave his name to the Chian promontory on which his worshippers assembled to greet him.

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[1] ἅπαντι δαίμων ἀνδρὶ συμπαρίσταται εὐθὺς γενομένῳ μυσταγωγὸς τοῦ βίου ἀγαθός. Menander, quoted by Clem. Al. *Str.* 5, p. 260. Preller, *Gr. Myth.* i. 422.

[2] Preller, *ib.* i. 423.

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[1] *Hymn. Apoll.* 30–45.

[2] The myth was regarded as accounting for a supposed fact connected with the breeding of wolves.—Grote, *History of Greece*, i. 62.

[3] The Kyneian Apollôn must be compared with Helene Kynôpis, Kynosoura, Kynosarges, &c.—Burnouf, *La Legende, Athénienne.*

[4] Eurôpê, the broad spreading dawn, is necessarily the child of the being who sends her light from afar; and the connexion of the purple hue with the birth and early life of the sun is seen not only in the myth of the bird known as the Phenix, but in Phoinix, the teacher and guide of Achilleus in his childhood. Of the Egyptian Phenix Herodotos speaks as a bird in which the Egyptians saw the emblem of immortality; but he

The infant Phoibos.

In the Delian hymns Apollôn soon attains his full might and majesty. Still for a time he lies still and helpless, with a golden band around his body which is clad in white swaddling clothes. These white mists which seem to cling to the rising sun are wrapped more tightly round the Theban Oidipous, and the golden band gives place to the nails which pierce his feet when he is exposed on the heights of Kithairôn. But in both alike the time of weakness is short. Oidipous returns to Thebes, mighty in strength of arm and irresistible in wisdom, to slay the terrible Sphinx. In one version Phoibos is only four days old when, hurrying to Parnassos, he slays the dragon which had chased his mother Lêtô in her wanderings to Delos. The more elaborate legend of the hymn places the slaying of the Python later in his career; but like the Sphinx, Python[3] is not only the darkness of night, but the black storm-cloud which shuts up the waters, and thus it guards or blockades the fountain which is to yield water for the Delphian temple.[4] In other respects the later of

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says nothing of the resurrection of the Phenix from his own ashes; while others, instead of saying that a new Phenix sprung full-grown from the funeral pile of the old one, spoke of a worm which came out from the dead body and gradually grew up into another Phenix. —Gubernatis, *Zoological Mythology*, ii. 200.

[1] Professor Max Müller finds this word in the Latin Vertumnus.—*Selected Essays*, i. 565. In its Latin form the name belongs to the class of participial predicates, *e.g.* Picumnus, Auctumnus.

[2] Virg. *Georg.* ii. 98.

[3] Pythôn is here called the nurse of Typhâôn, the dragon-child or monster, to which Hêrê gives birth by her own unaided power, as Athênê is the daughter of Zeus alone. Typhâôn, one of the many forms of Vritra, Ahi, and Cacus, stands to Hêrê, the bright goddess of the upper air, in the relation of the Minotauros to the brilliant Pasiphaê, wife of Minos.

[4] "In a Slovakian legend the dragon sleeps in a mountain cave through the winter months, but at the equinox bursts forth. 'In a moment the heaven was darkened, and became black as pitch, only illumined by the fire which flashed from the dragon's jaws and eyes. The earth shuddered, the stones rattled down the mountain sides into the glens; right and left, left and right, did the dragon lash his tail, overthrowing pines and bushes, and snapping them as reeds. He evacuated such floods of water that the mountain torrents were full. But, after a while, his power was exhausted; he lashed no more with his tail, ejected

the two poems woven together in the Homeric Hymn is as transparent in meaning as the earlier. In both Phoibos journeys gradually westward; in both riches and glory are promised to those who will receive him. But the bribe is held out in vain to the beautiful fountain Telphoussa, near whose waters Phoibos had begun to lay the foundations of a shrine. By warnings of the din of horses and of cattle brought thither to watering she drove him away, and Phoibos following her counsel betook himself to Parnassos, where Trophonios and Agamêdês raised his world-renowned home. It is at this point that the author of the hymn introduces the slaughter of the worm or dragon to account for the name Pytho, as given to the sanctuary from the rotting of its carcase in the sun;[1] and thence he takes Apollôn back to Telphoussa, to wreak his vengeance on the beautiful fountain which had cheated him of a bright home beside her glancing waters. The stream was choked by a large crag, the crag beetling over Tantalos, which he toppled down upon it, and the glory departed from Telphoussa for ever.

Phoibos Delphinios.

It now remained to find a body of priests and servants for his Delphian sanctuary, and these were furnished by the crew of a Cretan ship sailing with merchandise to Pylos. In the guise of a dolphin Phoibos urged the vessel through the waters, while the mariners sat still on the deck in terror as the ship moved on without either sail or oar along the whole coast of the island of Pelops. As they entered the Krisaian gulf a strong zephyr carried them eastward, till the ship was lifted on the sands of Krisa. Then Apollôn leaped from the vessel like a star, while from him flew sparks of light till their radiance reached the heaven, and hastening to his sanctuary he showed forth his weapons in the flames which he kindled. This done, he hastened with the swiftness of thought back to the ship, now in the form of a beautiful youth, with his golden locks flowing over his shoulders, and asked the seamen who they were and whence they came. In their answer, which says that they had been brought to Krisa against their will, they address him at once as a god, and

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no more water, and spat no more fire.' I think it impossible not to see in this description a spring-tide thunderstorm."—Gould, *Werewolf*, p. 172.

[1] The word is connected by Sophoklês not with the rotting of the snake but with the questions put to the oracle. The latter is the more plausible conjecture; but the origin of the word is uncertain, as is also that of Apollôn, of which Welcker (*Griechische Götterlehre*, i. 460) regards Apellôn as the genuine form, connecting it in meaning with the epithets ἀλεξίκακος, ἀποτρόπαιος, ἀκέσιος, and others. This, however, is probably as doubtful as the derivation which connects Phoibos with φῶς, light. By Professor Max Müller the latter name is identified with the Sanskrit Bhava, a word belonging to the same family with the Greek φύω, the Latin *fui*, and the English *be*. Phoibos is thus the living God.

Phoibos tells them that they can hope to see their home, their wives, and their children again no more. But a higher lot awaits them. Their name shall be known throughout the earth as the guardians of Apollôn's shrine, and the interpreters of his will. So they follow him to Pytho, while the god leads the way filling the air with heavenly melodies. But once more they are dismayed as they look on the naked crags and sterile rocks around them, and ask how they are to live in a land thus dry and barren. The answer is that they should have all their hearts' desire, if only they would avoid falsehood in words and violence in deed.

The Fish-sun.

Such was the legend devised to account for the name and the founding of the Delphian temple. It is obviously a myth which cannot be taken by itself. Phoibos here traverses the sea in the form of a fish, and imparts lessons of wisdom and goodness when he has come forth from the green depths. He can assume many forms, and appear or vanish as he pleases. All these powers or qualities are shared by Proteus in Hellenic story, as well as by the fish-god, Dagon or Onnes,[1] of Syria; and the wisdom which these beings possess is that hidden wisdom of Zeus which, in the Homeric hymn, Phoibos cannot impart even to Hermes. So in the Vishṇu Purana the demon Sambara casts Pradyumna, the son of Vishṇu, into the sea, where he is swallowed by a fish, but he dies not and is born anew from its belly.[2] The story must be taken along with those of the Frog-prince, of Bhekî, and of the Fish-rajah in Hindu fairy tales.[3] Doubtless it is the same dolphin which appears in the story of Arion, but the fish not less than the harp has lost something of its ancient power.[4]

Phoibos and Hermes.

In this myth Phoibos acts from his own proper force. Here, as in the hymn to Hermes, he is emphatically the wise and the deep or far-seeing god. The lowest abyss of the sea is not hidden from his eye, but the wind can never stir their stormless depths. His gift of music was not, however, his own from the first. His weapons are irresistible, and nothing can withstand the splendour of his unveiled form; but he must live in a world of absolute stillness, without mist and without clouds, until the breath of the wind stirs the stagnant air. Hermes then is the maker of the harp and the true lord of song; and the object of the hymn is to account for the harmony existing between himself and Phoibos, from whom he receives charge over the bright and radiant clouds which float across the blue seas of heaven. It is impossible to lay too much stress on this difference of inherent attributes. Hermes may yield up his harp to Phoibos, as the soft breezes of summer may murmur and whisper while leaves and waters tremble in the dazzling sunlight; but willing though Phoibos may be to grant the prayer of Hermes to the utmost of his power, it is impossible for him to give to the god of the moving air a share in the secret counsels of Zeus.[1]

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[1] This is the Ôdakôn of Berosos, which in Akkadian would be U-duk-ana, "The lord who rises high."

[2] Translation of H. H. Wilson, p. 575; Tylor, *Primitive Culture*, i. 305–6.

[3] The story of the Frog-prince agrees closely with the Gaelic tale of the Sick Queen (Campbell, ii. 131), for whom none but the Frog can supply the water of life.

[4] The power of Phoibos and Proteus is shared by Thetis, and again in Grimm's story of Roland, by the maiden, who changes her lover into a lake, and herself into a duck; or who becomes a lily in a hedge, while Roland plays on his flute a tune which makes the witch, like the Jew on the thorns, dance till she drops down dead. The same transformations occur in the stories of Fir-Apple and the Two Kings' Children, in Grimm's collection, and in the Norse tales of Dapplegrim and Farmer Weathersky.

Phoibos and Helios.

Essentially, then, there is no distinction betweeen Phoibos and Helios. Both are beings of unimaginable brightness; both have invulnerable weapons and the power of wakening and destroying life; both can delight and torment, bring happiness or send scorching plagues and sicknesses; both have wealth and treasures which can never be exhausted; both can mar the work which they have made. That each of these qualities might and would furnish groundwork for separate fables, the whole course of Aryan mythology fully shows. Their wisdom would be shown by such words as Sisyphos, Metis, Medeia; their healing powers by the names Akesios, Sôtêr, Akestôr; and both these faculties might be conceived as exercised in opposition to the will of Zeus. The alternations of beneficence and malignity would mark them as capricious beings, whose wisdom might degenerate into cunning, and whose riches might make them arrogant and overbearing. But for these things there must be punishments; and thus are furnished the materials for a host of myths, every one of which will be found in strict accordance with the physical phenomena denoted by the phrases of the old mythical or myth-generating speech. The words which spoke of the sun as scorching up the fruits and waters which he loves would give rise to the stories of Tantalos and Lykâôn; the pride of the sun which soars into the highest heaven would be set forth in the legend of Ixîôn; the wisdom which is mere wisdom would be seen in the myths of Sisyphos or Medeia. The phrases which described the sun as revolving daily on his four-spoked cross, or as doomed to sink in the sky when his orb had reached the zenith, would give rise to the stories of Ixîon on his flaming wheel and of Sisyphos with his recoiling stone. If again the sun exhibits an irresistible power, he may also be regarded as a being compelled to do his work, though it be against his own will. He must perform his daily journey; he must slay the darkness which is his mother; he must be parted from the Dawn which cheered him at his birth; and after a few hours he must sink into the darkness from which he had sprung in the morning. His work again may be benignant; the earth may laugh beneath his gaze in the wealth of fruits and flowers which he has given her. But these gifts are not for himself; they are lavished on the weak and vile beings called men. These are really his masters, and he must serve them as a bondman until his brief career comes to an end. These ideas lie at the bottom of half the Aryan mythology. They meet us, sometimes again and again, in every legend; and it is scarcely possible to arrange in strict method either the numberless forms in which these ideas are clothed, or the stories in which we find them. The order of the daily phenomena of day and night may furnish the best clue for threading the mazes of the seemingly endless labyrinth.

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[1] There is nothing surprising in the fact, that later versions, as those of Kallimachos and Ovid, describe Apollôn as himself inventing the lyre and building the walls of Troy, as Amphîôn built those of Thebes, by playing on his harp.

Phoibos and Daphnê.

In the myth of Daphnê we see the sun as the lover of the Dawn, to whom his embrace is, as it must be, fatal. Whether as the daughter of the Arkadian Ladon or of the Thessalian Peneios, Daphnê,[1] or the Dawn, is the child of the earth springing from the waters when the first flush of light trembles across the sky. But as the beautiful tints fade before the deepening splendour of the sun, so Daphnê flies from Apollôn, as he seeks to win her. The more eager his chase, the more rapid is her flight, until in her despair she prays that the earth or the waters may deliver her from her persecutor; and so the story went that the laurel tree grew up on the spot where she disappeared, or that Daphnê herself was changed into the laurel tree, from which Apollôn took his incorruptible and glorious wreath.[2]

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[1] From the roots *ah* and *dah* (to burn), which stand to each other in the relation of *as* and *das* (to bite), as in the Sanskrit *asru* and the Greek δάκρυ, a tear, are produced the names Ahanâ, the Vedic dawn-goddess, and Athênê, as well as the Sanskrit Dahanâ and the Hellenic Daphnê. These names denote simply the brightness of morning; but the laurel, as wood that burns easily, received the same name. "Afterwards the two, as usual, were supposed to be one, or to have some connexion with each other, for how—the people would say—could they have the same name?" And hence the story of the transformation of Daphnê.—Max Müller, *Lectures on Language*, second series, 502; *Chips, &c.*, ii. 93. The idea of fury or madness was closely connected with that of fire; hence the laurel which grew on the tomb of Amykos had the quality of making the crew of a ship quarrel till they threw it overboard.—Plin. *H. N.* xvi. 89.

[2] The story of the Sicilian Daphnis is simply a weak version of that of Daphnê, with some features derived from other myths. Like Têlephos, Oidipous, and others, Daphnis is exposed in his in-

Alpheios and Arethousa.

The same fatal pursuit is the burden of the legend of the huntsman Alpheios. Like Daphnê and Aphroditê Anadyomenê, he is the child of the waters, whether he be described as a son of Okeanos and Thetis, or of Helios himself. He is in short the Elf, or water-sprite, whose birthplace is the Elbe or flowing stream. But Arethousa must fly from him as Daphnê flies from Phoibos; and Pausanias takes her to the Syracusan Ortygia, where she sinks into a well with which the waters of Alpheios become united. This is but saying, in other words, that she fled to the Dawnland, where Eôs closes as she begins the day, and where the sun again greets the love whom he has lost. In another version she is aided by Artemis, who, herself also loved by Alpheios, covers her own face and the faces of her companions with mud, and the huntsman departs baffled; or, to recur to old phrases, the sun cannot recognise the dawn on whom he gazes, because her beauty is faded and gone. With these legends are closely connected the stories of Hippodameia, Atalantê, and the Italian Camilla, who become the prize only of those who can overtake them in fair field; a myth which reappears in the German story, "How Six travelled through the World," as well as in the Nibelung legend of Brynhild. It is repeated of Phoibos himself in the myth of Bolina, who, to escape from his pursuit, threw herself into the sea near the mouth of the river Argyros (the silver stream). The name Bolina looks much like a feminine form of Apollôn.[1]

Endymiôn.

The reverse of these stories is obviously presented in the transparent myth of Endymiôn and the scarcely less transparent story of Narkissos. The former belongs, indeed, to that class of stories which furnish us with an absolutely sure starting-point for the interpretation of myths. When we find a being, described as a son of Zeus and Kalykê (the heaven and the covering night), or of Aethlios (the man of many struggles), or of Protogeneia (the early dawn), married to Selênê (the moon), or to Asterodia[2] (the being whose path is among the stars), we at once see the nature of the problem with which we have to deal, and feel a just confidence that other equally transparent

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fancy; and, like Apollôn, whose favourite he is, he is tended by nymphs, one of whom (named in one version Lykê, the shining) loves him, and tells him that blindness will be his punishment if he is unfaithful to her. This blindness is the blindness of Oidipous. The sequel is that of the legends of Prokris or Korônis, and the blinded Daphnis falls from a rock (the Leukadian cliff of Kephalos) and is slain. If the sun would but remain with the dawn, the blindness of night would not follow.

[1] Pausanias vii. 23, 3.

[2] Some are inclined apparently to connect Asterodia and Asterie with Ashtaroth and Ishtar. It is quite possible that the Greek may have substituted for Semitic names the sounds which approached nearest to those in his own language; but in this instance he lighted on a genuine Aryan word, and the word chosen leaves us in no doubt as to the meaning which he attached to the name and to the story.

names in other Greek myths meant originally that which they appear to mean. Thus, when we find that Prokris is a daughter of Hersê, we know that whatever Prokris may be, she is the child of the dew, and hence we have solid grounds for connecting her name with the Sanskrit *prish*, to sprinkle. The myth of Endymiôn was localised in Elis (where his tomb was shown in the days of Pausanias), doubtless because it was the westernmost region of the Peloponnesos, just as the Leukadian rocks, the most westerly point of northern Hellas, were associated with the name of Kephalos; and when it was once localised, fresh names and incidents, mostly of little value or significance, were readily imported into the tale. Thus one version gave him fifty daughters by Selênê, to match the fifty sons and daughters of Danaos and Aigyptos; others gave him Nêis, Iphianassa, and others as his wives, or made him, under the unconscious influence of the old mythical phrases, the father of Eurydikê, the broad flashing dawn, who is the bride of Orpheus. In fact, the myth of Endymiôn has produced rather an idea than a tale. It has little incident, and scarcely anything which might entitle it to be regarded as epical history, for the few adventures ascribed to him by Pausanias[1] have manifestly no connexion with the original legend. The visit of Selênê, followed by an endless sleep, is in substance all that poets or antiquarians tell us of; and even this is related by Pausanias with so many variations as to show that the myth, from its obvious solar character, was too stubborn to be more than thinly disguised. If Endymiôn heads an army, or dethrones a king, this is the mere arbitrary and pointless fiction of a later age. The real scene of the myth is the land of Latmos, not the Karian hill or cave to which Pausanias made him migrate from Elis, but that western region of the heavens where the wearied sun finds a resting-place.[2] The word itself belongs to the root which has produced the word Lêthê, forgetfulness, as well as the names of Lêtô and Leda, the mothers of Phoibos and the Dioskouroi. The simplest form of the story is perhaps that of Apollodoros, who merely says that Selênê loved him and that Zeus left him free to choose anything that he might desire.

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[1] viii. 1.

[2] An address of "Ossian" to the Setting Sun, which Mr. Campbell (iv. 150) pronounces to be a close translation of Gaelic, assumed to be older than 1730, vividly expresses the idea of this myth:

Hast left the blue distance of heaven ?
Sorrowless son of the gold-yellow hair !
Night's doorways are ready for thee,
Thy pavilion of peace in the West.
The billows came slowly around,
To behold him of brightest hair,
Timidly raising their heads
To gaze on thee beauteous asleep,
They witless have fled from thy side,
Take thy sleep within thy cave,
O Sun, and come back from sleep rejoicing.

Here we have not only the Latmian cave, but the idea which grew into the myths of Memnôn, Adonis, and Baldur.

His choice was an everlasting sleep, in which he might remain youthful for ever.[1] His choice was wiser than that of Eôs (the morning or evening light), who obtained for the beautiful Tithônos the gift of immortality without asking for eternal youth; a myth as transparent as that of Endymiôn, for Eôs, like Iokastê, is not only the wife but also the mother of Tithônos, who in one version is a son of Laomedon the Ilian king, in another of Kephalos, who woos and slays Prokris.[2] The hidden chamber in which Eôs placed her decrepit husband is the Latmian hill, where the more fortunate Endymiôn lies in his charmed sleep. Endymiôn is in short, as his name denotes, simply the sun setting opposite to the rising moon. Looking at the tale by the light which philology and comparative mythology have thus thrown upon it, we may think it incredible that any have held it to be an esoteric method of describing early astronomical researches. It is scarcely less difficult to see in it, as some have discerned, simply a personification of sleep. In his father Aethlios, we see one who, like Odysseus, has suffered much, the struggling and toiling sun,[3] and his own name expresses simply the downward plunge of the sun into the western waters.[4] The whole idea of Endymiôn, who is inseparable from the material sun, is altogether distinct from that of the separate divinity of Phoibos Apollôn, to whom he stands in the relation of Gaia to Dêmêtêr, or of Nereus to Poseidôn.

The story of Narkissos.

Of the story of Narkissos Pausanias[5] gives two versions. The former, which describes him as wasting away and dying through love of his own face and form reflected in a fountain, he rejects on account of the utter absurdity of supposing that Narkissos could not distinguish between a man and his shadow. Hence he prefers the other, but less known, legend, that Narkissos loved his own twin sister, and that on her death he found a melancholy comfort in noting the likeness of his own form and countenance to those of his lost love. But the more common tale that Narkissos was deaf to the entreaties of the nymph Echo is nearer to the spirit of the old phrase, which spoke of the sleep of the tired sun.[1] His very name denotes the deadly lethargy (νάρκη) which makes the pleadings of Selênê fall unheeded on the ear of Endymiôn; and hence it is that when Persephonê is to be taken at the close of summer to the land of darkness, the narcissus is made the instrument of her capture. It is the narcotic which plunges Brynhild into her profound slumber on the Glistening Heath, and drowns Briar Rose and her fellows in a sleep as still as death.

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[1] i. 7, 5.

[2] Tylor, *Primitive Culture*, i. 312.

[3] There is no difference of meaning between Aethlios and πολύτλας, the stock epithet of Odysseus.

[4] It can hardly be questioned that ἐνδύμα ἡλίου was once the equivalent of ἡλίου δυσμαί, and that originally the sun ἐνέδυ πόντον, where in the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* we have only the simple verb. Had Endymiôn remained a recognised name for the sunset, the myth of Endymiôn, as Professor Max Müller remarks (*Chips, &c.*, ii. 80), could not have arisen; but as its meaning was forgotten, the name Endymiôn was formed in a manner analogous to Hyperiôn, a name of the high-soaring sun.

[5] ix. 31, 6. He rejects also the notion that the flower was so named after Narkissos, the former having certainly existed before his time, inasmuch as Persephonê, who belongs to an earlier period, was caught while plucking a narcissus from its stem.

Iamos and Asklêpios.

From the lot of Endymiôn, Narkissos, and Tithônos, Apollôn is freed only because he is regarded not as the visible sun who dies when his day's journey is done, but as the living power who kindles his light afresh every morning The one conception is as natural as the other, and we still speak of the tired or the unwearied sun, of his brief career and his everlasting light, without any consciousness of inconsistency. Phoibos is then the ever-bright sun, who can never be touched by age. He is emphatically the Akersekomês, the glory of whose golden locks no razor is ever to mar. He is at once the comforter and healer, the saviour and destroyer, who can slay and make alive at will, and from whose piercing glance no secret can be kept hid. But although these powers are inseparable from the notion of Phoibos Apollôn, they are also attributed separately to beings whose united qualities make up his full divinity. Thus his knowledge of things to come is given to Iamos; his healing and life-giving powers to Asklêpios.[2] The story of the latter brings before us another of the countless instances in which the sun is faithless to his love or his love is faithless to him. In every case there must be the separation; and the doom of Korônis only reflects the fate which cuts short the life of Daphnê and Arethousa, Prokris and Iokastê.[3] The myth is transparent throughout. The mother of Asklêpios is a daughter of Phlegyas (the flaming), and Apollôn woos her on shores of the lake Boibêis;[1] or, if we take another version given by Apollodoros, she is Arsinoê, a daughter of Leukippos (a name in which we see the flashing steeds which draw the car of Indra or Achilleus), and a sister of Hilaeira and Phoibê, the radiant maidens whom the Dioskouroi bore away.[2] When the myth goes on to say that when Apollôn had left her Korônis yielded herself to the Arkadian Ischys, we have a story which simply repeats that of Prokris, for as Kephalos returns disguised and wins the love of the child of Hersê (the dew), so is Ischys simply the strength or power of the lord of light (Arkas). In each case, the penalty of faithlessness is death; and the mode in which it is exacted in the myth of Korônis precisely corresponds with the legend of Semelê. Like Dionysos, Asklêpios is born amidst and rescued from the flames; in other words, the light and heat of the sun which ripen the fruits of the earth, scorch and consume the clouds and the dew, or banish away the lovely tints of early morning.[3] Throughout the myth we have to deal with different versions which, however they may differ from each other, still point to the same fountain-head of mythical speech. In one form the story ran that Korônis herself exposed her child on the slopes of mount Myrtion, as Oidipous was left to die on Kithairon. There he is nourished by a goat and a dog, incidents which are reproduced in the myths of Cyrus and Romulus. When at length the shepherd Aristhanas traced the dog and goat to the spot where the infant lay, he was terrified by the splendour which surrounded the child, like the flame round the head of the infant Servius in the Roman tale, and that of Havelok in the English legend. The wonder, Pausanias adds, was soon noised abroad, and throughout land and sea the tidings were carried that Asklêpios healed the sick and raised the dead.[4] The wisdom by which he obtained this power he received from the teaching of the wise centaur Cheiron; but we have to mark that Cheiron is the teacher not only of Asklêpios but of Iasôn and Achilleus, who also represent the wisdom and brightness or power of Phoibos, and the descent of Cheiron himself connects him with the phenomena of daylight. When Ixîon in his boundless pride sought to seize Hêrê the bright queen of the air herself, Zeus placed in his way the mist-maiden Nephelê from whom was born the Kentaur,[1] as the sun in the heights of heaven calls forth the clouds which move like horses across the sky. It is difficult not to see in these forms of Hellenic mythology a reflexion of the Vedic Gandharvas.[2] Not only has Indra the Harits (the Greek Charites) as his steeds, but the morning herself as the bride of the sun is spoken of as a horse,[3] and a hymn addressed to the sun-horse says, "Yama brought the horse, Trita harnessed him, Indra first sat on him, the Gandharva took hold of his rein."[4] It was inevitable that, when the word ceased to be understood in its original sense, the brightness of the clouds which seem to stretch in endless ranks to the furthermost abyss of heaven should suggest the notion of a wisdom which Phoibos receives from Zeus but cannot impart in its fulness to Hermes. What part of the heaven is there to which the cloud may not wander? what secret is there in nature which Cheiron cannot lay bare? There were, however, other traditions, one of which asserted that Asklêpios wrought his wonderful cures through the blood of Gorgo, while another related of him the story which is assigned elsewhere to Polyidos the son of Koiranos.[5] But like almost all the other beings to whose kindred he belonged, Asklêpios must soon die. The doom of Patroklos and Achilleus, Sarpêdôn and Memnôn, was upon him also.

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[1] The myth of Echo merely reproduces that of Salmakis, p. 290.

[2] This name belongs to the class which cannot be explained by referring it to any Greek or Aryan words. Mr. Brown says that Asklêpios was early identified with the Phenician Esmun; but this leaves the name just where it was.—*Great Dionysiak Myth*, ii. 258.

[3] The story of the birth of Asklêpios agrees substantially with that of Dionysos; and the legends of other Aryan tribes tell the same tale of some of their mythical heroes. Of children so born, Grimm says generally, "Ungeborne, d. h. aus dem Mutterleib geschnittne Kinder pflegen Helden zu werden," and adds that this incident marks the stories of the Persian Rustem, the Tristram of Eilhart, the Russian hero Dobruna Nikitisch, of the Scottish Macduff, of Volsung who yet kissed his mother before she died, of Signrd, and of Sceaf the son of Scild, the child brought in the mysterious skiff, which needs neither sail, rudder, nor oarsmen. Whence came the popular belief attested by such a phrase as that which Grimm quotes from the *Chronicle of Peterhouse*, "dentalibus excisis literæ testantur quod, si vita comes fuerit, felices in mundo habeantur?"—*Deutsche Mythologie*, 362. The Teutonic myths must clearly be compared with that of Hlödr (Lodur), who is born with helmet and sword, and this again with the story of Athênê, who springs fully armed from the forehead of Zeus.

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[1] Pind. *Pyth.* iii. 14.

[2] Apollod. iii. 10, 3.

[3] The Dawn cannot long survive the birth of the sun. Hence the mother of Volsung dies as soon as her child has kissed her. So in Grimm's story of the Almond Tree, the mother of the sun-child, who is as white as snow and as red as blood, is so delighted at seeing her babe that she dies. The same lot is the portion of the mother in the story of Little Snow-white, the Dawn-maiden—a story which suggests a comparison with the myths of the glass of Agrippa and of the well of Apollôn Thyrxis as related by Pausanias.

[4] ii. 26, 4. To this marvel of the flame was referred his title Aiglaêr, the gleaming, which simply reproduces the Lykian epithet of his father Phoibos. The healing powers of Asklêpios are seen in the German stories of Grandfather Death, Brother Lustig, and the Spirit in the Bottle, in which we have also in another form the compact between Phoibos and Hermes.

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[1] Pind. *Pyth.* ii. 80.

[2] M. Bréal, in his masterly analysis of the myth of Oidipous, has no doubt of their identity. "M. Adalbert Kuhn," he says, "dans un de ses plus ingénieux travaux, a montrè l'identité des Centaures et des Gandharvas, ces êtres fantastiques, qui jouent dans la mythologie indienne le même rôle que les Centaures chez les Grecs. Ils portent le méme nom : c'est ce que prouve l'analyse grammaticale des deux mots. Comme les Centaures, les Gandharvas ne forment qu'une seule famille. Ils sont le fruit de l'union du Gandharva avec les Nuées. En examinant les passages védiques oú il est question de ces divinités, M. Kuhn a démontré que Gandharva est le nom du soleil, considéré au moment où il repose parmi les nuées et semble célébrer son union avec elles, et que les Gandharvas sont les nuages qui paraissent chevaucher dans le ciel. Ixion chez les Grecs est le Centaure par excellence, puisqui'l est le père de cette famille de monstres : il correspond au Gandharva védique."

[3] Professor Max Müller cites the explanation of Yaska : "Saranyû, the daughter of Tvashtar, had twins from Vivasvat, the sun. She placed another like her in her place, changed her form into that of a horse, and ran off. Vivasvat the sun likewise assumed the form of a horse, followed her, and embraced her. Hence the two Asvins were born, and the substitute (Savarna) bore Manu."—*Lectures on Language*, second series, 482. These Asvins are the Dioskouroi.

[4] Max Müller, *Lectures*, second series, 515.

[5] Apollod. iii. 10, 3, and iii. 3, 1. This story, as we have already seen, is that of the Snake Leaves, and reappears in Hindu as well as in Teutonic fairy tales. See p. 94.

Either Zeus feared that men, once possessed of the secret of Asklêpios, might conquer death altogether, or Plouton complained that his kingdom would be left desolate; and the thunderbolt which crushed Phaëthôn smote down the benignant son of Phoibos, and the sun-god in his vengeance slew the Kyklôpes, the fashioners of the fiery lightnings for the lord of heaven.[1] But throughout Hellas Asklêpios remained the healer and the restorer of life, and accordingly the serpent is everywhere his special emblem, as the mythology of the Linga would lead us to expect.[2]

The stories of Ixîon and Atlas.

The myth of Ixîon exhibits the sun as bound to the four-spoked wheel which is whirled round everlastingly in the sky.[3] In that of Sisyphos we see the same being condemned to the daily toil of heaving a stone to the summit of a hill from which it immediately rolls down. This idea of tasks unwillingly done, or of natural operations as accomplished by means of punishment, is found also in the myth of Atlas, a name which like that of Tantalos denotes endurance and suffering, and so passes into the notion of arrogance or presumption. But the idea of a being who supported the heaven above the earth, as of a being who guides the horses of the sun, was awakened in the human mind long before the task was regarded as a penalty. Indeed, it can scarcely be said that this idea is clearly expressed in the Odyssey, which says of Atlas that he knows all the depths of the sea and that he holds or guards the lofty pillars which keep the heaven from falling to crush the earth.[4] It is scarcely prominent even when the Hesiodic poet speaks of him as doing his work under a strong necessity, for this is no more than the force which compels Phoibos to leave Delos for Pythô, and carries

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[1] Apollod. iii. 10, 4; Diod. iv. 71. In the *Iliad*, Asklêpios is simply the blameless healer, who is the father of Machâôn and Podaleirios, the wise physicians, who accompany the Achaians to Ilion These are descendants of Paiêôn.

[2] See section xii. of this chapter.

[3] τετράκναμον δεσμόν. Pind. *Pyth.* ii. 80. This wheel reappears in the Gaelic story of the Widow and her Daughters (Campbell, ii. 265), and in Grimm's German tale of the Iron Stove. The treasure-house of Ixîon, which none may enter without being either destroyed like Hesioneus or betrayed by marks of gold or blood, reappears in a vast number of popular stories, and is the foundation of the story of Bluebeard. Compare the Woodcutter's Child in Grimm's collection. The sequel of the Gaelic tale already mentioned represents Grimm's legend of the Feather Bird.

[4] It can scarcely be doubted that the words ἀμφὶς ἔχουσιν, *Od.* i. 54, do not mean that these columns surround the earth, for in this case they must be not only many in number, but it would be obvious to the men of a myth-making and myth-speaking age, that a being stationed in one spot could not keep up, or hold, or guard, a number of pillars surrounding either a square or a circular earth. It is at the least certain that this is not the meaning of the Hesiodic poet, who gives to Atlas a local habitation at the utmost bounds of the earth near the abode of the Hesperides, and makes him bear the heavens on his head and hands. The Hellenic Atlas is simply the Vedic Skambha, p. 204.

Kephalos, Bellerophôn, and Odysseus to their doom in the far west. Nor in either of these poems is there anything to warrant the inference that the poet regarded Atlas as a mountain. This idea comes up in the myth of Perseus, who sees the old man bowing beneath his fearful load, and holding the Gorgon's face before his eyes, turns him into stone; and the stone which is to bear up the brazen heaven must needs be a great mountain, whether in Libya or in other regions, for the African Atlas was not the only mountain which bore the name. But the phrase in the Odyssey which speaks of him as knowing all the depths of the sea points to a still earlier stage of the myth, in which Atlas was possessed of the wisdom of Phoibos and was probably Phoibos himself. Regarded thus, the myths which make the Okeanid Plêionê his wife and the Pleiades his children, or which give him Aithra for his bride and make her the mother of the Hyades and the Hesperides, are at once explained. He is thus naturally the father of Hesperos, the most beautiful star of the heavens, who appears as the herald of Eôs in the morning and is again seen by her side in the evening. The Hellenic Heôsphoros, the Latin Lucifer, the Light-bringer, who is Phôsphoros, is also called a son of Astraios and Eôs, the starlit skies of dawn.

The gardens of the Hesperides.

Far away in the west by the stream of the placid Ocean is the dwelling of the Hesperides, the children or sisters of Hesperos, the evening star, or, as they might also be termed, of Atlas or of Phorkys. This beautiful island which no bark ever approaches, and where the ambrosial streams flow perpetually by the couch of Zeus, is nevertheless hard by the land of the Gorgons and near the bounds of that everlasting darkness which is the abode of Ahi and Paṇi, of Geryon, Cacus, and Echidna. Hence the dragon Ladon guards with them the golden apples which Gaia gave to Hêrê when she became the bride of Zeus, these apples being the golden-tinted clouds or herds of Helios, the same word being used to denote both.[1] It remained only to give them names easily supplied by the countless epithets of the morning or evening twilight, and to assign to them a local habitation, which was found close to the pillars or the mountain of Atlas which bears up the brazen heaven above the earth.

Atlas and Hyperîôn.

Atlas is thus brought into close connexion with Helios, the bright god, the Latin Sol[2] and our sun. In the Iliad and Odyssey he is himself Hyperîôn, the climber: in the Hesiodic Theogony, Hyperîôn becomes his father by the same process which made Zeus the son of Kronos,—his mother being Theia, the brilliant, or Euryphaessa, the shedder of the broad light. In the former poems he rises every morning from a beautiful lake by the deep-flowing stream of Ocean, and having accomplished his journey across the heaven plunges again into the western waters. Elsewhere this lake becomes a magnificent palace, on which poets lavished all their wealth of fancy; but this splendid abode is none other than the house of Tantalos, the treasury of Ixîôn, the palace of Allah-ud-deen in the Arabian tale. Through the heaven his chariot was borne by gleaming steeds, the Rohits and Harits of the Veda; but his nightly journey from the west to the east is accomplished in a golden cup wrought by Hephaistos, or, as others had it, on a golden bed.[1] But greater than his wealth is his wisdom. He sees and knows all things; and thus when Hekatê cannot answer her question, Helios tells Dêmêtêr to what place Korê has been taken, and again informs Hephaistos of the faithlessness of Aphroditê. It is therefore an inconsistency when the poet of the Odyssey represents him as not aware of the slaughter of his oxen by Eurylochos, until the daughters of Neaira bring him the tidings; but the poet returns at once to the true myth, when he makes Helios utter the threat that unless he is avenged, he will straightway go and shine among the dead. These cattle, which in the Vedic hymns and in most other Greek myths are the beautiful clouds of the Phaiakian land, are here (like the gods of the Arabian Kaaba), the days of the lunar year, seven herds of fifty each, the number of which is never increased or lessened; and their death is the wasting of time or the killing of the days by the comrades of Odysseus.

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[1] Max Müller, *Selected Essays*, i. 603.

[2] See note [3], p. 260.

Helios and Phaëthôn.

The same process which made Helios a son of Hyperîôn made him also the father of Phaëthôn.[2] In the Iliad he is Helios Phaëthôn not less than Helios Hyperîôn; but when the name had come to denote a distinct personality, it served a convenient purpose in accounting for some of the phenomena of the year. The hypothesis of madness was called in to explain the slaughter of the boy Eunomos by Heraklês; but it was at the least as reasonable to say that if the sun destroyed the fruits and flowers which his genial warmth had called into life, it must be because some one who had not the skill and the strength of Helios was holding the reins of his chariot.[1] Hence in times of excessive heat or drought the phrase ran that Phaëthôn, the mortal son of an undying father, was unable to guide the horses of Helios, while the thunderstorm, which ended the drought and discomfited Vritra and the Sphinx, dealt also the death-blow to Phaëthôn and plunged him into the sea. The tears of the Heliades, his sisters, like the drops which fell from the eyes of Zeus on the death of his son Sarpêdôn, answer to the down-pouring rain which follows the discharge of the lightning.

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[1] Tylor, *Primitive Culture*, i. 303. The incident is the same as that which is signified by the myth of Dionysos Dithyreites, the two doors being those, necessarily, of the East and the West. It is also exhibited in the contest of the heraldic Lion and Leopard, the simple interpretation being that "the Lion, type of the hunting, radiate, diurnal Sun, speeds across heaven towards his fate and death in the Den of the Two Entrances, the nocturnal cave tenanted by the starry, spotted Leopard of the night, and where the noble beast is caught while going down the dark passage and perishes, although only to be reborn in triumph at the Eastern Gate. The two animals, as protagonists of night and day, are thus naturally hostile."—Brown, *The Unicorn*, 76.

[2] Some have held that the name Helios reappears in the Slavonic Volos, the god of cattle.—Ralston, *Songs of the Russian People*, 252.

Patroklos and Telemachos.

Phaëthôn, then, is strictly a reflexion of his father with all his beauty and all his splendour, but without his discretion or his strength; and the charge given to him that he is not to whip the fiery steeds is of the very essence of the story. If he would but abstain from this, they would bring him safely to his journey's end; but he fails to obey, and is smitten. The parallel between this legend and that of Patroklos is singularly exact. As Phaëthôn is allowed to drive the horses of Helios under a strict charge that he shall not touch them with his whip, so Achilleus suffers Patroklos to put on his armour and ascend his chariot under the injunction that so soon as he has driven the Trojans from the ships he is not to attempt to pursue them to the city. Patroklos disobeys the command and is slain by Hektor; but the sorrow of the Heliades is altogether surpassed by the fiery agony of Achilleus. It is in truth impossible not to see the same weakened reflexion of a stronger personality in the Latin Remus the brother of Romulus, in Arjuna the companion of Krishna, in Peirithoös the associate of Theseus, and in all the other mythical instances cited by Cicero as examples of genuine friendship. In the folk-lore of the East these secondaries, represented by Faithful John in the Teutonic story, reappear as Luxman in the legend of Ramah, and as Butti in the tale of Vicram Maharajah. Nor can we fail to discern the same idea in the strange story of Absyrtos, the younger and weaker brother of the wise and unscrupulous Medeia, who scatters his limbs in the sea to stay the pursuit of Aiêtês,—a vivid image of the young sun as torn into pieces among the vapours that surround him, while the light falling in isolated patches on the sea seems to set bounds to the encroaching darkness which gives way before the conqueror of the clouds.

The bondage of

The slaughter of the Kyklôpes brought on Phoibos the sentence of a year's servitude; and thus we have in the myth of Apollôn him-

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[1] This is the Irish story of Cuchullin and Ferdiah.—Fergusson, *Irish before the Conquest.*

Phoibos and Heraklês.

self the germs of the hard bondage which weighs down Heraklês through his whole career, and is only less prominent in the mythical histories of Perseus, Theseus, and other heroes, who, like Achilleus, fight in a quarrel which is not of their own choosing or making.[1] The master whom Phoibos serves is one between whom and himself there is no such contrariety of will as marks the relations of Heraklês with Eurystheus. He is no hard exacter of tasks set in mere caprice to tax his servant's strength to the utmost; but he is well content to have under his roof one who, like the Brownie of modern superstition, has brought with him health and wealth and all good things. One thing alone is wanting, and this even Phoibos cannot grant him. It is the life of Alkêstis, the pure, the devoted, the self-sacrificing, for it had been told to Admêtos that he might escape death, if only his parents or his wife would die in his stead, and Alkêstis has taken the doom upon herself.[2] Thus in the very prime of her beauty she is summoned by Thanatos, death, to leave her home and children, and to cross with him the gloomy stream which separates the land of the living from the regions of the dead; and although Phoibos intercedes for a short respite, the gloomy being whose debtor she is lays his icy hands upon her and will not let go until the mighty Heraklês grapples with him, and having by main force rescued her from his grasp, brings her back to Admêtos. Such is the story told by Euripides, a story in which the character of Heraklês is exhibited in a light of broad burlesque altogether beyond that of the Hymn to Hermes. We see in it at once the main features of the cognate legends. It is essentially the myth of Orpheus who like Admêtos must be parted from his lovely bride, and who differs from Admêtos only in this, that he must go and seek for her himself. In the one story the serpent stings and causes the death of Eurydikê: in the other, when Admêtos enters his bridal chamber on the day of his marriage, he sees on the bed a knot of twisted snakes, the omen of the grief that is coming. But although Alkêstis may die, death cannot retain dominion over her; and thus we have again the story of the simple phrases that the beautiful dawn or twilight, who is the bride of the sun, must die after sunset, if the sun himself is to live on and gladden the world with his light,—must die, if she herself is to live again and stand before her husband in all her ancient beauty. At this point the myth of Admêtos stops short, just as the Odyssey leaves the chief, after his toil is ended, with the faithful Penelopê, although it hints at a coming separation which is to end in death. The legend of Admêtos carries on the tale a step further, and the vanishing of Eurydikê just as she reaches the earth is the vanishing of Daphnê from Apollôn, of Arethousa from Alpheios, or it is the death of Prokris slain by the unwitting Kephalos.

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[1] "The thought of the sun as a bondman led the Peruvian Inca to deny his pretension to be the doer of all things; for, if he were free, he would go and visit other parts of the heavens where he had never been. He is, said the Inca, like a tied beast who goes ever round and round in the same track."—Max Müller, *Chips, &c.*, ii. 113.

[2] Hence the connexion of the name with that of Alkmênê or of (Athênê) Alalkomenê. Mr. Brown, *Great Dionysiak Myth*, ii. 245, claims Alalkomenê as Phenician; but he does not give the Phenician form. There seems to be no sufficient reason for surrendering either this word or Aphroditê to the Semitic vocabulary.

Character of Heraklês.

But this idea of servitude which is thus kept in the background in the myths of Apollôn serves as the links which connect together all the phases and scenes of the life of Heraklês. He is throughout the toiling, suffering hero, who is never to reap any fruit of his labour, and who can be cheered even by the presence and the love of Iolê, only when the fiery garment is eating deep into his flesh. When this idea once becomes prominent, a series of tasks and of successful achievements of these tasks was the inevitable sequel. What is there which the sun-god in his majesty and power cannot accomplish? What part of the wide universe is there which his light cannot penetrate? It mattered not whither or against what foes Eurystheus might send him ; he must assuredly return triumphant over every adversary. On this fruitful stem would grow up a wealth of stories which mythographers might arrange according to any system suggested by their fancy, or which might be modified to suit any passing whim or local tradition and association ; and so long as we remember that such systematic arrangements are results of recent ages, we may adopt any such plan as the most convenient way of dealing with the endless series of legends, all of them more or less transparent, and all pointing out with unmistakeable clearness the character of the hero who is the greatest representation of Indra on Hellenic soil. From first to last, his action is as beneficent to the children of men as it is fatal to the enemies of light, and the child who strangles in his cradle the deadly snakes of darkness grows up into the irresistible hero whom no danger can daunt and no difficulties can baffle.

Heraklês and Eurystheus.

The immense number of exploits attributed to him, the arrangement of which seems to have afforded a special delight to more recent mythographers, would lead us to expect a large variety of traditions modified by local associations. To go through them all would be an endless and an unprofitable task; and we may safely accept the notices of the Homeric and lyric poets as the more genuine forms of the myth. Like Phoibos, Hermes, Dionysos, and others, he is a son of Zeus, born, as some said, in brilliant Argos, or as others related, in the Boiotian Thebes. With him is born his twin brother Iphiklês, the son—so the tale went—of Amphitryon; and thus the child of the mortal father stands to the son of the undying king of Olympos in the relation of Phaëthôn to Helios, of Patroklos to Achilleus, or of Telemachos to the chieftain of Ithaka. The subjection of the hero to his kinsman was brought about by the folly of Zeus, who, on the day of his birth, boasted himself as the father of one who was to rule over all the house of Perseus. Hêrê thereupon, urged on by Atê, the spirit of mischief, made him swear that the child that day to be born of his lineage should be this ruler, and summoning the Eileithyiai bade them see that Eurystheus came into the world before Heraklês. So wroth was Zeus when Hêrê told him that the good man Eurystheus must, according to his oath, be king of Argos, that he seized Atê by the hair of her head, and swearing that she should never again darken the courts of heaven, hurled her from Olympos. Thus the weaker came to be tyrant over the stronger; but when the mythographers had systematised his labours, they related that Zeus made a compact by which Heraklês should become immortal when he had brought his twelve tasks to a successful issue. The story of his birth tells us not only of the child in his cradle strangling the horrid snakes of darkness which seek to destroy their enemy, but of an infancy as troubled as that of Telephos or Oidipous. Like them, Alkmênê, favouring the jealousy of Hêrê, exposed the babe on the plain which thence received the name of Heraklês; and it is picked up, of course, by the dawn goddess Athênê, who beseeches Hêrê, the queen of the blue heaven, to nourish it. The child bites hard, and Hêrê flings it back to Athênê, who carries it to her mother.[1] The boy grows up the model of human strength and power; and his teachers point to the cloudland to which he himself belongs. Autolykos and Eurytos, by whom he is taught to wrestle and to shoot with the bow, denote the light and splendour of morning; Kastor, who shows him how to fight in heavy armour, is the twin brother of Polydeukes, these twins answering to the Vedic Asvins or horsemen; and Linos, who teaches him music, is akin to Hermes, Pan, Orpheus, and Amphion. The harper is slain by his pupil, and Amphitryon, fearing that his son might use his strength in a like way again, sends him to tend cattle, and in this task, which in other myths is performed by Saramâ or the daughters of Neiara, he lives until he has reached the full strength of youth. Thus far we have a time answering to the bright period in which Phoibos is tended by the nymphs in his infancy, when his face is unsoiled, and his raiment all white, and his terrible sword is not yet belted to his side. It is the picture of the unclouded sun rising in pure splendour, seeing the heavens which he must climb, and ready for the conflicts which may await him—gloomy mists and angry storm-clouds. The moral aspect which this myth may be made to assume must be that of self-denial. The smooth road of indulgence is the easiest on which to travel; he who takes the rugged path of duty must do so from deliberate choice; and thus the brave Heraklês, going forth to his long series of labours, suggests to the sophist Prodikos the beautiful apologue in which Aretê and Kakia, virtue and vice, each claim his obedience, as Aphroditê and Athênê each claim the golden prize which Paris must adjudge. The one promises endless pleasures here and hereafter; the other holds out the prospect of hard days followed by healthful slumbers, and warns him that nothing good was ever won without labour, nothing great ever done without toil. The mind of Heraklês is made up at once; and the greatest of all mythical heroes is thus made to inforce the highest lessons of human duty, and to present the highest standard of human action. The apologue is full of beauty and truth, and there is manifestly no harm in such applications of myths when the myths themselves are strained or not distorted in the process. The images of self-restraint, of power used for the good of others, are prominent in the lives of all or almost all the Zeus-born heroes; but these are not their only aspects, and it is as necessary to remember that other myths told of Heraklês can no more be reconciled with this standard of generous self-devotion than the conduct of Odysseus as he approaches the Seirens' island with the Christian duty of resisting temptation.

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[1] Diod. iv. 9.

The lions of Kithairôn and Nemea.

With this high heroic temper Heraklês sets forth for his first great fight with the lion of Kithairon, and whether from its carcase or from that of the Nemean beast, he obtains the lion's skin with which he is seen so commonly represented, and which reappears in the jackal's skin in the story of the enchanted Hindoo raja.[1] The

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[1] With this lion's skin must be compared the fish-skin with which the sun-god is represented in the characters of Proteus and Onnes or Dagon, and which might be worn by Phoibos Delphinios. With the latter, it is simply a sign of the sun as rising like Aphroditê from the sea; the lion's skin may denote perhaps the raiment of tawny cloud which the sun seems to trail behind him as he fights his way through the vapours whom he is said to overcome.

In his chapters on *Ancient Faiths and Legends*, M. Maury enters at length into the physiological questions which on the Euemeristic hypothesis must be connected with the myth of the Nemean Lion. However conclusive his arguments may be, the inquiry is almost superfluous. It cannot be necessary to disprove the existence of lions in the Peloponnese, unless we must also disprove that of the Sphinx or the Chimaira. But, in truth, the dwelling of

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myth of the fifty daughters of Thestios or Thespios, which in some versions is connected with his first great exploit, is akin to that of the fifty daughters of Danaos and the fifty children whom Asterodia bare to Endymiôn.[1] It is but one instance out of many in which we have the sun under an aspect altogether inconsistent with the ideal of Prodikos. Heraklês is no longer the hero who imposes on himself a hard discipline, but the voluptuous wanderer who has many loves in many lands. In his attack on the envoys of Ergînos he is armed with a coat of mail brought to him by the dawn-goddess Athênê, as Achilleus and Sigurd wear the armour brought to them by Thetis and Hjordis.[2] The same thought suggested the gift of the bow and arrows from Phoibos, the lord of the spear-like sunbeams, of the sword from Hermes, whose stroke can split the forest trees, of the peplos from Athênê, the clear-faced morning. The arrows bestowed on him by Apollôn it must specially be noted are poisoned; and these poisoned barbs are used by Philoktêtês, who receives them from Neoptolemos, the child of Achilleus, the brilliant but short-lived sun, and by Odysseus, whom Athênê restores to youthful beauty as his life's labour draws towards its end. But we have no historical evidence that poisoned arrows were used by any Hellenic tribes, or that they would not have regarded the employment of such weapons with the utmost horror. How then comes it to pass that the poets of the Iliad and Odyssey can attribute to the Achaian heroes practices from which their kinsmen would have shrunk with disgust? The mystery is easily solved. The equivocation which turned the violet-tinted rays of morning into spears was inevitable; the change of the spears or arrows into poisoned barbs was, at the least, as natural and necessary.[3]

Heraklês and Kerberos.

As the conquest of the lion of Kithairon is the first great exploit, so according to the systematising mythographers the bringing up of the dog Kerberos[4] from Hades is the last. This story is mentioned

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the Nemean lion is the den or cave with two openings or entrances, the gates through one of which the sun enters the land of night, while through the other he comes forth again in the morning.—Maury, *Croyances et Legendes de l' Antiquité*, 194. This lion is also represented as mortally afraid of the cock,—for an obvious reason.—Gubernatis, *Zoological Mythology*, ii. 158.

[1] See p. 278.

[2] Ergînos is the father of Trophônios and Agamêdês, the builders of the Delphian shrine — the myth of the children of darkness raising the sanctuary of the lord of light answering to the legend which makes Apollôn himself the child of (Lêtô) the sombre night.

[3] The word ἰός, ἴον, which furnished a name for the violet hue, for a spear, and for poison, is really a homonym traceable to two or three roots; and thus far the equivocation differs from that which turned Lykâôn into a wolf, and Arkas into a bear, these names being in fact of the same signification, although the men who uttered them had ceased to be conscious of it.

[4] The name Kerberos is the Sanskrit Sarvara, or Sambara, one of the enemies slain by Indra.—Max Müller, *Chips*, ii. 182, 188.

by the poet of the Odyssey, who makes Heraklês tell Odysseus that his sufferings are but a reflexion of the toils which he had himself undergone by the tyranny of the mean Eurystheus, and that this task of bringing up the hound had been achieved by the aid of Athênê and Hermes, the dawn and the breeze of morning.[1] On this framework was built an elaborate superstructure, which we need not examine closely, but of which some at least of the details are significant. The slaughter of the Kentaurs by Heraklês, for which he needed purification before descending to Hades, is the conquest and dispersion of the vapours by the sun as he rises in the heaven; and the crime of Heraklês is only another form of that of Ixiôn. As he returns to the upper world he rescues Theseus, himself one of the great solar heroes, and the child of Aithra, the pure air; but Peirithoös must remain behind, as Patroklos must die even though he be the friend of Achilleus. The dog of Yama thus brought back is, of course, carried down again by Heraklês to the nether world.

The madness of Heraklês.

But the sun as he rises in the heaven acquires a fiercer power; and thus Apollôn becomes Chrysaôr, and Heraklês becomes mad. It is the raging of the heat which burns up the fruits of the earth which it has fostered, and so Heraklês slays his own children by Megara, and two also of the sons of Iphiklês. At this point he is represented by some as asking the Pythian priestess where he should make his abode, and as receiving from her, instead of his former title, Alkaios or Alkides, the sturdy, the name of Heraklês, the heavenly.[2] As such, he is the avenger of the fraud of Laomedôn, who had refused to pay the promised recompense to Poseidôn and Phoibos for building his walls and tending his flocks. As in the case of Kepheus or of Oineus, the offended deities send a monster to ravage the fields of Ilion, and Laomedôn promises to bestow his immortal horses on any one who will slay it. But again he breaks his oath, by giving mortal steeds to Heraklês when the beast has been killed. The result is the first Trojan war mentioned in the Iliad, which relates how Heraklês, coming with six ships and few men, shattered its towers and left its streets desolate.[3] In other words, Heraklês is mightier than Agamemnon. He is the sun-god demanding his own recompense: and the Achaians among whom Achilleus fights are the sun-children seeking to recover the beautiful light of evening and the treasures which have been stolen with her from the west.

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[1] *Od.* xi. 626; *Il.* viii. 369. The latter passage is especially noteworthy as indicating that clashing of wills between Athênê and Zeus which Mr. Gladstone is anxious to keep as much as possible in the background. Athênê here speaks of Zeus as mad, hard of heart, a blunderer, and an obstacle in her path.

[2] The name Heraklês is the same as Hêrê, with the termination denoting glory or renown.

[3] *Il.* v. 640. This story is put into the mouth of the Herakleid Tlêpolemos when he is about to slay Sarpêdôn.—Grote, *Hist. Gr.* i. 388. The other incidents simply repeat the story of Kepheus. The oracle says that a maiden must be given up to the sea-monster, and the lot falls on Hesionê, the daughter of Laomedon, as in the Libyan tale it falls on Andromeda, the

Orthros and Hydra.

Of the other exploits of Heraklês, the greater number explain themselves. The Nemean lion is the offspring of Typhon, Orthros, or Echidna; in other words, it is sprung from Vritra, the dark thief, and Ahi, the throttling snake of darkness, and it is as surely slain by Heraklês as the snakes which had assaulted him in the cradle. Another child of the same horrid parents is the Lernaian Hydra, its very name denoting a monster who, like the Sphinx or the Paṇis, shuts up the waters and causes drought. It has many heads, one being immortal, as the storm must constantly supply new clouds while the vapours are driven off by the sun into space. Hence the story went that although Heraklês could burn away its mortal heads, as the sun burns up the clouds, still he can but hide away the mist or vapour itself, which at its appointed time must again darken the sky. In this fight he is aided by Iolaos, the son of Iphikles, a name recalling, like that of Iolê, the violet-tinted clouds which can be seen only when the face of the heaven is clear of the murky vapours. Hence it is that Eurystheus is slain when Iolaos rises from the under world to punish him for demanding from the children of the dawn-goddess Athênê the surrender of the Herakleids, who had found among them a congenial home. The stag of Keryneia is, according to some versions, slain, in others only seized by Heraklês, who bears it with its golden antlers and brazen feet to Artemis and Phoibos. The story of the Erymanthian boar is in some accounts transferred from Argos to Thessaly or Phrygia, the monster itself, which Heraklês chases through deep snow, being closely akin to the Chimaira slain by Bellerophôn. In the myth of the Augeian stables Heraklês plays the part of Indra, when he lets loose the waters imprisoned by the Paṇi.[1] In this case the plague of drought is regarded not so much in its effects on the health of man as in its influence on nature

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daughter of Kepheus. Heraklês, of course, plays the part of Perseus, and is aided by Athênê and the Trojans, who build him a tower to help him in the fight.

[1] This exploit, in the Norse story of the Mastermaid, is performed by the prince, who finds that, unless he guides the pitchfork aright, ten pitchforks full of filth come in for every one that he tosses out, an incident which recalls the growth of the heads of the Lernaian Hydra. This myth is repeated in the tale of the Two Stepsisters, and in the Gaelic story of the Battle of the Birds, of which Mr. Campbell (*Tales of the West Highlands*, i. 61) says that "it might have been taken from classical mythology if it stood alone, but Norwegian peasants and West Highlanders could not so twist the story of Hercules into the same shape."

generally, in the disorder, decay, unseemliness, and filth which must follow from it. The clouds, here the cattle of Augeias, may move across the sky, but they drop down no water on the earth, and do nothing towards lessening the evil. Of these clouds Augeias promises that Heraklês shall become in part the lord, if he can but cleanse their stables. The task is done; but Augeias, like Laomedôn, refuses to abide by his bargain, and even defeats Heraklês and his companions in a narrow Eleian gorge. But the victory of Augeias is fatal to himself, and with Kteatos and Eurytos he is slain by Heraklês.

The Marathonian bull.

The myth of the Cretan bull seems to involve a confusion similar to that which has led some to identify the serpent who is regarded as an object of love and affection in the Phallic worship, with the serpent who is always an object of mere aversion and disgust.[1] The bull which bears Eurôpê from the Phoinikian land answers to the bull Indra, which traverses the heaven, bearing the dawn from the east to the west. The Cretan bull, like his fellow in the Gnossian labyrinth, who devours the tribute children from the city of the dawn-goddess, is a dark and malignant monster driven mad by Poseidôn; but Crete lay within the circle of Phenician influence, and the bull may be the savage and devouring Moloch of the Semitic tribes. Although Heraklês carries this monster home on his back, he is compelled to let it go again, and it reappears as the bull who ravages the fields of Marathon, till it is slain by the hands of Theseus, who is the slayer also of the Minotauros. The clouds and vapours pursued and conquered by the hero are seen again in the mares of Diomêdês, which consume their master and are thus rendered tame, perhaps as the isolated clouds are unable to resist the sun when the moisture which has produced them has been subdued. They appear also as the Stymphalian birds, with claws, wings, and beaks resembling those of the Sphinx, and like her being eaters of human flesh or destroyers of men and beasts. These birds, it is said, had taken refuge in the Stymphalian lake, because they were afraid of the wolves—a phrase which exhibits the dark storm-clouds as dreading the rays (Lykoi) of the sun, which can only appear when themselves have been defeated. These clouds reappear yet again as the cattle stolen by Geryon, and recovered by Heraklês—a myth of which the legend of Cacus exhibits the most striking and probably the most genuine form. Nor is the legend of the golden apples guarded by the Hesperides anything more than a repetition of the same idea, being itself, as we have seen, a result of the same kind of equivocation which produced the myths of Lykâon, Arktouros, and Kallisto.

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[1] See section xii. of this chapter.

The girdle of Hippolytê.

In the girdle of Hippolytê we have one of those mysterious emblems which are associated with the Linga in the worship of Vishṇu. It is the magic kestos of Aphroditê and the wreath of the Kadmeian Harmonia. Into the myth which related how Heraklês became its possessor, the mythographers have introduced a series of incidents, some of which do not belong to it, while others merely repeat each other. Thus, before he reaches the land of the Amazons, Heraklês aids Lykos against the Bebrykes, in other words, fights the battle of the bright being against the roaring monsters who are his enemies; and thus, after he has slain Hippolytê and seized the girdle, he visits Echidna, a being akin to the beautiful but mysterious Melusina, who throws her spell over Raymond of Toulouse, and then takes vengeance on the Trojan Laomedôn, slaying the bright Sarpêdôn, who in the Iliad falls by the spear of his descendant Tlepolemos.

Myths interspersed among the legends of the twelve labours of Heraklês.

The narratives of these great exploits, which are commonly known as the twelve labours of Heraklês, are interspersed with numberless incidents of greater or less significance, some of them plainly interpreting themselves. Thus, in his journey to the land of the Hesperides he is tormented by the heat of the sun, and shoots his arrows at Helios, who, admiring his bravery, gives him his golden cup in which to cross the sea.[1] In Kyknos, the son of Arês the grinder or crusher, he encounters an antagonist akin to Cacus, or even more formidable. With his father Kyknos invades the sacred precincts of Apollôn, where he sits on his fiery chariot while the earth trembles beneath the hoofs of his horses, and the altar and grove of Phoibos are filled with the horrid glare. But the son of Alkmênê is journeying to Trachis, and Kyknos, whose chariot blocks up the road, must yield up the path or die. On the challenge of Heraklês a furious conflict ensues, in which we see the spears of Indra hurled against his hateful enemy. The crash of the thunder rolls through the heaven, and the big thunderdrops fall from the sky.[2] At last Kyknos is slain, but Heraklês is now confronted by Arês himself, whom he conquers although he cannot slay him. Arês is indeed not the passing storm, but the power from whom these storms come: he is that head of the Lernaian hydra which cannot die, and thus he escapes with a thigh wound, while the body of Kyknos, stripped of its glittering armour, is buried by Këyx. In Antaios[1] Heraklês encounters the giant who, under the name of Polyphêmos, seeks to crush Odysseus. Like the latter, the Libyan monster is a son of the sea-god—the black storm-vapour which draws to itself new strength from the earth on which it reposes. Hence Heraklês cannot overcome him until he lifts him off the earth and strangles him in the expanse of heaven, as the sun cannot burn up and disperse the vapours until his heat has lifted them up above the surface of the land.

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[1] In reference to such incidents as these, Mr. Paley says, "A curious but well-known characteristic of solar myths is the identification of the sun both with the agent or patient, and with the thing or object by which the act is exercised. Ixîôn is the sun, and so is Ixîôn's wheel. . . . Hercules is the sun, who expires in flame on the summit of Mount Œta; but the fiery robe which scorches him to death is the sun-cloud. Now this, so far from being an objection to the theory, goes far to confirm it. It is the unconscious blending of two modes of representation—the sun as a person, and the sun as a thing. To construct a story, there must be both agents and subject-matter for action; and both, from different points of view, may be the same."—*On the Origin of Solar Myths*, Dublin Review, July, 1879, p. 109.

[2] *Asp. Herakl.* 384.

Heraklês and Eurytos.

The fiercer heats of summer may, as we have seen, suggest the idea not only that another hand less firm than that of Helios is suffering his fiery horses to draw too near the earth, but that Helios himself has been smitten with madness, and cares not whether in his fury he slays those whom he has most loved and cherished. The latter idea runs through the myths of the raging Heraklês, and thus, when he has won Iolê the daughter of Eurytos as the prize for success in archery, her father refuses to fulfil the compact because a being who has killed one bride and her offspring may repeat the crime: and thus he is parted from Iolê at the very moment of winning her. It is the old story of Daphnê, Prokris, or Arethousa, with this difference only that the legend of Iolê belongs to the middle heats of summer. But Heraklês may not be injured with impunity. The beautiful cattle of Eurytos are feeding like those of Helios in the pastures where the children of Neaira tend them, and Heraklês is suspected of driving them away. His friend Iphitos pleads his cause, but when he asks the aid of Hêrakles in recovering the lost cattle, the angry hero turns on his friend and slays him. The friendship of Heraklês is as fatal to Iphitos as that of Achilleus to Patroklos. Incident is now crowded on incident, all exhibiting the working of the same idea. It is the time of the wild simoon. Heraklês approaches the sanctuary of Phoibos, but the Pythia will yield no answer to his questions, and a contest follows between Heraklês and Phoibos himself, which is ended only when Zeus sunders them by a flash of lightning. When thus for the time discomfited, he is told that he can be loosed from his madness and again become sound in mind only by consenting to serve for a time as a bondman; and thus the myth which makes Apollôn serve in the house of Admêtos, and which made Heraklês all his life long the slave of a mean tyrant, is again brought into the story. He is now sold to Omphalê (the correlative of Omphalos), and assumes something like the guise of the half-feminine Dionysos. But even with this story of subjection a vast number of exploits are interwoven, among these being the slaying of a serpent on the river Sygaris and the hunting of the Kalydonian boar.

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[1] Antaios, the uncouth awkward giant, may be fairly taken as a type of the Teutonic Troll, in whom is combined the unsightliness of Polyphêmos with the stupidity which, tolerably characteristic of the Kyklôps, is brought out still more clearly in the Teutonic devil. Whether in Greek, Hindu, or other mythology, these monsters are generally outwitted, and hence nothing is gained by hypotheses which see in these Trolls the aboriginal inhabitants who had not wit enough to hold their ground against the new invaders of the land, and who therefore betook themselves to the mountains. It is of the very essence of the myths of Indra, Heraklês, Bellerophontes, Perseus, or any other light-born heroes, that they should be victorious over the enemies opposed to them, and that these enemies should appear in horrible shapes which yet are not so formidable as they seem; in other words, they cannot stand against the hero whose insignificant stature and mean appearance they had despised. All that we need say is that they become more stupid as we go further north. The Kyklôps of the *Odyssey* is not quite such a fool as the Troll who slits his stomach that he may eat the more, because "Boots who ate a match with the Troll" and has made a slit in the scrip which he carries under his chin, assures him that the pain is nothing to speak of. The giant in the story of the Valiant Tailor (Grimm) is cheated much in the same fashion.

Heraklês and Augê.

The tale of his return from the conquest of Ilion presents the same scenes under slightly different colours. In his fight with the Meropes he is assailed by a shower of stones, and is even wounded by Chalkôdôn,—another thunderstorm recalling the fight with Arês and Kyknos: and the same battle of the elements comes before us in the next task which Athênê sets him, of fighting with the giants in the burning fields of Phlegrai. These giants, it had been foretold, were to be conquered by a mortal man, a notion which takes another form in the surprise of Polyphêmos when he finds himself outwitted by so small and insignificant a being as Odysseus. At this point, after his return to Argos, some mythographers place his marriage with Augê, the mother of Telephos, whose story reproduces that of Oidipous or Perseus.

Heraklês and Dêianira.

His union with Dêianeira, the daughter of the Kalydonian chief, brings us to the closing scenes of his troubled and tumultuous career. The name points, as we have seen, to the darkness which was to be his portion at the ending of his journey, and here also his evil fate pursues him. His spear is fatal to the boy Eunomos, as it had been to the children of Megara; but although in this instance the crime had been done unwittingly, Heraklês would not accept the pardon tendered to him, and he departed into exile with Dêianeira. At the ford of a river Heraklês entrusts her to the charge of the Kentaur Nessos, who acted as ferryman, and who attempting to lay hands on

Dêiapeira is fatally wounded by the hero. In his last moments Nessos bids her preserve his blood, as the sure means of recovering her husband's love if it should be transferred to another. The catastrophe brought about by these words of Nessos is related by Sophokles; but before this end came, Heraklês had aided many friends and vanquished many foes. Among these was Augeias, whom he attacked at the head of an Arkadian host, the men of the bright land. Against him were arrayed, among other allies of the Eleian king, Eurytos and Kteatos, the sons of the grinders or crushers Molion and Aktor. Here the strength of Heraklês for a time fails him, and the enemy hesitates not to attack him during his sickness; but the hero lies in ambush, like the sun lurking behind the clouds while his rays are ready to burst forth like spears, and having slain some of his enemies, advances and takes the city of Elis, making Phyleus king in place of Augeias, whom he slays together with his children.

The death of Heraklês.

When at length the evening of his life was come, Dêianeira received the tidings that her husband was returning in triumph from the Euboian Oichalia, not alone, but bringing with him the beautiful Iolê, whom he had loved since the hour when he first put the shaft to his bow in the contest for that splendid prize. Now he had slain her father, as Perseus slew Akrisios and as Oidipous smote down Laios, and the maiden herself was coming to grace his home. Then the words of Nessos come back to the memory of the forsaken wife, who steeps in his blood the white garment which at the bidding of Heraklês Lichas comes to fetch from Trachis. The hero is about to offer his sacrifice to the Kenaian Zeus, and he wishes to offer it up in peace, clad in a seemly robe of pure white, with the fair and gentle Iolê standing by his side. But so it is not to be. Scarcely has he put on the robe which Lichas brings than the poison[1] begins to course through his veins and rack every limb with agony unspeakable, as the garment given by Helios to Medeia consumed the flash of Glaukê and of Kreôn. Once more the suffering hero is lashed into madness, and seizing the luckless Lichas he hurls him into the sea. Thus, borne at last to the heights of Oita, he gathers wood, and charges those who are around him to set the pile on fire, when he shall have laid himself down upon it. Only the shepherd Poias ventures to do the hero's will: but when the flame is kindled, the thunder crashes through the heaven, and a cloud comes down which bears him away to Olympos, there to dwell in everlasting youth with the radiant Hêbê as his bride.[1] It is a myth in which "looms a magnificent sunset,"[2] the forked flames as they leap from the smoke of the kindled wood being the blood-red vapours which stream from the body of the dying sun.[3] It is the reverse of the picture which leaves Odysseus with Penelopê in all the brightness of early youth, knowing indeed that the night must come, yet blessed in the profound calm which has followed the storms and troubles of the past. It is the picture of a sunset in wild confusion, the multitude of clouds hurrying hither and thither, now hiding, now revealing the mangled body of the sun,—of a sunset more awful yet not more sad than that which is seen in the last hours of Bellerophôn, as he wanders through the Aleian plain in utter solitude,—the loneliness of the sun who has scattered the hostile vapours and then sinks slowly down the vast expanse of pale light with the ghastly hues of death upon his face.[4]

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[1] The poisoned Heraklês answers to the leprous Chaldæan Izdubar, the (solar) lion, with the thorn in his foot.

The Latin Hercules.

Of the Latin Hercules we need say but little here. The most prominent myth connected with the name in comparatively recent times is that of the punishment of Cacus for stealing the oxen of the hero; and this story must be taken along with the other legends which reproduce the great contest between the powers of light and darkness set forth in the primitive myth of Indra and Ahi. The god or hero of whom the Latins told this story is certainly the same in character with the Hellenic son of Alkmênê; but, as Niebuhr insisted, it is not less certain that the story must have been told from the first not of the genuine Latin Hercules or Herculus, a deity who was the guardian of boundaries, like the Zeus Herkeios of the Greeks, but of some god in whose place Hercules has been intruded, from the phonetic resemblance between his name and that of Heraklês. Apart from this story the Latin Hercules, or rather Recaranus, has no genuine mythology, the story of the Potitii and Pinarii being, like a thousand others, a mere institutional legend, to account for ceremonies in the later ritual.

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[1] There was no reason why the myth should stop short here; and the cycle already so many times repeated is carried on by making Heraklês and Hêbê the parents of Alexiarês and Aniketos, names which again denote the irresistible strength and the benignant nature of the parent whose blood flows in their veins. The name Alexiarês belongs to the same class with Alexikakos, an epithet which Heraklês shares with Zeus and Apollôn, along with Daphnephoros, Olympios, Pangenetôr, and others.—Max Müller, *Chips*, ii. 89.

[2] Max Müller, *ib.* ii. 88.

[3] The same picture is brought before us in the shower of gold coins which Brynhild in the Nibelung Song bids her maidens scatter about at her death.

[4] It was easy to think of Heraklês as never wearied and never dying, but as journeying by the Ocean stream after sun-down to the spot whence he comes again into sight in the morning. Hence in the Orphic hymns he is self-born, the wanderer along the path of light (Lykabas) in which he performs his mighty exploits between the rising and the setting of the sun. He is of many shapes, he devours all things and produces all things, he slays and he heals. Round his head he bears the Morning and the Night (xii.), and as living through the hours of darkness he wears a robe of stars (ἀστροχίτων).

Egyptian myths.

Still less is it necessary to give at length the points of likeness or difference between the Hellenic Heraklês and the deities of whom Herodotos or other writers speak as the Heraklês of Egypt or other countries. By their own admission their names at least had little in common; and the affinity between the Greek hero and the Egyptian Som, Chon, or Makeris, must be one of attributes only. It is, indeed, obvious that, go where we will, we must find the outlines, at least, of the picture into which the Greek mind crowded such an astonishing variety of life and action. The sun, as toiling for others, not for himself, as serving beings who are as nothing in comparison with his own strength and splendour, as cherishing or destroying the fruits of the earth which is his bride, as faithful or fickle in his loves, as gentle or furious in his course, could not fail to be the subject of phrases which, as their original meaning grew fainter, must suggest the images wrought up with lavish but somewhat undiscerning zeal into the stories of the Hellenic Heraklês. Not less certainly would these stories exhibit him under forms varying infinitely from the most exalted majesty to the coarsest burlesque.

Osiris and Rhadamanthys.

But although Egyptian mythology lies strictly beyond the limits of our present subject, it is yet worth while to note that, while some of the Egyptian myths seem to have a more direct reference to facts of astronomy than may be found generally in Greek tradition, they had their foundation, as a whole, in phrases which described the phenomena of the outward world in all its parts. The origin of the Egyptian people and of their civilisation is a question into which we cannot enter; but probably none will be found to assert that the Egyptian people come from the stock which has produced the Aryan nations of Europe and Asia. The character of this wonderful valley would go far towards accounting for the forms assumed by the religion, laws, and customs which grew up within it; and it is enough for us to mark that their growth betrays no working of Aryan influences, while in their turn the institutions and traditions of the Aryan tribes were but little affected by those of Egypt. That there was some interchange of thought as well as of commerce in prehistoric ages between Greeks and Egyptians, is proved by the presence of Egyptian words in a dress which seems altogether Hellenic and Aryan; and such names as Harpokrates and Rhadamanthys justify a like inquiry to that which names like Melikertes, Athamas, and Kadmos warrant, when we deal with the myths and legends of Boiotia. Speaking generally, however, we may safely say that between the main body of the Greek and that of the Egyptian myths there was no direct connexion, and no points of likeness, which cannot be explained by the working of independent minds on the same facts or the same materials. But after Egypt had been thrown open to Greek commerce, the Greeks were so impressed by the grandeur of the country and the elaborate mystical system of the priesthood, that they were soon tempted not only to identify their own deities with those of Egypt, but in some cases to fancy that their names as well as the actions ascribed to them were derived from that country. Thus Herodotos could quietly carry away with him the conviction that the name of the Greek and Aryan Athênê was only that of the Egyptian Neith read backwards. Nor need we hesitate to say that the mystical system of the Egyptian priests, which made so profound an impression on the mind of Herodotos, was grafted in the process of ages on simpler myths, which corresponded essentially with the phrases which lie at the root of Hindu, Greek, and Teutonic mythology.[1] Thus the sleep of Uasar (Osiris) during the winter, before his reappearance in the spring, is the sleep of the fair maiden who is waked up by Sigurd, and answers to the sojourn of Balder in the unseen world and to the imprisonment of Korê or Persephonê in the house of Hades. It is of this Osiris that the horned maiden Isis is both the mother and the wife, and the dogheaded Anubis (Anpu) is their companion. Osiris is killed by his brother Set, or Sethi, as Balder is killed by Hödr; but after his imprisonment beneath the earth he rises to a new life and becomes the judge of the dead. This office was denoted by his title Rhot-amenti, a name manifestly borrowed by the Greeks under the form Rhadamanthys. The son of Isis and Osiris was Horos, who is represented as a boy on a lotus flower with a finger in his mouth. His name, again, Har-pi-chruti, Horus the Child, the Greeks threw into the form of Harpokrates.[2]

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[1] Renouf, *Hibbert Lectures*, 1879, Lecture iii.

[2] It is well to know that an examination of Egyptian mythology amply bears out the conclusions reached by those who have worked in the wider domain of Aryan tradition. It matters not where we may go, we are everywhere, as Mr. Renouf remarks, confronted with the fact that, as soon as the nature of the myth is understood, all anomalies and seeming immoralities in the popular stories of the gods are at once explained. In Egyptian myths, as elsewhere, the birth of the sun may be ascribed to ever so many different mothers. He may be the son of the sky, or of the dawn, or of the sea, or of the night. But "although all myths are strictly true, they can be harmonised only when transliterated into the language of physical reality." It was, however, the climate of the Nile valley which determined the character of Egyptian mythology, and confined it almost entirely to phenomena of regular and perpetual occurrence. Mr. Renouf thus reaches the definite conclusion, "Whatever may be the case in other mythologies, I look upon the sunrise and sunset, on the daily return of day and night, on the battle between light and darkness, on the whole solar drama in all its details, that is acted every day, every month, every year, in heaven and in earth, as the 'principal

Repetitions of the myth of Heraklês.

But the mythical history of Heraklês is bound up with that of his progenitors and his descendants, and furnishes many a link in the twisted chain presented to us in the prehistoric annals of Greece. The myth might have stopped short with the death of the hero; but a new cycle is, as we have seen, begun when Hêbê becomes the mother of his children in Olympos, and Heraklês, it is said, had in his last moments charged his son Hyllus on earth to marry the beautiful Iolê. The ever-moving wheels, in short, may not tarry. The children of the sun may return as conquerors in the morning, bringing with them the radiant woman who with her treasures had been stolen away in the evening. After long toils and weary conflicts they may succeed in bearing her back to her ancient home, as Perseus bears Danaê to Argos; but not less certainly must the triumph of the powers of darkness come round again, and the sun-children be driven from their rightful heritage. Thus was framed that woeful tale of expulsion and dreary banishment, of efforts to return many times defeated but at last successful, which make up the mythical history of the descendants of Heraklês. But the phenomena which rendered their expulsion necessary determined also the direction in which they must move, and the land in which they should find a refuge. The children of the sun can rest only in the land of the morning, and accordingly it is at Athens alone and from the children of the dawn-goddess that the Herakleids can be sheltered from their enemies, who press them on every side. Thus we find ourselves in a cycle of myths which might be repeated at will, which in fact were repeated many times in the so-called prehistoric annals of Greece, and which doubtless would have been repeated again and again, had not the magic series been cut short by the dawn of the historical sense and the rise of a real historical literature.

The story of Perseus.

In the Argive tradition the myth of Perseus[1] is made to embrace the whole legend of Heraklês, the mightiest and the most widely known of all the mythical heroes of the Greeks. It is as belonging

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subject' of Egyptian mythology."—*Hibbert Lectures*, 109. Speaking of the Babylonian mythology, Mr. Sayce comes to the same conclusion. "The more the Babylonian mythology is examined, the more solar is its origin found to be, thus confirming the results arrived at in the Aryan and Semitic fields of research." With two exceptions only "the great deities seem all to go back to the sun."

[1] The name Perseus is one as to which, if we regard it as an Aryan word, we can scarcely venture to speak positively. It may mean simply the destroyer; but it is also possible that it may point to the Parsoudos of Ktesias, and therefore be a Babylonian name. If it be so, it would be only one of many instances in which, in Mr. Brown's words (*The Unicorn*, 55), "an Aryan and a non-Aryan name, of somewhat similar sound, have become united like a double star."

to the race of Perseus, and as being by the arts of Hêrê brought into the world before his cousin, that Eurystheus becomes the tyrant of Heraklês. Yet the story of Perseus is essentially the same as the story of his more illustrious descendant; and the profound unconsciousness of the Argives that the two narratives are in their groundwork identical is a singular illustration of the extent to which men can have all their critical faculties lulled to sleep by mere difference of names or of local colouring in legends which are only modifications of a single myth. In either case we have a hero whose life, beginning in disasters, is a long series of labours undertaken at the behest of one who is in every way his inferior, and who comes triumphantly out of these fearful ordeals, because he is armed with the invincible weapons of the dawn, the sun, and the winds. Nor is there perhaps a single feature or incident in the whole myth to which a parallel is not furnished by other Hellenic, or even other Argive, legends. Before his birth, Akrisios, his mother's father, learns at Delphoi, like the Theban Laios, that if his daughter has a child, that child will be his destroyer. At once then he orders that Danaê shall be shut up in a brazen tower, an imprisonment answering to that of Persephonê in the land of Hades, or of Brynhild in Niflheim. But here, as with them, a deliverer is wanted; and this deliverer is Zeus, the lord of the life-giving ether, who had wooed Leda in the form of the white swan, the spotless cloud, and who now enters the dungeon of Danaê in a golden shower, the glittering rays which herald the approach of spring with its new life for the trees and flowers. Thus in his mother's dreary prison-house the golden child[1] is born; and Akrisios in his wrath decrees that his daughter and her babe shall share the doom of Oidipous and Dionysos. Like Semelê, she is placed with the infant in a chest or ark, which is thrust out into the sea, and carried by the waves and tide to the island of Seriphos, where the vessel is seen by Diktys, who of course is fishing, and by him Danaê and her child are taken to the house of his brother Polydektes, the chief of the island, a myth which we have to compare with those of Artemis Diktynna and Persephonê. Throughout the story, Diktys is the kindly being whose heart is filled with pity for the sorrowing mother, while Polydektes, a name identical with that of Hades Polydegmon, is her unrelenting persecutor. He is thus a champion of the lord of light, which is reflected in his name as in that of Diktynna and the Diktaian cave in Crete; and the equivocation in the one case is precisely the same as in the other. Polydektes now tries all his arts to win Danaê, and his efforts at once recall the temptation of Saramâ by Paṇi; but Danaê is true to her child and to his father, and Polydektes resolves to be rid of the youth who stands thus in his way. So, like Eurystheus, he sends him away with a strict charge that he is not to return unless he brings with him the Gorgon's head, the sight of which can freeze every living being into stone. Thus the dawn is parted from her son, for Phoibos himself must leave his mother Lêtô and begin his westward journey.[1] He starts alone, and as he thinks unbefriended, but with the high and generous spirit which marks the youthful Heraklês in the apologue of Prodikos, and heavenly beings come to his aid as Aretê promises to strengthen the son of Alkmênê. From the dawn-goddess, Athênê, he receives the mirror into which he is to gaze when he draws his sword to smite the mortal Gorgon, the fiend of darkness; from Hermes he obtains the sword which never falls in vain; and the Nymphs bring him the bag in which he is to carry away the head of Medousa, the tarnkappe or invisible helmet of Hades, and the golden sandals which will bear him along as swiftly as a dream,—in other words, the golden chariot of Helios, or the armour of Achilleus, which bears him up as a bird upon the wing. He is now the Chrysâôr, armed for the battle[2] and ready for his journey; and like the sun, he may veil himself in clouds when he wishes not to be seen. But he cannot reach the Gorgon's den until he has first passed the home of the Graiai, the land of the gloaming, whose solitary eye and tooth he refuses to restore until they have pointed out the road which shall bring him to his journey's end. In other words, the sun must go through the twilight-land before he can pierce the regions of utter darkness and reappear in the beautiful gardens of the Hyperboreans, the asphodel meadows of the tinted heavens of morning. When at length his task is done, and he turns to go to the upper world, the Gorgon sisters (the clouds of darkness) start up in fury, and their brazen talons almost seize him as he reaches the clear blue heaven, which is called the land of the brilliant Ethiopians. Here, again, the same war is going on in which he has already been the conqueror. The storm-cloud is seeking to devour the dawn and to blot out its tender light; in other words, the Libyan dragon seeks to make Andromeda his prey, as the maiden stands motionless on the rock to which she has been fastened. The monster is soon destroyed, as the Sphinx is soon discomfited by Oidipous; and the awful power of the Gorgon's glance is seen in the death of Phineus, and in the merciful ending of the long labours of Atlas. But the great work remains yet to be done, the avenging of the wrongs of Danaê, as the Achaians fought to avenge the griefs and woes of Helen. The vengeance of Perseus must be as terrible as that of Achilleus or the stern chieftain of Ithaka. But when Polydektes and his abettors have been turned into stone and Diktys made king of the land, Perseus yields up his magic weapons to the gods who gave them, and departs with his mother to the old home in Argos. Once more Danaê treads her native soil, as Helen graces the halls of Menelaos when Paris the thief has been slain. But the doom pronounced by the Delphian priestess was still unfulfilled; and Akrisios no sooner hears that Perseus is coming than he flies to Larissa. Thither Perseus follows him, not as a foe, but as a friend, and takes part in the games which Teutamidas the chief holds in his honour. Presently a quoit hurled by Perseus lights on the foot of Akrisios, and the prophecy is accomplished which makes Oidipous, Romulus, and Cyrus slay their parents or their grandsires. The sequel is given in two versions, corresponding to the choice given to Achilleus.[1] In the one Perseus returns to Argos, and there dies in peace; in the other grief and shame for the death of Akrisios drive him to abandon his Argive sovereignty for that of Tiryns, where his kinsman Megapenthes is king. In the latter, he may be compared with Bellerophôn wandering in gloom and loneliness through the Aleian plain; in the former we have the tranquil time which follows the great vengeance of Achilleus and Odysseus. Thus as the unwilling destroyer even of those whom he loves, as the conqueror of monstrous beasts and serpents, as toiling for a mean and cruel master, yet as coming forth in the end victorious over all his enemies, Perseus is at once the forefather and the counterpart of Heraklês. He is himself born in Argos the bright land, as Phoibos springs to life in Delos or Artemis in Ortygia; but his mother Danaê is almost as neutral and colourless as Lêtô or Iokastê or Hekabê or Semelê. The Argive tradition runs in a circle, and the Athenian myth, jealously prized as a wholly independent history, is made up of the same materials. The practical identity of the Athenian legend of Theseus and the Argive legend of the son of Alkmênê suggested the proverb "Another

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[1] Χρυσόπατρος, the Gold Child, in Grimm's collection of Teutonic stories.

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[1] If Niebuhr is right in connecting together the names Daunos, Danaos, Lavinus, Lakinus, Latinus, &c., the name Danaê is only another form of Ahanâ and Athênê, of Dahanâ and Daphnê.

[2] Pherekydes speaks of Perseus as armed with the Harpê, the sickle which Kronos bore in his hand when he assailed Ouranos. It is the weapon with which Bel and Merodach are armed for their conflict with the dragon, who represents both chaos and darkness, "and the chief weapon of the god who maintains nocturnal Kosmic order is, as of course, the sickle-shaped moon." Hence Perseus with the crescent moon cuts off the Gorgo, or full moon. This principle of reduplication has, as Mr. Brown remarks, largely influenced the growth of myths.—*The Unicorn*, 54.

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[1] *Il.* ix. 411; xvi. 685.

Heraklês;" nor, if attention had been specially fixed on the task of tracing out such resemblances, would very keen powers of criticism have been needed to show that the same process might be applied to the legends of all the Hellenic tribes.

Birth and youth of Theseus.

The myth of Theseus is indeed more transparent than that of his two great kinsmen. As Perseus is the son of the golden shower, so is Theseus the child of Aithra, the pure air; and if in one version he is said to be a son of Aigeus, king of Athens, in another he is called a son of Poseidôn, as Athênê is Tritogeneia, and Aphroditê comes up from the sea; but Aigeus himself is only Poseidôn under a name denoting the dash of the waves on the shore, and when Apollodoros speaks of Aigeus as a son not of Pandion but of Skyrios, we are still in the same magic circle, for the island of Skyros seems to have been noted especially for the worship of the Ionian Poseidôn.[1] In some of its earlier incidents the myth carries us to the story of Sigurd and Brynhild. As he grows up his mother tells him that a mighty work lay before him so soon as he could lift the great stone beneath which lay his father's sword and sandals, the sword and sandals which Perseus had worn when he went to the Gorgons' land. Thus gaining these prizes as Sigmund obtained the good sword Gram, Theseus started on that career of adventure and conquest which, with differences of local colouring and detail, is the career of Oidipous, Meleagros, Bellerophôn, Odysseus, Sigurd, Grettir, and other mythical heroes, as well as of Heraklês and Perseus. Like these, he fights with and overcomes robbers, murderers, dragons, and other monsters. Like some of them, also, he is capricious and faithless. Like them, he is the terror not only of the evil men but of the gods of the under world.

The six exploits of his first journey.

At his birth Poseidôn gave to his son the three wishes which appear again and again in Teutonic folk-lore, and sometimes in a ludicrous form.[2] The favour of the sea-deities is also shown in the anecdote told by Pausanias[3] that when Minos cast doubts on his being a son of Poseidôn, and bade him, if he were such, to bring up a ring thrown into the sea, Theseus dived and reappeared not only with the ring but with a golden crown, which Aphroditê had placed upon his head. His journey from Troizen to Athens is signalised by exploits which later mythographers regarded as six in number, as twelve were assigned to Heraklês. They are all, as we might expect, merely different forms of the great fight waged by Indra and Oidipous against Vritra, Ahi, or the Sphinx. Thus the robber Periphêtês is the club-bearing son of Hephaistos, who, being weak in the feet, uses his weapon to smite down the passers-by. But Sinis the robber, or plunderer, is his kinsman, being like himself a son of Poseidôn, and from his name Pityokamptes is the stormwind which bends the pine trees. The myth went that he slew his victims by compelling them to bend a fir tree which he allowed to fly back upon them, and that Theseus who caught him in his own trap nevertheless felt that he needed to purify himself for the death of one who was also a son of the sea.[1] The same idea gave rise to the myth of Phaia, the dark or ashen-coloured sow of Krommyon, who shares the fate of all such monsters, and again to that of Skeiron, who hurls from the cliffs the travellers whom he has constrained to kneel and wash his feet,[2] and who in his turn is in like manner destroyed by Theseus. In Kerkyon, whose name apparently connects him with the Kerkôpes, we have a reflexion of Laios, Akrisios, Amulius, and other beings who seek from fear for themselves to destroy their children or their children's children. The story of his daughter Alopê is simply the story of Augê, Semelê, Danaê, and many others; but Kerkyon himself is the Eleusinian wrestler, who is defeated by Theseus in his own art and slain. The robber Prokroustes is a being of the same kind; but the myth attached to his name does not explain itself like the rest, and may perhaps have been suggested by the meaning of the word which may denote either the process of beating or hammering out, or simply a downright blow. In the latter case Prokroustes would simply be Sinis or Periphêtês under another name; in the former, the story of a bed to which he fitted the limbs of his victims by stretching them or cutting them off might not unnaturally spring up.[3]

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[1] Preller, *Gr. Myth.* ii. 287. The name Pandiôn is manifestly a masculine form of Pandia, an epithet of Selên the moon, when at its full.

[2] Eur. *Hipp.* 46; Preller, *Gr. Myth.* ii. 288.

[3] i. 16, 3; Preller, *ib.*

Theseus at Athens.

Theseus now enters the dawn city with a long flowing robe, and with his golden hair tied gracefully behind his head; and his soft beauty excites the mockery of some workmen, who pause in their work of building to jest upon the maiden who is unseemly enough to walk about alone. It is the story of the young Dionysos or Achilleus in woman's garb; but Theseus is mightier than they, and without saying a word, he unspans the oxen of the builders' wagon, and hurls the vehicle as high above the temple pillars as these rose above the ground.[1] In the house of his fathers he was still surrounded by enemies. Aigeus was now wedded to the wise woman Medeia, who in her instinctive jealousy of the beautiful youth makes Aigeus an accomplice in her scheme for poisoning him. The deadly draught is placed on the banquet-table, but Aigeus recognises the sword which Theseus bears, and, embracing him as his, bids Medeia depart with her children to her own land. He encounters foes more formidable in the fifty gigantic sons of Pallas, who have thrust themselves into the place of Aigeus, as the suitors in Ithaka usurp the authority of Odysseus; but by the aid of the herald Leos, who betrays them, Theseus is again the conqueror.[2] He is, however, scarcely more than at the beginning of his toils. The fields of Marathon are being ravaged by a bull,[3] in whom we see a being akin to the terrible Cretan Minotauros, the malignant power of darkness hidden away in its labyrinth of stars. In his struggle with this monster he is aided by the prayers and offerings of the benign and aged Hekalê, whose eyes are not permitted to look again on the youth whom she has so tenderly loved—a myth which brings before us the gentle Têlephassa sinking down in utter weariness, before her heart can be gladdened once more by the sight of her child Eurôpê.[4]

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[1] See further, Brown, *Great Dionysiak Myth*, ii. 260. Mr. Brown sees in the story of Sinis a picture of Phenician barbarity and its overthrow.

[2] Preller has no doubt on this head. "Es scheint wohl dass dieser Skeiron . . . ein Bild für die heftigen Stürme ist, welche den Wanderer von den Skeironischen Felsen, so hiess dieser Pass, leicht in die See hinunterstiessen, wo die Klippen seine Glieder zerschellten." —*Gr. Myth.* ii. 290.

[3] The story is told of the men of Sodom in the Arabian myth.—Gould, *Legends of Old Testament Characters*, i. 200. The notion seems scarcely Greek. But generally in stories in which Poseidôn is prominent, the existence of Semitic influence is at least possible; and this possibility should be always taken into account in the examination of details which seem to be non-Aryan in character.

Theseus and the Minotauros.

He has now before him a still harder task. The bull which now fills Athenian hearts with grief and fear has his abode not at Marathon, but at Knossos. In the war waged by Minos in revenge for the death of his son Androgeos, who had been slain on Attic soil, the Cretan king was the conqueror.[5] With the war had come famine and pestilence; and thus the men of Athens were driven to accept terms which bound them for nine years to send yearly a tribute of seven youths and seven maidens, as victims to feed the

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[1] Paus. i. 19, 1; Preller, *Gr. Myth.* ii. 291.

[2] These fifty sons of Pallas must be compared with the fifty sons and daughters of Ægyptos, Danaos, Asterodia, and Selênê. But these are clearly images of the starry heavens; and thus the myth of the Pallantides is simply a story of the night vieing with, or usurping the prerogatives of, the day.

[3] In the story of Krishna this bull is animated by the demon Arishta.—*Vishnu Purana*, H. H. Wilson, 536.

[4] The name Hekale is the same as Hekatê and Hekatos, and thus, like Têlephassa, has simply the meaning of rays shot from a distant orb.

[5] The myth of Androgeôs has many versions. The most important exhibits him as a youth of great beauty and promise, unable to achieve the tasks which may be done only by the greatest heroes. On this account, he is torn by the Marathonian bull whom Aigeus has charged him to slay: in other words, he is Patroklos striving to slay an enemy who can be conquered only by Achilleus; and the war which Minos wages answers to the bloody vengeance of Achilleus for the death of his comrade.

Minotauros. The period named is the nine years' cycle, while the tribute children may represent the months of the lunar year. Twice had the black-sailed ship departed from the haven with its doomed freight when Theseus offered himself as one of the tribute children, to do battle with the monster. In this task he succeeds only through the aid of Ariadnê, as Iasôn does the bidding of Aiêtês only because he has the help of Medeia. The thread which the maiden places in his hand leads him through all the mazes of the murky labyrinth,[1] and when the beast is slain, she leaves her home with the man to whom she has given her love. But she herself must share the woes of all who love the bright sun. Beautiful as she is, she must be abandoned in Naxos, while Theseus, like Sigurd, goes upon his way; and in his place must come the vine-crowned Dionysos, who shall place on her head a glittering diadem to shine among the everlasting stars. Theseus himself fulfils the doom which places him among the fatal children. He forgets to hoist the white sails in token of victory, and Aigeus, seeing the black hue of the ship, throws himself into the sea which bears his name.[2]

Theseus and the Amazons.

In another adventure he is the enemy of the Amazons, mysterious beings of whom it is enough to say that they are opposed or slaughtered not only by Theseus, but by Heraklês, Achilleus, and Bellerophôn, and that thus they must be classed with the other beings in whom are seen reflected the features of the cloud enemy of Indra. Their beauty, their ferocity, their seclusion, all harmonise with the phenomena of the clouds in their varying aspects of storm and sunshine;[3] and thus their fight with Theseus in the streets of Athens would be the struggle of dark vapours to throw a veil over the city of the dawn, and their defeat the victory of the sun which drives away the clouds. They are thus at once the natural allies of the king of Ilion, the stronghold of the robber Paris, and the friends of his enemies; for Antiopê, who is stolen away by Heraklês, becomes the bride of Theseus and the mother of Hippolytos,[1] whose story exhibits the action of a moral sentiment which has impressed itself even more deeply on the traditions of Thebes. Hippolytos is to Theseus what Patroklos is to Achilleus, or Phaëthôn to Helios, or Little John to Robin Hood, the reflexion of the sun in all its beauty, but without its strength and power; and the love of Phaidra (the gleaming) for the glorious youth is simply the love of Aphroditê for Adonis, and, like that of Aphroditê, it is repulsed. But Phaidra is the wife of Theseus, and thus her love for Hippolytos becomes doubly a crime, while the recoil of her feelings tempts her to follow the example of Anteia in the myth of Bellerophôn. Her trick is successful; and Hippolytos, going forth under his father's curse, is slain by a bull which Poseidôn sends up from the sea, the storm-cloud which Theseus had fought with on the plains of Marathon. But Hippolytos, like Adonis, is a being whom death cannot hold in his power, and Asklêpios raises him to life, as in the Italian tradition Virbius, the darling of the goddess of the groves, is brought back from the dead and entrusted to the care of the nymph Egeria.

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[1] This is the work of Daidalos, the cunning smith, for Pasiphaê, to whom corresponds Fair Rosamond for whom Henry builds the labyrinth of Woodstock. In Icelandic Völundurshus, the house of Wayland, means a labyrinth.

[2] This incident precedes the death of Tristram in the Arthur cycle.

[3] If the name be Greek at all, it seems to suggest a comparison with ἀδελφος; and the story of the cutting off the breasts would thus be the result of a mistaken etymology. It should be added that some see in the name an intensive force which makes it the equivalent of the German "vielbebrüstete," and thus identify it with the Ephesian Artemis whose images answer to this description, and who was worshipped as Amazô. The Amâzôn would thus be further identified with Isis, the horned moon; and her wanderings would follow as a matter of course, as in the myth of Iô. With this must be compared the Fortuna Mammosa of the Latins, and seemingly the Teutonic Ciza, Zizi, who was worshipped under the same form as the Ephesian Artemis. Some have supposed that Tacitus meant this deity, when he spoke of German tribes as worshipping Isis: others identify the name with the Greek τίτθη. Nork. s.v.

Theseus in the under world.

Theseus, indeed, like Heraklês, is seen almost everywhere. He is one of the chiefs who sail in the divine Argo to recover the golden fleece; he joins the princes of Aitolia in the hunt of the Kalydonian boar, and takes part in the war of the Epigonoi before Thebes. But a more noteworthy myth is that which takes him, like Orpheus, into the nether world to bring back another Eurydikê in the form of the maiden Persephonê. This legend exhibits another reflexion of Theseus in Peirithoös, a son of Zeus or Ixîon, the heaven or the proud sun, and Dia, the clear-shining dawn.[2] Peirithoös had already aided Theseus when he took Helen from Sparta and placed her in the hands of his mother Aithra, an act requited in the myth which carries Aithra to Ilion and makes her the handmaid of Helen. The attempt of Peirithoös ends as disastrously as the last exploits of Patroklos, and Theseus himself is shut up in Hades until Heraklês comes to his rescue, as he does also to that of Prometheus. The presence of the Dioskouroi, the bright Asvins or horsemen, complicates the story. These carry away Helen and Aithra, and when Theseus comes back from the unseen land, he finds that his stronghold of Aphidnai has been destroyed, and that Menestheus is king in Athens. He therefore sends his sons to Euboia, and hastens to Skyros, where the chief Lykomedes hurls him from a cliff into the sea, a death which Kephalos inflicted upon himself at the Leukadian or White Cape. But though his own life closes in gloom, his children return at length with Aithra from Ilion, and are restored, like the Herakleids, to their ancient inheritance.

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[1] Others make Hippolytos a son of Hippolytê, the Amazonian queen, whose girdle Heraklês brings to Eurystheus, and who is thus not the enemy of Theseus, as in some versions, but his bride.

[2] The carrying off of Hippodameia, the bride of Peirithoös, at her wedding-feast, by the drunken Kentaur Eurytiôn, is a myth of the wind-driven and staggering cloud bearing away the golden light into the distant heavens.

The Theseus of Thucydides.

This is the Theseus who, in the pages of Thucydides, consolidates the independent Attic Demoi into one Athenian state, over which he rules as a constitutional sovereign, confining himself strictly to his definite functions. There is nothing more to be said against the method by which this satisfactory result is obtained than that it may be applied with equal profit, if not with equal pleasure, to the stories of Boots and Jack the Giant-Killer.

Hipponoös Bellerophontes.

In the Corinthian tradition, Hipponoös, the son of Glaukos or of Poseidôn, is known especially as the slayer of Belleros, whom the same tradition converted into a near kinsman, but in whom we are now able to discern a being whose features much resemble those of the gloomy Vritra. Like Perseus, Theseus, Phoibos, he is a son of the heaven or the sea;[1] and his career is throughout that of the sun journeying through thunderstorms and clouds. In his youth he attracts the love of Anteia, the wife of Proitos, who on his refusal deals with him as Phaidra deals with Hippolytos; and Proitos, believing her lies, sends him as the bearer of woeful signs which are to bid Iobates, the Lykian king, to put the messenger to death. The fight with the monster Chimaira which ensues must come before us among the many forms assumed by the struggle between the darkness and the light; and in the winged steed Pêgasos, on which Bellerophôn is mounted, we see the light-crowned cloud soaring with or above the sun into the highest heavens. But although he returns thus a conqueror, Iobates has other toils still in store for him. He must fight with the Amazons and the Solymoi, and last of all must be assailed by the bravest of the Lykians, who, by the king's orders, lurk in ambush for him. These are all slain by his unerring spear; and Hipponoös is welcomed once more to the house of Proitos. But the doom is not yet accomplished. The hatred of the gods lies heavy upon him. Although we are not told the reason, we have not far to seek it. The slaughter of the Kyklôpes roused the anger of Zeus against Phoibos: the blinding of Polyphêmos excited the rage of

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[1] "Als Sonnenheld gilt Bellerophon für einen Sohn des Glaukos, oder des Poseidon, weil die Sonne aus dem Meere aufsteigt."—Preller, *Gr. Myth.* ii. 78.

Poseidôn against Odysseus: and these victims of the sun-god are all murky vapours which arise from the sea. The wrath of Athênê and Poseidôn added sorely to the length and weariness of the wanderings of Odysseus; nor could it leave Bellerophôn at rest. Like Odysseus, he too must roam through many lands, and thus we find him wandering sadly along the Aleian plain, avoiding the paths of men, treading, in other words, that sea of pale light in which, after a day of storms, the sun sometimes goes down without a cloud to break its monotonous surface.

The birth of Oidipous.

When at the close of his disastrous life Oidipous draws near to die in the sacred grove of the Erinyes, it is Theseus who stands by his side to guide him, where no other mortal man might dare to tread; and thus the Theban king is at once seen as a being of the same race with the son of Aigeus and Aithra. Nor does the connexion cease here. If Aigeus deserts his wife and leaves the infant Theseus to her sole care, Oidipous also suffers from the hatred of his father, who, like Akrisios and Astyages, has learnt from the Delphic oracle that if he has a son that son will be his destroyer. Hence no sooner is Oidipous born than the decree goes forth that the child must be slain; but the servant to whom he is intrusted contents himself with exposing the babe on the slopes of Kithairon, where a shepherd finds him, and carries him, like Cyrus or Romulus, to his wife, who cherishes the child with a mother's care. After a while, Oidipous is taken to Corinth and brought up as the son of Polybos and Meropê, and all things go smoothly until some one at a feast throws out a hint that he is not the son of his supposed parents. To the questions which he is thus driven to put to Meropê the answers returned satisfy him for a time, but for a time only. The anxious doubts return; and in his utter perplexity he hastens to Delphoi and there learns, as Laios had learnt already, that his doom would make him the destroyer of his father and the husband of his mother. Gloomy and sick at heart, he takes the way towards Thebes, being resolved not to run the risk of killing Polybos (whom he supposed to be his father), if he returned to Corinth, and as he journeys, he falls in with a chariot in which rides an old man. The servant insolently bids Oidipous to stand aside, and on his refusal the old man strikes at him with his staff. Oidipous, thoroughly angered, slays both, and goes on his way, unconscious that he has fulfilled the prediction of Phoibos, the murdered man being Laios the king of Thebes.

The career of Oidipous.

Laios is thus a being whose nature closely resembles that of Lêtô or of Leda, the night which is the parent of the sun, and which may be regarded with equal justice as hating its offspring or loving it.

Apart from his fear of the son of Iokastê, his character is as neutral as that of the mother of Phoibos; indeed, we can scarcely be said to know anything of him beyond the fact that he stole away the beautiful Chrysippos with his golden steeds, as the eagle of Zeus carried Ganymedes up to Olympos, the latter being an image of the tinted clouds of morning bearing the dawn to the high heaven, the former a picture of the night robbing the sky of its splendour. The story of his cruel treatment of his son was regarded as accounting for the name Oidipous, or Swellfoot, from the tight bandages which hurt his limbs as he lay exposed on Kithairon. The explanation has about the same value as that by which the nurse Eurykleia professed to account to Odysseus for the name which he bore.[1] The sequel of the myth furnished another explanation, to which probably less exception may be taken. When Oidipous drew near to Thebes, he found the city full of misery and mourning. The Sphinx had taken up her abode on a rock which overhung the town, and there sat watching the people as they died of famine and wasting sickness. Only when the man came who could expound her mysterious riddle would she free them of her hateful presence: and so in their perplexity the chiefs of the city had decreed that he who discomfited the monster should be made king and have Iokastê as his bride. Meanwhile the Sphinx sat motionless on the cliff, uttering from time to time the mysterious sounds which conveyed no sense to the ears of mortal men. This dreadful being who shut up the waters is, it may be enough to say here, only another Vritra, and her name has the exact meaning of Ahi, the choking or throttling snake; and the hero who answers her riddle may thus not unnaturally receive his name from his wisdom. Thus much is certain, that the son of Laios speaks of himself as knowing nothing when he first drew near to encounter the Sphinx, while afterwards he admits that his name is a familiar word in all mouths,[2] and thus Oidipous becomes the counterpart of the wise Medeia. With the death of the Sphinx ends the terrible drought. Oidipous has understood and interpreted the divine voices of Typhon, or the thunder, which the gods alone can comprehend.[1] The sun appears once more in the blue heaven, in which he sprang into life in the morning; in other words, Oidipous is wedded to his mother Iokastê, and the long train of woes which had their root in this awful union now began to fill the land with a misery as great as that from which Oidipous had just delivered it.[2] As told by Æschylos and Sophokles, it is a fearful tale; and yet if the poets had but taken any other of the many versions in which the myth has come down to us, it could never have come into existence. They might, had they pleased, have made Euryganeia, the broad shining dawn, the mother of Antigonê and Ismênê, of Eteokles and Polyneikes, instead of Iokastê, the violet light, which reappears in the names Iolê, Iamos, Iolaos, Iasion, and Iobates. Undoubtedly the mother of Oidipous might be either Euryganeia, Iokastê or Astymedousa, who are all assigned to him as his wives; but only by giving the same name to his mother and his wife could the moral horrors of the story be developed, and the idea once awakened took too strong a hold on their imagination to be lightly dislodged.

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[1] M. Bréal thinks that if the name really belongs to this root, it must be taken as denoting the sun when it touches the horizon, "lorsque, par l'effét de vapeurs qui flottent dans les couches inférieures de l'atmosphere, il semble de moment au moment augmenter le volume." He thinks also that the wounds thus inflicted on Oidipous must be compared with those of Achilleus in the Hellenic mythology, of Baldur and Sigurd in the Teutonic legends, and of Isfendiyar and Rustem in the Persian story. It might, however, be said with not less truth that the swelling of the sun has reference to his rising, and to its apparent enlargement at the base until half its disk becomes visible. Mr. Paley regards the name Odysseus as equivalent to ὁ δυσόμενος (using this word not as the future but the epic aorist participle), and to Endymion, the o in the word being the prefix as in ὄμβριμος, ὀδούς, &c.

[2] ὁ μηδὲν εἰδὼς Οἰδίπους.—Soph. *Oid. Tyr.* 397.

ὁ πᾶσι κλεινὸς Οἰδίπους καλούμενος.—*ib.* 8.

The blinded Oidipous.

Thus far the story resolves itself into a few simple phrases, which spoke of the thundercloud as looming over the city from day to day, while the waters remained imprisoned in its gloomy dungeons, like the rock which seemed ever going to fall on Tantalos,—of the sun as alone being able to understand her mysterious mutterings and so to defeat her scheme, and of his union with the mother from whom he had been parted in his infancy. The sequel is not less transparent. Iokastê, on learning the sin of which she has unwittingly been guilty, brings her life to an end, and Oidipous tears out the eyes which he declares to be unworthy to look any longer on the things which had thus far filled him with delight. In other words, the sun has blinded himself. Clouds and darkness have closed in about him, and the clear light is blotted out of the heaven.[3]

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[1] The conduct of Signy, mother of Sinfjötli in the Helgi Saga, stands out in marked contrast with that of Oidipous and Iokastê.

[2] Bréal, *Le Mythe d'Edipe*, 17.

[3] So in the German story of Rapunzel, the prince, when his bride is torn from him, loses his senses with grief, and springing from the tower (like Kephalos from the Leukadian cliff) falls into thorns which put out his eyes. Thus he wanders blind in the forest (of winter), but the tears of Rapunzel (the tears which Eôs sheds on the death of Memnôn) fall on the sightless eyeballs, and his sight is given to him again. In the story of the Two Wanderers (the Dioskouroi or Asvins, the Babes in the Wood) one of the brothers, who is a tailor, and who is thrust out to starve, falls into the hands of a shoemaker who gives him some bread only on condition that he will consent to lose his eyes. His sight is, of course, restored as in the

Nor is this blinding of the sun recorded only in this Theban story. Bellerophôn, when thrown from his winged steed Pêgasos, is said to have been both lamed and blinded, and the story may be compared with the blinding of Samson before he bends the pillars of the temple and brings death and darkness on all who are around him.[1] The feuds and crimes which disgrace his family when he has yielded up his sceptre to his sons are the results of a moral process, and not of the strictly mythical developement which makes him the slayer of Laios, a name which, denoting simply the enmity of the darkness to the light, is found again in Leophontes as an epithet of Hipponoös, who is also called Bellerophôn.[2]

Oidipous and Antigonê.

But if Iokastê, the tender mother who had watched over him at his birth, is gone, the evening of his life is not without its consolation. His sons may fill the city with strife and bloodshed; his daughter Ismênê may waver in her filial allegiance; but there yet remains one who will never forsake him, and whose voice shall cheer him in his last hour. In this beautiful being, over whom Sophokles has thrown a singular charm, M. Bréal sees the light which sometimes flushes the eastern sky as the sun sinks to sleep in the west.[3] The word must certainly be compared with such names as Anteia, Antiope, Antikleia; while the love of Antigonê for Oidipous seems to carry us to the love of Selênê for Endymiôn or of Echo for the dying Narkissos. With the death of Oidipous, her own life draws towards its close. It is brought about indeed by the despotic cruelty of Kreôn; but the poet could scarcely withstand the force of the feeling, which in accordance with the common phenomena of the heavens bound up the existence of Oinônê, Kleopatra, Brynhild, Althaia, with

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other story. In the story of the "Prince who was afraid of Nothing" (the Sigurd of Brynhild), the hero is blinded by a giant, but the lion sprinkling some water on his eyes restores the sight in part, and bathing himself in the stream which he finds near him, the prince necessarily comes out of the water able to see as well as ever. In the *Norse Tales* (Dasent) Oidipous appears as the blinded brother in the story of True and Untrue, and as the blinded prince in that of the Blue Belt.

[1] In the same way the Athenian Drakon, whose name corresponds precisely to that of the Spartan Lykourgos and the Lokrian (Epizephyrian) lawgiver Zaleukos, has but one indiscriminate punishment of death for all offences. In the code of the Lokrian Zaleukos, the punishment of adulterers is said to have been loss of the eyes. It is unnecessary to say that the evidence for the historical existence of Zaleukos is worth as much and as little as that which is adduced for the historical character of Minos, Manu, Lykourgos, and Numa. The story told of Zaleukos himself that he agreed to have one of his own eyes put out rather than allow his son, who had been convicted of adultery, to lose both his eyes, points to the myths of the blinded Oidipous and the one-eyed Kyklops or Wuotan. The law by which the punishment is inflicted simply reflects the story of Oidipous, who is strictly punished for incest by the loss of his eyes; and the name Zaleukos, the glistening or gleaming, carries us to Apollôn Lykios, the Latin Lucius, Lucna, Luna, &c.

[2] See the section on Bellerophôn.

[3] Bréal, *Le Mythe d'Edipe*, 21.

the life of the being whom they had loved and lost. Here again Antigonê, entombed in the vaulted chamber, dies in the dark cave, like the bright clouds which Vritra shuts up in his horrid dungeons. But before this last catastrophe is brought about, there is a time of brief respite in which Oidipous reposes after all the griefs and sorrows which have come upon him, some at the rising of the sun or its setting, some at noonday or when the stars twinkled out in the sky. All these had burst as in a deluge on his devoted head;[1] but now he draws nigh to the haven of rest. His feet tread the grass-grown pathway; over his head the branches sigh in the evening breeze; and when an Athenian in holy horror bids him begone from the sacred grove of the Eumenides, Oidipous replies that their sanctuary can never be violated by him. He is not merely their suppliant, but their friend; and they it is who will guide him peacefully through the dark valley of the shadow of death. One prayer only he has to make, and this is that some one will bring Theseus, the Athenian king, to his side before he dies. The wish is realised; and we see before us perhaps the most striking of all mythical groups—the blinded Oidipous sinking peacefully into his last sleep, as he listens to the voice of the man who rules in the city of the dawn-goddess Athênê, and feels the gentle touch of his daughter's hand, while over him wave the branches in the grove of the Eumenides, benignant always to him, and now reflecting more than ever the loveliness of the Eastern Saranyû. Then comes the signal of departure, that voice of the divine thunder which now, as before, when he encountered the Sphinx, Oidipous alone can understand. Without a murmur he prepares to obey the summons, and with Theseus alone, the son of the sea and air, by his side, calmly awaits the end. With wonderful fidelity to the old mythical phrases, the poet tells us of the hero who has passed away, by no touch of disease, for sickness could not fasten on his glorious form, by no thunderstroke or sea-roused whirlwind, but guided by some heaven-sent messenger, or descending into the kindly earth where pain and grief may never afflict him more. Well may the poet speak as though he were scarcely telling the story of the death of mortal man.[2]

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[1] Soph. *Oid. Kol.* 1248.

[2] *Ibid.* 1665. We have here the image of the wise and beneficent king smitten by the stroke of an unutterable woe, yet going down blinded to his grave with incommunicable dignity and majesty. But there might be another side to the picture. The exquisite tints of evening twilight are seen to spread themselves languishingly across the blue heaven, which, growing darker every moment, seems to be lulled in the profoundest slumber. Here the sky is passive, while the twilight with its lovely clouds is active; but when we remember that the twilight is the daughter of the heaven, we have, Dr. Goldziher insists (*Mythology among the Hebrews*, p. 189, *et seq.*), the framework of the story of Lot and his

The tomb of Endymiôn was shown in Elis, and the Cretans pointed to the grave of Zeus; but no man could say in what precise spot the bones of Oidipous reposed. It was enough to know that a special blessing would rest on the land which contained his sepulchre; and what place could be more meet for this his last abode than the dearest inheritance of Athênê?

The story of Telephos.

The Theban myth of Oidipous is repeated substantially in the Arkadian tradition. As Oidipous is the son of Laios and Iokastê, the darkness and the violet-tinted sky, so is Têlephos (who has the same name with Têlephassa, the far-shining) the child of Aleos the blind, and Augê the brilliant: and as Oidipous is left to die on the slopes of Kithairon, so Têlephos is exposed on mount Parthenion. There the babe is suckled by a doe,[1] which represents the wolf in the myth of Romulus and the dog of the Persian story of Cyrus, and is afterwards brought up by the Arkadian king Korythos. Like Oidipous, he goes to Delphoi to learn who is his mother, and is there bidden to go to Teuthras, king of Mysia. But thither Augê had gone before him, and thus in one version Teuthras promised her to Têlephos as his wife, if he would help him against his enemy Idas. This service he performs, and Augê differs from Iokastê only in the steadiness with which she refuses to wed Têlephos, although she knows not who he is. Têlephos now determines to slay her, but Heraklês reveals the mother to the child, and like Perseus, Têlephos leads his mother back to her own land. In another version he becomes the husband not of Augê, but of a daughter of Teuthras, whose name Argiopê shows that she is but Augê under another form. In this tradition he is king of Mysia

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daughters — a story which may be matched with a hundred others. When in the Vedic hymn Prajâpati seeks to do violence to his daughter Ushas, the myth is transparent; for Prajâpati is literally the lord of light, and Ushas is the dawn. It is scarcely less obvious in the Volsung story, where the sister deceives the brother and becomes the mother of Sinfjötli. But the hero who slays the slayer of the sun must himself be the offspring of his murdered father, and of the beautiful maiden whom he loves in the morning and greets again at eventide. Like that of Signy, the purpose of Lot's daughters is avowed. Besides themselves and their father no human being is left, and the race must not be suffered to die out. In both stories there is the same necessity. Etymologically, Lot, Dr. Goldziher asserts, is the coverer, and thus the name corresponds exactly to that of the Vedic Varuna and the Hellenic Ouranos. What then, he argues, would they behold, who looked up to the sombre heaven and saw spread on its unbroken surface the tender light becoming gradually fainter and fainter in the west? Would not this bright flush be the glow on the cheeks of the dawn-maiden, now left in absolute solitude with its parent the dark heaven? and would not the next thought be that of the union from which must spring the days that were to come?

[1] Tylor, *Primitive Culture*, i. 255. The only legend, perhaps, which speaks of the beast as intent on devouring instead of fostering the child is that of Hugdietrich. — *Introduction to Comparative Mythology*, 296; *Popular Romances of the Middle Ages*, 333.

when the Achaians come to Ilion to avenge the wrongs of Helen, and he resists them with all his power. In the ensuing strife he is smitten by Achilleus, and all efforts to heal the wound are vain. In his misery he betakes himself again to the oracle, and learns that only the man who has inflicted the wound can heal it. In the end, Agamemnon prevails on Achilleus to undo his own work, and to falsify in the case of Têlephos the proverb which made use of his name to describe an incurable wound. The means employed is the rust of the spear which had pierced him,—an explanation which turns on the equivocal meaning of the words *ios, ion,* as denoting rust, poison, an arrow, and the violet colour.

Twofold aspect of the Trojan Paris.

As we read the story of Têlephos we can scarcely fail to think of the story of the Trojan Paris, for like Têlephos Paris is exposed as a babe on the mountain side, and like him he receives at the hands of Achilleus a wound which is either incurable or which Oinônê either will not or cannot heal. Paris is the great malefactor who by taking Helen from Sparta brings the Achaian chiefs to the assault of Troy; and as Helen is manifestly the Vedic Saramâ, the beautiful light of the morning or the evening, Paris as conveying her to his stronghold is the robber who drives off the shining cattle of Indra to his dungeon The fight at Troy is thus the struggle of the children of the Sun to recover from the dreary caves of night the treasure of which the darkness deprived them in the evening; in other words, Ilion is the fortress of Vritra or Ahi, and Paris the successful seducer of Helen represents the unsuccessful seducer of Saramâ. But even in the eyes of Saramâ the Paṇi is not altogether repulsive; and the Gorgon Medousa shares the beauty of Asterodia and Selênê, of Ursula and the Fairy Queen. Hence to a large extent a parallel may be drawn between the career of the bright heroes and that of the dark beings who oppose them. In his capriciousness, his moody sullenness, his self-imposed inaction, Paris resembles Meleagros and Achilleus. The cause also is the same. Achilleus is angry because Brisêis is taken away: Paris is indignant because he is desired to give up Helen. But if the Trojans as a whole represent the enemies of Indra, many of those chiefs who take his part are heroes whose solar origin is beyond all question. On his side may be seen the Ethiopian Memnôn, over whose body the morning weeps tears of dew, and who, rising from the dead, is exalted for ever to the bright halls of Olympos. With them are ranged the chieftains of the bright Lykian land; and assuredly in Glaukos and Sarpêdôn we discern not a single point of likeness with the dark troops of the Paṇis. There is nothing in the history of mythology which should make this result a matter of surprise. The materials for the great epic poems of the Aryan world are the aggregations of single phrases which have been gradually welded into a coherent narrative; and the sayings which spoke of the light as stolen away in the evening from the western sky and carried away to the robber's stronghold far away towards the east, of the children of the light as banding together to go and search out the thief, of their struggle with the seducer and his kinsfolk, of the return of the light from the eastern sky back again to its home in the west, were represented by the mythical statements that Paris stole Helen from the Western Sparta and took her away to Ilion, that the kinsfolk of Helen roused the Achaian chiefs to seek out the robber and do battle with him and his people, and that after a hard fight Helen was rescued from their grasp and brought back to the house of Menelaos. But there was a constant and an irresistible tendency to invest every local hero with the attributes which are reflected upon Heraklês, Theseus, and Perseus from Phoibos and Helios the lords of light; and the several chiefs whose homes were localised in Western Asia would as naturally be gathered to the help of Hektor as the Achaian princes to the rescue and avenging of Helen. Over every one of these the poet might throw the rich colours of the heroic ideal, while a free play might also be given to purely human instincts and sympathies in the portraits of the actors on either side. If Paris was guilty of great crimes, his guilt was not shared by those who would have made him yield up his prey if they could. He might be a thief, but they were fighting for their homes, their wives, and their children: and thus in Hektor we have the embodiment of the highest patriotism and the most disinterested self-devotion,—a character, in fact, infinitely higher than that of the sensitive, sullen, selfish and savage Achilleus, because it is drawn from human life, and not, like the other, from traditions which rendered such a portrait in his case impossible.[1]

The birth and infancy of Paris.

The eastern myth then begins with incidents parallel to those which mark the birth and childhood of Dionysos, Têlephos, Oidipous, Romulus, Perseus, and many others. Before he is born, there are portents of the ruin which, like Oidipous, he is to bring upon his house and people. His mother Hekabê dreams that her child will be a torch to set Ilion in flames; and Priam, like Laios, decrees that the child shall be left to die on the hillside. But the babe lies on the slopes of Ida (the Vedic name for the earth as the bride of Dyaus the sky), and is nourished by a she-bear.[1] The child grows up, like Cyrus, among the shepherds and their flocks, and for his boldness and skill in defending them against the attacks of thieves and enemies he is said to have been called Alexandros, the helper of men. In this his early life he has the love of Oinônê, the child of the river-god Kebrên,[2] and thus a being akin to the maidens who, like Athênê and Aphroditê, are born from the waters. Meanwhile, he had not been forgotten in Ilion. His mother's heart was still full of grief, and Priam at length ordered that a solemn sacrifice should be offered to enable his dead son to cross the dark stream of Hades. The victim chosen is a favourite bull of Paris, who follows it in indignation, as the men lead it away. In the games now held he puts forth his strength, and is the victor in every contest, even over Hektor. His brothers seek to slay the intruder, but the voice of Kasandra his sister is heard, telling them that this is the very Paris for whose repose they were now about to slay the victim,—and the long-lost son is welcomed to his home.

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[1] "Wie Aphroditê und Helena, so erschien auch Paris in den Kyprien, vermuthlich nach Anleitung örtlicher Traditionen, in einem andern Lichte und als Mittelspunkt eines grösseren Sagencomplexes, welcher gleichfalls bei den späteren Dichtern und Künstlern einen lebhaften Anklang gefunden hat. Er ist ganz der Orientalische Held, zugleich mannhaft und weichlich wie Dionysos, wie Sardanapal, wie der Lydische Herakles, gross in der Schlacht und gross im Harem, die gerade Gegensatz zu den Griechischen Helden, namentlich zu Menelaos und zum Achill."—Preller, *Gr. Myth.* ii. 413.

The judgment of Paris.

At this point the legend carries us to the Thessalian myth. When Thetis rose from the sea to become the bride of Peleus, Eris, who alone was not invited with the other deities to the marriage-feast, threw on the banquet-table a golden apple,[3] with the simple inscription that it was a gift for the fairest. Her task of sowing the seeds of strife was done. The golden apple is the golden ball which the Frog-prince brings up from the water, the golden egg which the red hen lays in the Teutonic story, the gleaming sun which is born of the morning; and the prize is claimed, as it must be claimed, by Hêrê, Athênê, and Aphroditê, the queens of heaven and the goddesses of the dawn. For the time the dispute is settled by the words of Zeus, who bids them carry their quarrel before the Idaian Paris, who shall decide between them. As the three bright beings draw near, the shepherd youth is abashed and scared, and it is only after long encouragement that he summons spirit to listen to the rival claims. Hêrê, as reigning over the blue ether, promises him the lordship of Asia, if he will adjudge the prize to her; Athênê, the morning in its character as the awakener of men's minds and souls, assures him of renown in war and fame in peace; but Paris is unable to resist the laughter-loving goddess, who tells him that if his verdict is for her he shall have the fairest bride that ever the world has seen. Henceforth Paris becomes the darling of Aphroditê, but the wrath of Hêrê and Athênê lies heavy on the doomed city of Ilion. Fresh fuel was soon to be supplied for the fire. A famine was slaying the people of Sparta, and Menelaos the king learnt at Delphoi that the plague could not cease until an offering should be made to appease the sons of Prometheus, who were buried in Trojan soil. Thus Menelaos came to Ilion, whence Paris went with him first to Delphoi, then to Sparta. The second stage in the work of Eris was reached. The shepherd of Ida was brought face to face with the fairest of all the daughters of men. He came armed with the magic powers of Aphroditê, whose anger had been kindled against Tyndareôs, because he had forgotten to make her an offering; and so, when Menelaos had departed to Crete and the Dioskouroi were busied in their struggle with the sons of Aphareus, Paris poured his honied words into the ears of Helen, who yielded herself to him with all her treasures, and sailed with him to Ilion in a bark which Aphroditê wafted over a peaceful sea.

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[1] The equivocal meaning of the name Arktos, the bear, has already come before us in the myths of the seven arkshas and the seven rishis; and probably all the animals selected to perform this office of nourishing exposed children will be found to have names which, like the Greek λύκος, a wolf, denote the glossiness of their coats.

[2] That this name Kebrên is probably the same as Severn, the intermediate forms leave little room for doubting.

[3] See Campbell's *Tales of the West Highlands*, i. lxxxii., &c.

Paris and Helen.

There is scarcely a point in this legend which fails of finding a parallel in other Aryan myths. The beautiful stranger, who beguiles the young wife when her husband is gone away, is seen again in the Arkadian Ischys who takes the place of Phoibos in the story of Koronis, in the disguised Kephalos who returns to win the love of Prokris. The departure of Menelaos for Crete is the voyage of the sun in his golden cup from west to east when he has reached the waters of Okeanos;[1] and the treasures which Paris takes away are the treasures of the Volsung tale and the Nibelung song in all their many versions, the treasures of light and life which are bound up with the glory of morning and evening, the fatal temptation to the marauding chiefs, who in the end are always overcome by the men whom they have wronged. There is absolutely no difference between the quarrel of Paris and Menelaos, and those of Sigurd and Hogni, of Hagen and Walthar of Aquitaine. In each case the representative of the dark power comes in seeming alliance with the husband or the lover of the woman who is to be stolen away; in other words, the first shades of night thrown across the heaven add only to its beauty and its charm, like Satan clothed as an angel of light. In each case the wealth to be obtained is scarcely less the incitement than the loveliness of Helen, Brynhild, or Kriemhild. Nor must we forget the stress laid in the Iliad on these stolen treasures. All are taken: Paris leaves none behind him;[1] and the proposals of Antenor and Hektor embrace the surrender of these riches not less than that of Helen. The narrative of the war which avenges this crime belongs rather to the legend of Achilleus; and the eastern story of Paris is resumed only when, at the sack of Troy, he is wounded by Philoktêtês in the Skaian or western gates, and with his blood on fire from the poisoned wound, hastens to Ida and his early love. Long ago, before Aphroditê helped him to build the fatal ship which was to take him to Sparta, Oinonê had warned him not to approach the house of Menelaos, and when he refused to listen to her counsels she had told him to come to her if hereafter he should be wounded.[2] But now when he appears before her, resentment for the great wrong done to her by Paris for the moment overmasters her love, and she refuses to heal him. Her anger lives but for a moment; still when she comes with the healing medicine it is too late, and with him she lies down to die.[3] Eôs cannot save Memnôn from death, though she is happier than Oinônê, in that she prevails on Zeus to bring her son back from the land of the dead.

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[1] Helios leaves Eôs behind him.

The death of Oinônê.

So ends the legend of the Trojan Alexandros, with an incident which recalls the stories of Meleagros and Sigurd, and the doom of Kleopatra and Brynhild; and such are the materials from which Thucydides has extracted a military history quite as plausible as that of the siege of Sebastopol.

Iamos the violet child.

A happier fate than that of Têlephos or Paris attends the Arkadian Iamos, the child of Evadnê and Phoibos. Like his father and like Hermês, he is weak and puny at his birth, and Evadnê in her misery and shame leaves the child to die. But he is destined for great things, and the office of the dog and wolf in the legends of Cyrus and Romulus is here performed by two dragons, not the horrid snakes which seek to strangle the infant Heraklês, but the glistening creatures who bear a name of like meaning with that of Athênê, and who feed the child with honey. But Aipytos, the chieftain of Phaisana, and the father of Evadnê, had learnt at Delphoi that a child of Phoibos had been born who should become the greatest of all the seers and prophets of the earth, and he asked all his people where the babe was: but none had heard or seen him, for he lay far away amid the thick bushes, with his soft body bathed in the golden and purple rays of the violets.[4] So when he was found, they called him Iamos, the violet child; and as he grew in years and strength, he went down into the Alpheian stream, and prayed to his father that he would glorify his son. Then the voice of Zeus Poseidôn was heard, bidding him come to the heights of Olympos, where he should receive the gift of prophecy and the power to understand the voices of the birds. The local legend made him, of course, the soothsayer of the Eleian Olympia, where Heraklês had founded the great games.

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[1] *Il.* iii. 70, 91.

[2] So in the cycle of the Arthur myths, Ysolde alone can heal Tristram.

[3] Apollod. iii. 12, 6.

[4] In this myth Pindar uses the word *ἰός*, twice, as denoting in the one case

Pelias and Neleus.

The myth of Pelias and Neleus has the same beginning with the stories of Oidipous, Têlephos, and Paris. Their mother Tyro loves the Enipean stream, and thus she becomes the wife of Poseidôn; in other words, her twin sons Pelias and Neleus are, like Aphroditê and Athênê, the children of the waters. These Dioskouroi, or sons of Zeus Poseidôn, are left to die, but a mare suckles the one, a dog the other; and in due course they avenge the wrongs of Tyro by putting to death the iron-hearted Sidêrô, whom her father Salmôneus had married. The sequel of the tale, which makes Pelias drive his brother from the throne of Iolkos, belongs rather to the history of Iasôn.

Romulus and Remus.

This myth which has now come before us so often is the groundwork of the great Roman traditions. Here also we have the Dioskouroi, Romulus and Remus, the children of Mars and the priestess Rhea Ilia or Silvia. Like Perseus and Dionysos, the babes are exposed on the waters; but a wolf is drawn to them by their cries, and suckles them until they are found by Acca Larentia, and taken to the house of her husband the shepherd Faustulus. There they grow up renowned for their prowess in all manly exercises, and, like Cyrus, the acknowledged leaders of all their youthful neighbours; and when at length Remus falls into the hands of king Amulius, Romulus hastens to his rescue, and the tyrant undergoes the doom of Laios and Akrisios. These two brothers bear the same name, for Remus and Romus are only another and an older form of Romulus;[1] and thus a foundation might be furnished for the story of their rivalry, even if this feature were not prominent in the myths of Pelias and Neleus and the Dioskouroi who are the sons of Zeus

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honey, in the other the violet flower. But the phrase which he uses, βεβρεγμένος ἀκτῖσιν ἴων (*Ol.* vi. 92), leads us to another meaning of *ἰος*, which, as a spear, represents the far-darting rays of the sun; and a further equivocation was the result of the other meaning of poison attached to the same word. Hence the poisoned arrows of Achilleus and Philoktêtês. The word as applied to colour is traced by Prof. Max Müller to the root *i*, as denoting a crying hue, *i.e.* a loud colour. The story of Iamos is the institutional legend of the Iamidai, on whom Pindar bestows the highest praise alike for their wisdom and their truthfulness.

[1] Hence they are mere eponymoi, like Boiôtos, Orchomenos, &c.

and Leda, as well as in the rivalry of Eôs and Prokris, of Niobê and Lêtô, of Athênê and Medousa. Nor does Romulus resemble Oidipous less in the close of his life than at his birth. He is taken away in a thunderstorm, wrapped in the clouds which are to bear him in a fiery chariot to the palace of Jupiter, just as Olaf of Sweden disappears in the din of battle.

Cyrus and Astyages.

The myth of Cyrus differs from the Romulean legend only in the fact that here it has gathered round an unquestionable historical person. But it cannot be too often repeated that from the myth we learn nothing of his history, and his history confers no sort of credibility on the myth. So far as the latter is concerned, in other words, in all that relates to his earlier years, he remains wholly unknown to us, while the story resolves itself into the stock materials of all such narratives. As Laios in the Theban myth is the enemy, Dasyu, of the devas or bright gods, so is Astyages only a Grecised form of Asdahag, the Azidahaka or biting snake of Hindu legend and the Zohak of the epic of Firdusi. Like Laios also he is told that if his daughter Mandanê has a son, that child will live to be king in his stead. In this case the emblem seen before the birth of the infant is not a torch but a vine which overspreads the whole of Asia, and the babe who is exposed is not the child whom Harpagos delivers to the herdsman clad in a magnificent golden robe, but the dead child which happens to be born in the herdsman's house just as he enters it with the doomed son of Mandanê. Under this man's roof Cyrus grows up with the true spirit of kingship, and when he is chosen despot by the village boys in their sport, he plays his part so well that Artembares, the father of a boy who has been scourged by his orders, complains to Astyages of the insult. The bearing of the youth and his apparent age make Astyages think of the babe whose death he had decreed, and an examination of the herdsman justifies his worst fears. On Harpagos, to whom he had in the first instance intrusted the child, he takes an awful vengeance; but the magi satisfy him that the election of Cyrus to be king of the village boys fulfils the terms of prophecy, and that therefore he need have no further fears on his account. Thus Cyrus is suffered to grow up in the palace, and is afterwards sent to his father, the Persian Cambyses. Harpagos thinks that the time is now come for requiting Astyages for his detestable cruelty, and counsels Cyrus to raise the standard of revolt. The sequel is an institutional legend, of much the same value with the story of the setting up of the Median monarchy by Deiokes, a name in which we also recognise the Dahâk or biter of Hindu mythology.

CHAP. II.

Chandragupta.

In its earlier scenes the legend of Chandragupta presents some points of difference with that of Cyrus. The child is exposed to great danger in his infancy; but it is at the hands, not of his kinsman, but of a tributary chief who has defeated and slain his suzerain, and it is his mother who, "relinquishing him to the protection of the devas, places him in a vase, and deposits him at the door of a cattle-pen." Here a bull named Chando comes to him and guards him, and a herdsman, noting this wonder, takes the child and rears him as his own. The mode by which he is subsequently discovered differs from the Persian story only by the substitution of the chopping off of hands and feet instead of scourging. This is done by axes made of the horns of goats for blades, with sticks for handles; and the lopped limbs are restored whole at Chandragupta's word when the play is done.[1] Slightly altered, this story becomes the legend of Semiramis, whom her mother the fish-goddess Derketo exposes in her infancy; but she was saved by doves, and like Cyrus, Romulus, and Chandragupta, brought up by a shepherd until her beauty attracts Onnes, one of the king's generals, and afterwards makes her the wife of king Ninus himself, whom in some versions she presently puts to death, in order that she may reign alone, like Eôs surviving Kephalos.[2]

Kadmos and Eurôpê.

As handed down to us by Greek poets and mythographers, the story of Eurôpê is, like that of Daphnê or Arethousa, Psyche or Urvasî, one of the many forms assumed by the myth that the sun and the dawn are soon parted. The scene is laid in the Phoinikian or purple land, a region belonging to the same aerial geography with Lykia, Delos, Ortygia, the Arkadia of Kallistô or the Athens of Theseus and Peirithoös. But when Phenicia became to the Greeks the name of an earthly country, versions were not long wanting, which asserted that Agenor was born in Tyre or Sidon, or some other spot in the territories of Canaanite tribes. The assertion by itself might be worth little; but we have to take it along with a multitude of names in Boiotian mythology which unquestionably are neither Greek nor even Aryan, and are not less certainly Semitic. The word Agenor is indeed purely Greek in form; but so might we also say is Palaimon, and yet Palaimon is as surely Baal-hamon as Melikertes is Melkarth. In continental Hellas the waves of Phenician enterprise broke especially on the Boiotian coast; and when we find there myths in which a large proportion of the names are manifestly Semitic, we must be ready to weigh any evidence which may tend to show that of the remaining names some may be Semitic also. Nay more, the general suspicion becomes reasonable that mythical names or Greek traditions which cannot be referred to Greek or other Aryan sources may be Semitic; and this suspicion would rest with special force on such names as Asklêpios, Astarte, and Dionysos. In spite of the explanation which traces Aphroditê to Aphros, the froth or foam of the sea, it is possible that the name may not be Aryan at all; and Agenor therefore may be simply an adaptation of the Semitic Chnas. It may, however, be a mere translation: and undoubtedly the Greek name conveys the same meaning with the Semitic Baal. In the Greek version Agenor is the husband of Têlephassa, the feminine form of the name Têlephos, a word conveying precisely the same meaning with Hekatos, Hekate, Hekatebolos, well known epithets of the sun and moon. His children are Kadmos, Phoinix, Kilix, and Eurôpê, although in some accounts Eurôpe is herself a daughter of Phoinix. On this maiden, the broad-flushing light of dawn, Zeus, the heaven, looks down with love; and the white bull, the spotless cloud, comes to bear her away to a new home, in Crete, the western land. She becomes the mother of Minos, Rhadamanthys, and Sarpêdôn. But in the house from which she is thus torn all is grief and sorrow. There can be no more rest until the lost one is found again; the sun must journey westwards until he sees again the beautiful tints which greeted his eyes in the morning. Kadmos therefore is bidden to go in search of his sister, with strict charge never to return unless he finds her. With him goes his mother, and a long and weary pilgrimage brings them at length to the plains of Thessaly, where Têlephassa, worn out with grief and anguish, lies down to die. But Kadmos must journey yet further westward; and at Delphoi he learns that he must follow a cow which he would be able to distinguish by certain signs, and where she lay down from weariness, there he must build his city. The cow, one of the herd to which belong the bull of Eurôpê and the cattle of Helios, lies down on the site of

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[1] Max Müller, *Sanskr. Lit.* 290.

[2] Unlike Cyrus and Chandragupta, Ninus and Semiramis are, like Romulus, purely mythical or fabulous beings. "The name of Ninus is derived from the city: he is the eponymous king and founder of Nineveh, and stands to it in the same relation as Tros to Troy, Medus to Media, Mæon to Mæonia, Romulus to Rome. His conquests and those of Semiramis are as unreal as those of Sesostris. It is the characteristic of these fabulous conquerors, that, although they are reported to have overrun and subdued many countries, the history of those countries is silent on the subject. Sesostris is related to have conquered Assyria; and the king of Assyria was doubtless one of those whom he harnessed to his chariot. But the history of Assyria makes no mention of Sesostris. Semiramis is related to have conquered Egypt; but the history of Egypt makes no mention of Semiramis."—Sir G. C. Lewis, *Astronomy of the Ancients*, 408. Romulus is one of seven kings whose chronology is given with great precision; but this chronology is throughout, in Niebuhr's trenchant words, "a forgery and a fiction."—*Hist. Rome*, vol. i.; *Edinburgh Review*, Jan. 1867, p. 130; *Dictionary of Science, Literature and Art*, s.v. "Tabulation of Chronology."

Thebes. But before he can offer the cow [1] in sacrifice to the dawn-goddess Athênê, he has to fight with the cloud in a form akin to that of the Pythian monster, or of the Sphinx which at a later period of its mythical history was to vex his own people. A great dragon, the child of Arês, the grinder or crusher, guards the well from which he seeks to obtain water, and slays the men whom he sends to fetch it. Kadmos alone, like Oidipous, can master it; but his victory is followed by another struggle or storm. He sows in the earth the dragon's teeth, which, as in the story of Iasôn in Kolchis, produce a harvest of armed men who slay each other, leaving five only to become the ancestors of the Thebans. It is the conflict of the clouds which spring up from the earth after the waters have been let loose from the prison-house, and mingle in wild confusion until a few only remain upon the battle-field of the heaven. But if Phoibos himself paid the penalty for slaying the Kyklôpes, Kadmos must not the less undergo, like him, a time of bondage, at the end of which Athênê makes him king of Thebes, and Zeus gives him Harmonia as his bride. These incidents interpret themselves; while the gifts which Kadmos bestowed on Harmonia suggest a comparison with the peplos [2] of Athênê and the hangings woven for the Ashera by the Syrian women, as well as with the necklace of Eriphylê, and through this with the circular emblems which reproduce the sign of the Yoni. The wars in which Kadmos fights are the wars of Kephalos or Theseus; and the spirit of the old myth is seen in the legend, that when their work here was done, Kadmos and his wife were changed into dragons (like the keen-sighted creatures which draw the chariot of Medeia), and so taken up to Elysion.

Minos and the Minotaur.

The children of Eurôpê are more prominent in Hellenic mythology than Kadmos himself. Minos, who appears first in the lists of Apollodoros, is in some accounts split up into two beings of the same name; but the reason which would justify this distinction might be urged in the case of almost all the gods and heroes of Aryan tradition. It is enough to say that as the son of Zeus and Eurôpê he is the son of the heaven and the morning; as the offspring of Lykastos and

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[1] This cow had on each side a mark like the moon (Paus. ix. 12). It led Kadmos through Phokis: and the coins of Phokis bear the head of an ox, and also the heads of three oxen placed triangularly, like the three legs in the arms of the Kingdom of Man. "Epaphos, thus connected with Euboia, is the Hellenic idea of the Egyptian Apis. . . . In a word, the cult of the Ox-god as much or more than that of the vine-god fills Boioto-Euboia from end to end."—Brown, *Great Dionysiak Myth*, i. 390.

[2] The star-spangled peplos of Harmonia is the star-lit vault of heaven. According to Pherekydes this peplos hangs on a winged oak, which is indubitably the world-tree Yggdrasil.—Brown, *The Unicorn*, 89.

Ida, he has the same brilliant sire, but his mother is the earth. In his name he is simply *man*, the measurer or thinker, the Indian Manu: and if in the Hindu legend Manu enters the ark with the seven rishis at the time of the great deluge, so Minos is the father of Deukalion, in whose days the floods are let loose in the western land. Thus as the representative of the great human family, he becomes not merely like Manu the giver of earthly codes or institutes, but a judge of the dead in the nether world, with Rhadamanthys and Aiakos, who were admitted to share this office. The conception which made Manu the builder of the ark is seen apparently in the maritime power and supremacy attributed to the Cretan Minos, a supremacy which to Thucydides seemed as much a fact of history as the Peloponnesian war. This power, according to Apollodoros, Minos the grim[1] obtained by overcoming his brothers, who quarrelled after Asteriôn the king of Crete had married their mother Eurôpê. But although Minos had boasted that whatever he desired the gods would do, he was none the more shielded against disaster. At his wish Poseidôn sent up a bull from the sea, on the pledge of Minos that he would offer the beast in sacrifice. Minos offered one of his own cattle in his stead; and Poseidôn not only made the bull mad, but filled Pasiphaê with a strange love for the monster. From the union of the bright heaven with this sombre progeny of the sea sprang the Minotauros, who in his den far away within his labyrinth of stars devoured the tribute children sent from the city of Athênê, and who, by the help of Ariadnê, falls under the sword of Theseus as Iasôn by the aid of Medeia conquers the fire-breathing bulls of Kolchis. So transparent is the legend of the "solar hero and solar king of Crete,"[2] who rules over the island in the nine years' cycle which reappears in the myth of the tribute children. Like Indra and Krishna, like Phoibos and Alpheios and Paris, he is the lover of the maidens, the hot and fiery sun greeting the moon and the dew.[3] Hence, in the words of one who professes to distrust the conclusions of Comparative Mythology, "the great king of Crete met his end in the distant evening-land where the sun goes down."[4] He is slain in Sicily by king Kokalos, a name which reminds us of Horatius Cocles,[1] and which seems to denote simply the eyeless gloom of night.

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[1] *Od.* xi. 322.

[2] Preller, *Gr. Myth.* ii. 118.

[3] In this aspect of his character Minos is the lover of Diktynna and of Prokris, according to the strange story told by Apollodoros, iii. 15, 1. Prokris avoids the doom which befalls all other victims of his love by making Minos take the antidote of Kirkê. Of these myths Preller says, "In noch andern Sagen von Kreta erscheint Minos als grosser Jäger, der in den Bergen und Wäldern seiner Insel das Wild und die Nymphen jagt, wie wir namentlich von seiner Liebe zur Diktynna und zur Prokris wissen, die wieder den Mond bedeuten, wie Minos in solchen Fabeln die heisse und feurige Sonne zu bedeuten scheint."—*Gr. Myth.* ii. 122.

[4] Preller, *Gr. Myth. ibid.*

Rhadamanthys and Aiakos.

Of Rhadamanthys, who in the ordinary version is like Minos, a son of Zeus and Eurôpê, little more is told us, apart from the seemingly later story of Apollodorus, than that for the righteousness of his life he was made the judge of Elysion, and that Minos was afterwards joined with him in this office. In name then, as in office, he is the Khemic Rhot-amenti, the judge of the dead.[2] Pausanias, who gives this priority to Rhadamanthys, adds that some spoke of him as a son of Hephaistos, who in this myth was a son of Talôs, a son of the eponymos Krês.[3] The same reputation for impartial justice added to their number Aiakos, who in one version is a brother of Minos and Rhadamanthys, in another a son of Zeus and Aigina, the nymph whose name denotes the beating of the surf on the island which was called after her.[4] In this island Aiakos, ruling over a race of Myrmidons, or ant-born men,[5] plays the part of Oidipous at Thebes or Phoibos at Delphoi. For the Virtra or dragon which shuts up the waters is sent by Hêrê, who is jealous of the love of Zeus for Aigina, to desolate the island; and when they send to learn the will of the god at Pytho, the answer is that the plague can be removed only by the prayers of the righteous Aiakos. At their entreaty he offers up a solemn sacrifice, and the rain falls once more upon Hellas.[6] With Poseidôn and Phoibos he takes part in the work of building the Ilian walls; and here also the dragons are seen again. Three of them rush against the walls, and one makes its way through the portion built by Aiakos, while the other two fall dead beneath the structure of the gods,—a myth which was interpreted to mean the future overthrow of Ilion by the descendants of Aiakos.

Nestor and Sarpêdôn.

In the Cretan myth Sarpêdôn also is a brother of Minos, and therefore a son of Zeus and Eurôpê. Other versions told of a Sarpêdôn who was the child of Laodameia, the daughter of Bellerophôntes. As in the case of Minos, mythographers made two beings out of one, as they might indefinitely have extended the number.

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[1] This word seems to be akin to the Latin adjective cæcus, and possibly with Kaikias, the word which seems to have suggested the myth of Cacus. It is made up of the particle denoting separation, *ha*, and the root *oc*, which we find in the Latin oculus, the German auge, the English eye. The same formation has given us the words halt, half, celibacy, &c.—Bopp, *Comp. Gr.* § 308.

[2] Brown, *Great Dionysiak Myth*, i. 208.

[3] Paus. viii. 53, 2.

[4] Its former name is said to have been Oinônê or Oinopia. Aigina belongs to the same root with Aigai, Aigaiôn, and Aigeus, the eponymos of the Aigaian (Egean) sea.

[5] See p. 82, *et seq.*

[6] Paus. ii. 29, 6.

Of the one Sarpêdôn it is said that Zeus granted to him, as to Nestor,[1] a life stretching over three generations of men; of the other the beautiful story is told which we find in the Iliad. The legend is transparent throughout. If his grandsire Hipponoös received the name by which he was commonly known from his slaying of a monster answering to the Pythian dragon or the Theban Sphinx, his mother Laodameia is as clearly the beautiful evening weaving together her tinted clouds, and slain by Artemis before her web is finished. To her son, the chief of Lykia, the land of light, as to Achilleus, a brief but a brilliant career is allotted. With his friend Glaukos (a name denoting the bright day as Sarpêdôn is the creeping light of early morning) he leaves the banks of the golden stream of Xanthos, and throws in his lot with the brave and pure-minded Hektor; but the designs of Hêrê require that he must die, and the tears of Zeus fall in big raindrops from the sky because it is not possible for him to avert the doom. So Sarpêdôn falls beneath the spear of Patroklos; but no decay may be suffered to mar his beauty. Phoibos himself is charged to bathe the body in Simoeis, and wrap it in ambrosial robes, while Thanatos and Hypnos, death and sleep, are bidden to bear it away to his Lykian home, which they reach just as Eôs is spreading her rosy light through the sky,—an exquisite variation on the myth of Endymiôn plunged beneath the waters, or Narkissos in his profound lethargy, or Helios moving in his golden cup from the western to the eastern ocean.

Memnôn the Ethiopian.

From the story of Sarpêdôn the legend of Memnôn, it is scarcely necessary to say, differs only in the greater clearness with which it represents the old phrases. Sarpêdôn, though a being akin to

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[1] If the myth of Odysseus, as contrasted with that of Achilleus, points to the slow sinking of the unclouded sun in perfect repose after the weary battle and wanderings of a stormy day, and thus suggests the idea of the tranquil evening of life for the chief who has grown old in fighting, the notion of age thus given is brought out more prominently in other legends, whether of the Greek or the Teutonic nations. The decrepitude preceding the death of the sun, a notion as familiar as that of his undying vigour and everlasting youth, is exhibited in the story of Tithônos, which differs from that of Nestor only in the weakness which paralyses the being once so powerful. In the story of Olger the Dane the weakness which comes from age is kept away while the magic ring is on his finger: if it be removed, he becomes as helpless as Tithônos. With the wisdom of Phoibos Nestor retains the vigour of Heraklês, whose friend he had been, and whose skill in the management of chariots and horses he has inherited in double portion. Like Phoibos, again, he has the gift of honeyed eloquence, the gift of Hermes to the sun-god; and more particularly as he grows in wisdom, he becomes more keen-sighted, more prudent, more sagacious. Nestor then and Odysseus stand as an idea altogether distinct from that which is embodied in the conceptions of Achilleus and Siegfried, and the two types may be traced through the Aryan mythology generally, in the Godmund who lives five hundred years, as in the Sigurd who falls in the full glory of his youth.—Grimm, *D. M.* 365; Max Müller, *Chips*, &c., ii. 84.

Phoibos and Helios, is yet regarded as the ruler of mortal Lykians, and his cairn is raised high to keep alive his name amongst his people. With Memnôn the myth has not gone so far. He is so transparently the son of Eôs that he must rise again. Like Zeus, Eôs weeps tears of dew at the death of her child, but her prayers avail to bring him back, like Adonis or Tammuz, from the shadowy region, to dwell always in Olympos. If again Sarpêdôn is king of the land of light (Lykia), Memnôn rules over the glistening country of Aithiopia (Ethiopia), the ever youthful child of Tithônos, the sun whose couch Eôs leaves daily to bring back morning to the earth. Nay, so clear is the meaning of the story, that he is by some called the child of Hêmera, the day; and his gleaming armour, like that of Achilleus, is wrought by the fire-god Hephaistos. When Memnôn falls in atonement for the slaughter of Antilochos, the son of Nestor, his comrades are so plunged in grief that they are changed into birds, which yearly visit his tomb to water the ground with their tears. Not less obvious is the meaning of another story, which brings before us the battle of the clouds over the body of the dead sun—a fight which we see in a darker form in the desperate struggle of the Achaians and Trojans over the body of Achilleus. To comfort Eôs, Zeus makes two flocks of birds (the swan maidens or winged clouds of Teutonic folk-lore) meet in the air and fight over Memnôn's funeral sacrifice, until some of them fall as victims on the altar. Of Memnôn's head the tale was told that it retained the prophetic power of the living Helios, a story which is found in the myth of the Teutonic Mimir, and which might also have been related of Kephalos, the head of the sun.

Kephalos and Eôs.

Like Minos and Sarpêdôn, Kephalos is assigned in different versions of the myth to different parents, whose names denote, however, the same idea; but there is no other reason for dividing him into two persons. In the one account he is a son of Hermes and Hersê, the morning breeze and the dew, and by him Eôs becomes the mother of Tithônos or, as others said, of Phaethôn. In the other he is the son of the Phokian Deion, and Hersê appears as the wife of Erechtheus, and the mother of his wife Prokris or Proknê, who is only the dew under another name.[1] Nor is the whole story anything more than a series of pictures which exhibit the dew as lovingly reflecting the rays of the sun, who is also loved by the morning, until at last his fiery rays dry up the last drops which still lurk in the deep thicket. Hence we have at once the groundwork of the jealousy of Eôs for Prokris, as of Hêrê for Iô or Eurôpê. But the dew reflects many images of the same sun; and thus the phrase ran that Kephalos came back in disguise to Prokris, who, though faithless to her troth, yet gave her love to her old lover, as Korônis welcomed in Ischys the reflection of Phoibos Apollôn. All that was needed now was to represent Eôs as tempting Kephalos to test the fidelity of Prokris, and to introduce into the legend some portion of the machinery of every solar tale. The presents which Eôs bestows on Kephalos to lure Prokris to her ruin are the riches of Ixîôn, on which his wife Dia cannot look and live; and when Prokris awakes to a sense of her shame, her flight to Crete and her refuge in the arms of Artemis denote the departure of the dew from the sun-scorched hills to the cool regions on which the moon looks down. But Artemis Hekatê, like her brother Hekatos, is a being whose rays have a magic power, and she bestows on Prokris a hound which never fails to bring down its prey, and the spear which never misses its mark. Prokris now appears disguised before the faithless Kephalos, who has given himself to Eôs; but no entreaty can prevail on her to yield up the gifts of Artemis except in return for his love. The compact is made, and Prokris stands revealed in all her ancient loveliness. Eôs for the time is baffled; but Prokris still feels some fear of her rival's power, and as from a thicket she watches Kephalos hunting, in other words, chasing the clouds along the blue fields of heaven, she is smitten by the unerring spear and dies, like the last drop of dew lingering in the nook where it had hoped to outlive the day. The same mythical necessity which made Delos, Ortygia, or Lykia, the birthplace and home of Phoibos and Artemis, localised the story of Prokris in the land of the dawn-goddess Athênê, and then carried Kephalos away on his westward journey, toiling and suffering, like Heraklês, or Apollôn, or Kadmos. He must aid Amphitryon in hunting the dog which, sent by Poseidôn or Dionysos, like the Marathonian bull, ravaged the plain of Thebes; he must go against the Teleboans, the sea-robbers of the Akarnanian coast; and finally, wearied out with his toil, he must fall from the Leukadian or glisten-

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[1] Preller, *Gr. Myth.* ii. 145, is content to regard the name as an abbreviated form of ἡ προκεκριμένη, alleging the use of πρόκριν for πρόκρισιν by Hesiod, a fact which, if proved, is but a slender warrant for the other. But Hersê, the mother of Prokris, is confessedly the dew, and Proknê, the other form of Prokris, cannot be referred to ἡ προκεκριμένη. Preller adduces the expression applied to Hekatê, τὴν περὶ πάντων Ζεὺς Κρονίδης τίμησε, in illustration of his etymology and of his belief that Prokris is the moon. But the incidents in the life of Prokris do not point to the course of the moon and

its phenomena; and Prokris is not preferred or honoured, but throughout slighted and neglected. Hence there is absolutely no reason for refusing to take into account the apparently obvious connexion of Prokris and Proknê with the Greek πρώξ, a dewdrop, and the cognate words which with it are referred to the root prish.

ing cape into the sea, as the sun, greeting the rosy cliffs, sinks beneath the waters.[1]

SECTION XI.—TEUTONIC SUN-GODS AND HEROES.

Baldur and Brond.

In Cædmon and the epic of Beowulf the word baldor, bealdor, is found in the sense of prince or chief, as mägða bealdor, virginum princeps. Hence the name Baldr or Baldur might be referred to the Gothic balðs, our *bold*, and stress might be laid on the origin of the name of Baldur's wife Nanna from a verb nenna, to dare. But Grimm remarks that the Anglo-Saxon genealogies speak of the son of Odin not as Baldur but as Bäldäg, Beldeg, a form which would lead us to look for an Old High German Paltac. Although this is not found, we have Paltar. Either then Bäldäg and Bealdor are only forms of the same word, as Regintac and Reginari, Sigitac and Sighar, or they are compounds in which bäl must be separated from däg; and thus the word might be connected with the Sclavonic Bjelbog, Belbog, the white shining god, the bringer of the day, the benignant Phoibos.[2] Such an inference seems to be strengthened by the fact that the Anglo-Saxon theogony gives him a son Brond, who is also the torch or light of day. Baldur, however, was also known as Phol, a fact which Grimm establishes with abundant evidence of local names; and thus the identity of Baldr and Bjelbog seems forced upon us. Forseti, or Fosite, is reckoned among the Æsir as a son of Baldur and Nanna, a name which Grimm compares with the Old High German *forasizo*, præses, princeps.[3] The being by whom Baldur is slain is Hödr, a blind god of enormous strength, whose name may be traced in the forms Hadupracht, Hadufians, &c., to the Chatumerus of Tacitus, and may possibly be akin to the Greek Hades.[4] He is simply the power of darkness triumphing over the lord of light; and hence there were, as we might expect, two forms of the myth, one of which left Baldur dead, like Sarpêdôn, another which brought him back from the unseen world, like Memnôn and Adonis.[1]

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[1] Another account made the dog of Prokris a work of Hephaistos, like the golden statues of Alkinoös, and spoke of it as a gift from Zeus to Eurôpê, who gave it to Minos, and as bestowed by Minos on Prokris, who at last gives it to Kephalos. Prokris is also a bride of Minos, whom she delivers from the spells of a magician who acts by the counsels of Pasiphaê, who is also called a wife of Minos.

[2] The name may be further traced in the Latin *pallidus*, and through the English and German *pale* and *bleich*, to *blank*, *blanch*, *blench*, and lastly to *black*. In the Slavonic mythology, the sun is the child of Svarog, the gleaming heaven is called Dazhbog, the word Dazh being the adjectival form of Dag, Ger. tag, *day*.—Ralston, *Songs of the Russian People*. The Wendic Bog, Bogu, is regarded as representing the Vedic Bhaga, the distributor.—Tiele, cited by Mr. Brown, *Religion of Zoroaster*, &c., 35.

[3] *Deutsche Myth*. 212.

[4] In this case these names would seem to contain the same root with the Latin *odi*, *odium*, hate, hatred.

The dream of Baldur.

But the essence of the myth lies in his death, the cause of which is set forth in a poem of the elder Edda, entitled Baldur's dream, a poem so beautiful and so true to the old myth that I may be forgiven for citing it in full.

The gods have hastened all to the assembly,
The goddesses gathered all to the council;
The heavenly rulers take counsel together,
Why dreams of ill omen thus terrify Baldur.

Then uprose Odin the all-creator
And flung the saddle on Sleipnir's back,
And downwards rode he to Nebelheim,
Where a dog met him from the house of Hel.

Spotted with blood on his front and chest,
Loudly he bayed at the father of song;
But on rode Odin, the earth made moaning,
When he reached the lofty mansion of Hel.

But Odin rode on to its eastern portal,
Where well he knew was the Völa's mound;
The seer's song of the wine-cup singing,
Till he forced her to rise, a foreboder of ill.

"What man among men, one whom I know not,
Causes me trouble and breaks my rest?
The snow hath enwrapped me, the rain beat upon me,
The dews have drenched me, for I was long dead."

"Wegtam my name is, Waltam's son am I;
Speak thou of the under world, I of the upper;
For whom are these seats thus decked with rings,
These shining chains all covered with gold?"

"The mead is prepared for Baldur here,
The gleaming draught covered o'er with the shield;
There is no hope for the gods above;
Compelled I have spoken, but now am I mute."

"Close not thy lips yet, I must ask further,
Till I know all things. And this will I know.
What man among men is the murderer of Baldur,
And bringeth their end upon Odin's heirs?"

"Hödur will strike down the Mighty, the Famed one,
He will become the murderer of Baldur,
And bring down their end on the heirs of Odin:
Compelled I have spoken, but now am I mute."

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[1] The glory of Baldur is reflected in the picture of Frithjof. For the Frithjof Saga see *Introduction to Comparative Mythology*, 298; and *Popular Romances of the Middle Ages*, 372.

"Close not thy lips yet, I must ask further,
Till I know all things. And this will I know;
Who will accomplish vengeance on Hodur,
And bring to the scaffold the murderer of Baldur?"

"Rindur in the west hath won the prize
Who shall slay in one night all Odin's heirs.
His hands he shall wash not: his locks he doth comb not,
Till he brings to the scaffold the murderer of Baldur."

"Close not thy lips yet, I will ask further,
Till I know all things. And this will I know;
The name of the woman who refuses to weep,
And cast to the heavens the veil from her head."

"Thou art not Wegtam as erst I deemed thee,
But thou art Odin the all-creator."
"And thou art not Völa, no wise woman thou,
Nay, thou art the mother of giants in Hel."

"Ride home, O Odin, and make thy boast,
That never again shall a man visit me,
Till Loki hath broken his fetters and chains,
And the twilight of gods brings the end of all things."

The death of Baldur.

Some features in this legend obviously reproduce incidents in Greek mythology. The hound of hell who confronts the Father of Song is the dog of Yamen, the Kerberos who bars the way to Orpheus until he is lulled to sleep by his harping; while the errand of Odin which has for its object the saving of Baldur answers to the mission of Orpheus to recover Eurydikê. Odin, again, coming as Wegtam[1] the wanderer reminds us at once of Odysseus the far-journeying and long-enduring. The ride of Odin is as ineffectual as the pilgrimage of Orpheus. All created things have been made to take an oath that they will not hurt the beautiful Baldur: but the mistletoe has been forgotten, and of this plant Loki puts a twig into the hand of Baldur's blind brother Hödr, who uses it as an arrow and unwittingly slays Baldur while the gods are practising archery with his body as a mark. Soon, however, Ali (or Wali) is born, a brother to Baldur, who avenges his death, but who can do so only by slaying the unlucky Hödr.

The avenging of Baldur.

The mode in which this catastrophe is brought about cannot fail to suggest a comparison with the myth which offers Sarpêdôn as a mark for the arrows of his uncles, and with the stories of golden apples shot from the heads of blooming youths, whether by William Tell, or William of Cloudeslee, or any others. In short, the gods are here in conclave, aiming their weapons at the sun, who is drawing near to his doom, as the summer approaches its end. They have no wish to slay him; rather, it is the wish of all that he should not die; but he must be killed by his blind brother, whose victory is portended, when the nights begin to be longer than the day. The younger brother born to avenge him is the new sun-child, whose birth marks the gradual rising again of the sun in the heaven. The myth now becomes transparent. Baldur, who dwells in Breidablick or Ganzblick (names answering precisely to Eurôpê and Pasiphaê, the broad-spreading light of morning, or the dazzling heavens), is slain by the wintry sun, and avenged by Ali or Wali, the son of Odin and Rind, immediately after his birth. Ali is further called Bui, the tiller of the earth, over which the plough may again pass on the breaking of the frost. These incidents at once show that this myth cannot have been developed in the countries of northern Europe. Bunsen rightly lays stress, and too great stress can scarcely be laid, on the thorough want of correspondence between these myths and the climatic conditions of northern Germany, still more of those of Scandinavia and of Iceland. It may be rash to assign them dogmatically to Central Asia, but indubitably they sprung up in a country where the winter is of very short duration. Baldur then is "the god who is slain," like Dionysos who is killed by his brothers and then comes to life again: but of these myths the Vedic hymns take no notice. "In the region where they arose there is no question of any marked decline of temperature," and therefore these poems "stop short at the collision between the two hostile forces of sunshine and storm."[1]

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[1] "Wag-tame," broken into the road, "gnarus viæ."—Grimm, *Teutonic Mythology*, Stallybrass, i. 314.

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[1] "The tragedy of the solar year, of the murdered and risen god, is familiar to us from the days of ancient Egypt: must it not be of equally primæval origin here?" [in Teutonic tradition].—Bunsen, *God in History*, ii. 458.

The evidence which has established the substantial identity of the story of the *Iliad* with that of the *Odyssey* has also shown that the Nibelung Lay practically reproduces the myth of the Volsungs, and that the same myth is presented under slightly different colours in the legends of Walthar of Aquitaine and other Teutonic romances, ch. vi. The materials of these narratives are, in short, identical with the legends of the Teutonic Baldur and the Greek Helen, and the whole narrative thus becomes in each case transparent in almost every part. The identity of the Sigurd of the Edda with the Siegfried of the Nibelung Song has so important a bearing on the results of Comparative Mythology, that I avail myself all the more readily of the evidence by which this fact has been established by one who believes that Atli and one or two other names of the Nibelung Lay are "undoubtedly historical." On this point, indeed, Bunsen has left no work to be done. If he has left in the Lay of the Nibelungs two or three historical names, he has left nothing more. The narrative or legend itself carries us to the Breidablick (Euryphaessa) or Ganzblick (Pasiphaê) which is the dazzling abode of Baldur, the type of the several Helgis, of Sigurd and Siegfried, as he is also of Achilleus and Odysseus, of Rustem, Perseus, or Heraklês.

In the Slavonic mythology, Perun, Perkunas, dies like Baldur or Adonis, and remains lying veiled in a shroud or floating over dark waters, until the spring recalls him to life.—Ralston, *Songs of the Russian People*, 98.

The story of Tell and Gesler.

The myth of Tell, with which the story of Baldur and Sarpêdôn suggests a comparison, has received its deathblow as much from the hands of historians as from those of comparative mythologists. But there are probably few legends which more thoroughly show that from myths which have worked themselves into the narrative of an historical age there is absolutely nothing to be learnt in the way of history. Even if the legend of Tell be given up as a myth, it might be contended that at the least it indicates some fact, and this fact must be the oppression of the Swiss by Austrian tyrants; and yet this supposed fact, without which the story loses all point and meaning, has been swept away as effectually as the incidents which have been supposed to illustrate it. The political history of the Forest Cantons begins at a time long preceding the legendary date of Tell and Gesler; and the election of Rudolf of Hapsburg as king of the Romans in 1273 was important to the Swiss only from their previous connexion with his house.[1] In short, we have proof of the existence of a confederation of the Three Cantons in 1291, while the popular account dates its origin from the year 1314, and ascribes it to the events which are assigned to that time. Nay, more, "there exist in contemporary records no instances of wanton outrage and insolence on the Hapsburg side. It was the object of that power to obtain political ascendancy, not to indulge its representatives in lust or wanton insult. That it was so becomes all the more distinct, since there are plentiful records of disputes in which the interests of the two were mixed up with those of particular persons." In these quarrels, we are told, "the symptoms of violence, as is natural enough, appear rather on the side of the Swiss Communities than on that of the aggrandising imperial house;" and the attack on the abbey of Einsiedeln was treated "not as a crime of which the men of Schwitz were guilty, but as an act of war for which the Three Cantons were responsible as a separate state." The war of Swiss independence which followed this event was brought to an issue in the battle of Morgarten; but the documents which have preserved the terms of peace simply define the bounds of the imperial authority, without questioning that authority itself. In all this there is no real need of the exploits of Tell, or rather there is no room for them, even if the existence of the Confederation were not traced back to a time which according to the legend would probably precede his birth.

The myth wholly

This legend, which makes Tell not less skilful as a boatman than without historical foundation.

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[1] The evidence of this connexion has been ably summarised by the writer of the article on Rilliet's *Origines de la Confédération Suisse* in the *Edinburgh Review* for January, 1869, p. 134, *et seq.*

as an archer, is not noticed by chroniclers who would gladly have retailed the incidents of the setting up of the ducal cap by Gesler in the market-place, of Tell's refusal to do obeisance to it, of his capture, and of the cruelty which compelled him to shoot an apple placed on his son's head, of his release during the storm on the lake that he might steer the skiff, and finally of the death of Gesler by Tell's unerring shaft. When examined more closely, all the antiquities of the myth were found to be of modern manufacture. The two chapels which were supposed to have been raised by eye-witnesses of the events were "trumpery works of a much more recent date,"—and if the tales of the showmen were true, the place had "remained unchanged by the growth and decay of trees and otherwise for six centuries and a half." Further, the hat set on a pole that all who passed by might do obeisance is only another form of the golden image set up that all might worship it on the plains of Dura, and here, as in the story of the Three Children, the men who crown the work of Swiss independence are three in number.

Utter impossibility of the Swiss story.

Yet so important is this story as showing how utterly destitute of any residuum of fact is the mythology introduced into the history even of a well-known age, that I feel myself justified in quoting the passage in which M. Rilliet sums up the argument proving the absolute impossibility of the tale from beginning to end.

"The internal history of the three valleys offers to the existence of a popular insurrection which freed them from the tyranny of King Albert of Austria a denial which the consequent conduct of this prince and that of his sons fully confirms. A revolt which would have resulted not only in defying his authority, but outraging it by the expulsion and murder of his officers, would not have been for one instant tolerated by a monarch not less jealous of his power than resolute to make it respected. So when we see him in the month of April, 1308, when he went to recruit in Upper Germany for his Bohemian wars, sojourning on the banks of the Limmat and the Reuss, and approaching the theatre assigned to the rebellion, without making the slightest preparation or revealing any intention to chastise its authors; when we find him at the same time entirely occupied in celebrating the festival of the Carnival with a brilliant train of nobles and prelates; when we find him soon afterwards, on April 25, confirming to the abbey of Zurich the possession of domains comprehending the places which were the very centre of the revolt; when we find him, six days later, regardless of revelations about the plot which was to cost him his life, banqueting with the sons and the nephew whose hands were already raised against him, and thence proceed, full of eagerness, to meet the queen who was on her way to join him,—it seems impossible to admit that he was swallowing in silence an affront inflicted on him by insolent peasants, and which an inexplicable impunity could only render all the more mortifying to his self-love and compromising to his authority."

Other versions of the myth of Tell.

The myth is thus driven off the soil of the Helvetian republic. We find it growing as congenially in almost every Aryan land, and in some regions which are not Aryan at all. It is the story of the ballad of Clym of the Clough, in which Cloudeslee performs not only the exploits assigned to Locksley in Sir Walter Scott's "Ivanhoe," but this very deed of Tell. Here the archer is made to say:

"I have a sonne seven years old:
Hee is to me full deere:
I will tye him to a stake—
All shall see him that bee here—
And lay an apple upon his head,
And goe six paces him froe,
And I myself with a broad arrowe
Shall cleave the apple in towe."

Hanging is to be the penalty in case of failure. The result is of course as in the myth of Tell; but the sequel which involves the actual death of the Vogt in that legend is represented in the English ballad by the hope which the king expresses that he may never serve as a mark for Cloudeslee's arrows. Here also Cloudeslee, whose very name attests his birth and abode in the cloud-land, is one of a trio (along with Adam Bell and Clym of the Clough), which answers to the Swiss triumvirate; and Grimm is fully justified in remarking that Cloudeslee's Christian name and Bell's surname exhibit the two names of the great Swiss hero.[1] By Saxo Grammaticus, a writer of the twelfth century, the story is told of Palnatoki, who performs the same exploit at the bidding of King Harold Gormson, and who when asked by the king why he had taken three arrows from his quiver when he was to have only one shot, replies, "That I might avenge on thee the swerving of the first by the points of the rest." In the Vilkina Saga the tale is related, and almost in the same terms, of Egill, "the fairest of men," the brother of Völundr, our Wayland Smith, while in the Malleus Maleficarum it is told of

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[1] "Ausser den angeführten deutschen und nordischen Erzählungen lässt sich noch eine altenglische in dem northumbrischen Liede von den drei Wildschützen Adam Bell, Clym, und *William* of Cloudesle aufweisen; der letzte, dessen Vorname, wie der Zuname des ersten, Bell, an Tell gemahnt, erbietet sich vor dem König, seinem siebenjährigen Sohn einen Apfel auss haupt zu legen und 120 Schritte weit herab zu schiessen."—Grimm, *D. Myth.* 355.

Puncher, a magician on the Upper Rhine.[1] Another version is seen in the Saga of Saint Olaf, who challenges Eindridi, a heathen whom he wishes to convert, to the same task, only leading the way himself. Olaf's arrow grazes the child's head, and the pleading of Eindridi's wife then induces the king to put an end to the contest. With some differences of detail the legend reappears in the story of another Harold (Sigurdarson), in the eleventh century. Here the rival or opponent of the king is Heming, whose arrows, as Harold remarks, are all inlaid with gold, like the arrows of Phoibos. Enraged at many defeats, the king at last dares Heming to shoot a nut on the head not of his son but of his brother. Not less significant in some of its touches is the Faroese tradition, which attributes Tell's achievement to Geyti, Aslak's son, the king being the same who is confronted by Heming. Learning that Geyti is his match in strength, Harold rides to the house of Aslak, and asking where his youngest son is, receives for answer that he is dead and buried in the churchyard of Kolrin. The king insists on seeing the body, and the father replies that where so many lie dead it would not be easy to find the corpse of his son. But as Harold rides back over the heath, he meets a huntsman armed with a bow, and asking who he is, learns that it is the dead Geyti, who has returned to the land of the living, like Memnôn, or Euridykê, or Adonis. The story otherwise differs little, if at all, from that of Heming. In a Finnish story, as in the Tell myth, the apple is shot off a man's head; but the archer (and this feature seems specially noteworthy) is a boy of twelve years old, who appears armed with bow and arrows among the reeds on the banks of a lake, and threatens to shoot some robbers who had carried off his father as a captive from the village of Alajârvi. The marauders agree to yield up the old man if the boy will do by him as Tell and Cloudeslee do by their sons. The legend at the least suggests a comparison with the myth of the youthful Chrysâôr, who also is seen on the shore of the Delian sea; while the twelve years look much like the ten years of the Trojan contest, the hours of the night during which the sun lies hid from the sight of men until he comes forth ready for the work in which his triumph is assured. The myth might be traced yet further, if it were necessary to do so. Further still, it seems impossible not to discern the same myth in the legend which tells us of the Lykian Sarpêdôn, that when Isandros and Hippolochos disputed with each other for the throne, his mother Laodameia offered him for the venture, when it was settled that the kingdom should belong to the man who could shoot a ring from the breast of a child without hurting him. The tale is here inverted, and the shot is to be aimed at the child who lies exposed like Oidipous on Kithairon, or Romulus among the reeds of the Tiber, but who is as sure to escape the danger as Tell and the others are to avoid the trap in which their enemies think to catch them.

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[1] The passages from these three works are quoted at length by Sir G. Dasent, *Norse Tales*, introduction, xxxv.-xxxix.

The far-shooting god.

To say more is but to slay the slain. "William Tell, the good archer, whose mythological character has been established beyond contradiction, is the last reflexion of the sun-god, whether we call him Indra, or Apollo, or Ulysses."[1]

SECTION XII.—THE VIVIFYING SUN.

Flexible character of Vishṇu.

In strictness of speech the Vedic Vishṇu is nothing but a name. The writers of the Aïtareya-brahmana could still say, "Agni is all the deities, Vishṇu is all the deities."[2] Hence he rises sometimes to a dignity greater even than that of Dyaus and Indra, while at others he is spoken of as subordinate to them, or is regarded as simply another form of the three deities Agni, Vayu, and Sûrya. In some hymns he is associated with Indra as Varuṇa is linked with Mitra, and Dyaus with Prithivî.

"All divine power, like that of the sky, was completely communicated to thee, Indra, by the gods (or worshippers), when thou, O impetuous deity, associated with Vishṇu, didst slay Vritra Ahi, stopping up the waters."[3]

In truth, it may almost without exaggeration be said that the whole Vedic theology may be resolved into a series of equations, the result being one quite consistent with a real monotheism.[4] Thus Vishṇu is himself Agni and Indra.

"Thou, Agni, art Indra, bountiful to the excellent; thou art Vishṇu, the wide-stepping, the adorable."[5]

These are again identified with other gods:

"Thou, Agni, art Varuṇa, when thou art born; thou art Mitra, when thou art kindled; son of strength, in thee reside all the gods: thou art Indra to the man who sacrifices."

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[1] Max Müller, *Chips*, &c., ii. 233.

[2] Max Müller, *Sanskrit Lit.* 391.

[3] *R. V.* vii. 20, 2; Muir, *Sanskrit Texts*, part iv. ch. ii. sect. 1.

[4] Professor Max Müller now prefers the term Henotheism to denote the condition of mind which, owning a multitude of Gods, addresses each separately in the language of monotheism.—*Hibbert Lectures*, 286, *et seq.*

[5] *R. V.* ii. 1, 3; Muir, *ib.*

"Thou art Aryaman, when thou, self-controlled, possessest the secret name of the maidens."[1]

Agni, again, although along with Indra, Soma, and Parameshthin he is a son of Prajâpati,[2] is according to the same writers Prajâpati himself.

"The man who became Prajâpati is the same as this Agni who is kindled on the altar."

This name brings us at once to other equations, for Prajâpati is Daksha: he is also Time and Death.

"The gods were afraid of this ender, death, the year which is Prajâpati, lest he should by days and nights bring on the end of our life."

Elsewhere Prajâpati is Brahma.

"Those men who know Brahma know him who occupies the highest place (Parameshthin): he who knows Parameshthin and who knows Prajâpati, they who know the ancient Brahmana (deity?), they know Skambha."[3]

Vishṇu the striding god.

It is scarcely necessary, then, to say that in all the phrases which describe the attributes of Vishṇu, the origin of each conception is plainly discernible. He is especially the god who traverses the heaven in three strides, these strides being taken by some commentators to denote his manifestations as fire on the earth, as lightning in the atmosphere, and as the sun in heaven, or in other words, his identity with Agni, Vayu, and Sûrya. By others they are regarded as setting forth the rising, culmination, and setting of the sun; and there can be little doubt that the latter idea was at the first most closely associated with the thought of Vishṇu.[4] It would seem indeed that these gods are distinguished only when the worshipper wishes to add to the titles of the being whom he invokes in his litanies.

"Agni, Varuṇa, Mitra, ye gods, give us strength, and ye hosts of Maruts, and Vishṇu. May both the Asvins, Rudra, and the wives of the deities, with Pushan, Bhaga, and Sarasvati, be pleased with us.

"I invoke for our protection Indra and Agni, Mitra and Varuṇa, Aditî, heaven, earth and sky, the Maruts, the mountains, the waters, Vishṇu, Pushan, Brahmanaspati, Bhaga, Samsa, and Savitri.

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[1] *R. V.* v. 3, 1; Muir, *Sanskrit Texts*, pt. iv. ch. ii. sect. 1.

[2] *Satapatha Brahmana*, xi. 1, 6; Muir, *ib.*

[3] *Ath. V.* x. 7, 7; Muir, *Sanskrit Texts*, part iv. p. 17. Skambha is the supporter or propper, p. 37. This function, Dr. Muir remarks, is frequently ascribed to Indra, Varuṇa, Vishṇu, and Savitri.

"Vishṇu, thou didst prop asunder these two worlds; thou didst envelope the earth on every side with beams of light."—*R. V.* vii. 99. 3.

[4] Muir, *Sanskrit Texts*, pt. iv. p. 57.

"And may Vishṇu and the wind, uninjuring, and Soma, the bestower of riches, give us happiness. And may the Ribhus, Asvins, Tvashtri, and Vibhvan be favourable to us, so as to grant us wealth."[1]

Dwarf Incarnation.

Much of the later mythology respecting Vishṇu turns on the Dwarf Incarnation, which may be compared with the myth of the maimed Hephaistos. In both cases the defect is simply a veil putting out of view the irresistible power of the god. The fire at its birth is weak, and its flame puny; the sun sheds but little warmth as he rests on the horizon at his rising; and it might well be said that none could tell how vast a power lay in these seemingly weak and helpless beings. So Vishṇu, manifesting himself as the Dwarf, obtains from the Asuras as much as he can lie upon, or as much as he can cover in three strides. It is thus that Bali, the great enemy of the gods, is overcome. Having conquered the three worlds, Bali terrifies Indra, who, with other deities, beseeches Vishṇu to take the shape of a dwarf and deceive their conqueror. Having in this shape approached the son of Virochana and obtained the boon of the three paces, "the thrice-stepping Vishṇu assumed a miraculous form, and with three paces took possession of the worlds. For with one step he occupied the whole earth, with a second the eternal atmosphere, and with a third the sky. Having then assigned to the Asura Bali an abode in Patala (the infernal region), he gave the empire of the three worlds to Indra."[2] In the Mahâbhârata this fact is ascribed to Krishna, who, having become the son of Aditî, was called Vishṇu.[3] In the Bhagavata Purana the story assumes proportions almost as vast as those of the god whom it seeks to glorify. No sooner has Bali granted the seemingly moderate request of Hari or Vishṇu, than the body of the dwarf begins to expand and fills the whole universe, and Bali is bound with the chains of Varuṇa.[4] This dwarf appears elsewhere in the person of the child Kumâra, the son of Aushasî, the daughter of the dawn.[5] Thus throughout we are dealing with phrases which the Hindu commentators knew to be mere phrases; and thus also without a thought of injustice done to the deities whom he seemed to disparage, the worshipper could say that Varuṇa himself and the Asvins do the bidding of Vishṇu, and that Vishṇu is more beneficent than his chosen companion Indra.

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[1] *R. V.* v. 46; Muir, *Sanskrit Texts*, pt. iv. p. 69.

[2] *Ramayana*, i. 322; Muir, *ib.* 117.

[3] Muir, *Sanskrit Texts*, pt. iv. p. 118.

[4] *Id. ib.* p. 125, &c.

[5] *Id. ib.* p. 284. The diminutive size of many of the heroes of popular tradition must be traced to this idea. Odysseus is small, when he stands, as compared with Menelaos: in other words, he is Shortshanks (Grimm). Boots is despised for his insignificant stature, and the Master Thief incurs the same contempt. The idea of mere diminutiveness issues at length in the stories of Tom Thumb: but Tom Thumb is in reality as little to be despised as any other hero of Aryan legends.

"King Varuṇa and the Asvins wait on the decree of this ruler, attended by the Maruts: Vishṇu possesses excellent wisdom, which knows the proper day, and with his friend opens up the cloud.

"The divine Vishṇu who has chosen companionship with the beneficent Indra, himself more beneficent, the wise god has gratified the Arya."[1]

And again,

"Thou, Agni, art Indra, bountiful to the good; thou art Vishṇu, the wide-stepping, the adorable."[2]

Majesty of Vishṇu.

So when Indra is about to smite Vritra, he is at once represented as bidding his friend Vishṇu to stride vastly.

"Friend Vishṇu, stride vastly: sky, give room for the thunderbolt to strike; let us slay Vritra and let loose the waters."[3]

Yet although in some passages Vishṇu is described as having established the heavens and the earth, and as sustaining the world by his own inherent force, still he is said in others to make his three strides through the power of Indra.

"When, Indra, the gods placed thee in their front in the battle, then thy dear steeds grew.

"When, thunderer, thou didst by thy might slay Vritra who stopped up the streams, then thy dear steeds grew.

"When by thy force Vishṇu strode three steps, then thy dear steeds grew."[4]

Elsewhere we are told that mortal man cannot comprehend his majesty.

"No one who is being born, or has been born, has attained, O divine Vishṇu, to the furthest limit of thy greatness."[5]

The palace of Vishṇu.

The personality of the mythical Vishṇu is, in short, as transparent as that of Helios or Selênê. He dwells in the aerial mountains, in a gleaming palace where the many-horned and swiftly moving cows abide. "Here that supreme abode of the wide-stepping vigorous god shines intensely forth." These cows are in some places the clouds, in others, the rays which stream from the body of the sun. But on the whole it must be admitted that the place of Vishṇu in the Rig Veda, as compared with the other great deities, is in the background; and the institutional legends of later Brahmanic literature throw but little light on the mythical idea of this deity, and perhaps none on the mythology of any other people.

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[1] *R. V.* i. 156; Muir, *Sanskrit Texts*, pt. iv. p. 66.

[2] Muir, *ib.*

[3] *R. V.* viii. 89, 12; Muir, *ib.* p. 68.

[4] *R. V.* viii. 12; Muir, *ib.* p. 77.

[5] Muir, *ib.* p. 63.

Avatars of Vishṇu.

As the supreme spirit, whose ten Avatars or Incarnations are among the later developements of Hindu theology, Vishṇu is associated or identified not only with Siva or Mahâdeva, but with Rama in the Ramayana, and with Krishna in the Mahâbhârata.[1] But the Mahâdeva, with whom he is thus identified, is himself only Varuṇa or Dyaus, under another name. "He is Rudra, he is Siva, he is Agni, he is Saiva, the all-conquering; he is Indra, he is Vayu, he is the Asvins, he is the lightning, he is the moon, he is Iswara, he is Sûrya, he is Varuṇa, he is time, he is death the ender; he is darkness, and night, and the days; he is the months and the half-months of the seasons, the morning and evening twilight, and the year."[2] Krishna, again, is said to be sometimes a partial, sometimes a perfect manifestation of that god; but the phrases in which Krishna is spoken of are as indefinite and elastic as those which speak of Agni, Indra, or Vishṇu. In some passages Krishna is simply a son of Devakî. But as Vishṇu is also Brahma, so is Krishna also the supreme deity.[3] Elsewhere it is said that Brahma and Mahâdeva themselves proceed from Krishna, who again identifies himself with Rudra, although in other passages Rudra is described as mightier;[4] and in each case commentators, as we might expect, are ready with the reasons which reconcile the seeming inconsistency. Like Vishṇu, Krishna rises to greater importance in later times, and in far more abundant measure. The popular affections were more and more fixed on the bright god who was born in a cave, at whose birth the exulting devas sang in the heavens, whose life was sought by a cruel tyrant, and who, like Zeus or Heraklês, had many loves in many lands.

Emblems associated with the worship of Vishṇu.

In this later theology the idea which regarded the sun as the generator of all life left the attributes of Vishṇu by comparison in the shade; and the emblem thus especially associated with this deity marks a singular stage in the history of religion. If the subject is one which must be approached with the utmost caution, it is also one in which we are especially bound not to evade or misrepresent the facts. If the form of faith, or rather it should be said, of worship, with which we have now to deal, has prevailed in all lands and still prevails amongst a large majority of mankind, it becomes our duty to trace fairly, to the best of our power, its origin and growth, and to measure accurately the influence which it has exercised on the human intellect and on human morality. If in our search we find that phrases and emblems, to which we now attach a purely spiritual signification, have acquired this meaning gradually as the ruder ideas which marked the infancy of the human race faded from the mind, we shall not allow old associations and prejudices to stand in the place of evidence, or suffer the discovery to interfere with or weaken moral or religious convictions with which these phrases or emblems have no inseparable connexion. The student of the history of religion can have no fear that his faith will receive a shock from which it cannot recover, if his faith is placed in Him with whom there is no variableness nor shadow of turning, and whose work human passion can neither mar nor hinder. He can walk in confidence by the side of the student of language and mythology, and be content to share his labour, if he hopes that such efforts may one day "lay bare the world-wide foundations of the eternal kingdom of God."[1]

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[1] Muir, *Sanskrit Texts*, pt. iv. ch. ii. sect. 5.

[2] Muir, *ib.*

[3] *Id. ib.* p. 152. "Do you not know," says Krishna to Balarama, "that you and I are alike the origin of the world, who have come down to lighten its load?"—*Vishnu Purana*, H. H. Wilson, 519.

[4] Muir, *Sanskrit Texts*, pt. iv. pp. 214, 216, 239.

Sensuous stage of language.

In truth, the evidence which must guide us at the outset of the inquiry can be furnished by the science of language alone. The very earliest records to which we can assign any historical character refer to states of society which are comparatively late developements. The history of words carries us back to an age in which not a single abstract term existed, in which human speech expressed mere bodily wants and mere sensual notions, while it conveyed no idea either of morality or of religion. If every name which throughout the whole world is or has been employed as a name of the One Eternal God, the Maker and Sustainer of all things, was originally a name only for some sensible object or phenomenon, it follows that there was an age the duration of which we cannot measure, but during which man had not yet risen to any consciousness of his relation to the great Cause of all that he saw or felt around him. If all the words which now denote the most sacred relations of kindred and affinity were at the first names conveying no such special meaning, if the words father, brother, sister, daughter, were words denoting merely the power or occupation of the persons spoken of, then there was a time during which the ideas now attached to the words had not yet been developed.[2] But the sensuousness which in one of its results produced mythology could not fail to influence in whatever degree the religious growth of mankind. This sensuousness, inevitable in the infancy of the human race, consisted in ascribing to all physical objects the same life of which men were conscious themselves. They had everything to learn and no experience to fall back upon, while the very impressions made upon them by the sights and sounds of the outward world were to be made the means of leading them gradually to correct these impressions and to rise beyond them to facts which they seemed to contradict. Thus side by side were growing up a vast mass of names which attributed a conscious life to the hosts of heaven, to the clouds, trees, streams and flowers, and a multitude of crude and undefined feelings, hopes, and longings which were leading them gradually to the conscious acknowledgment of One Life as the source of all the life which they saw around them.[1] The earliest utterances of human thought which have come down to us belong to a period comparatively modern; but even some of these, far from exhibiting this conviction clearly, express the fears and hopes of men who have not yet grasped the notion of any natural order whatever. The return of daylight might depend on the caprice of the arbitrary being whom they had watched through his brilliant but brief journey across the heaven. The sun whose death they had so often witnessed might sink down into the sea to rise again from it no more. The question eagerly asked during the hours of night betray a real anguish, and the exultation which greeted the dawn, if it appear extravagant to us, comes manifestly from men for whom nature afforded but a very slender basis for arguments from analogy.[2] But although the feeling of confidence in a permanent order of nature was of long or slow growth, the phenomena of nature suggested other thoughts which produced their fruit more quickly. The dawns as they came round made men old; but the Dawn herself never lost her freshness, and sprang from the sea-foam as fair as when she first gladdened the eyes of man. Men might sicken and die, but the years which brought death to them could not dim the light of the sun; and this very contrast supplied the first intimation of beings which do not wither and decay—of immortals, of immortality.[3] When from this thought of the immortality of other beings they awoke at length to the consciousness that man himself might be among the number of immortal creatures, the feeling at once linked itself with another which had thus far remained almost dormant. To adopt once more the words of Professor Max Müller, "by the very act of the creation God had revealed himself;"[4] but although many words might be used to denote "that idea which the first breath of life, the first sight of the world, the first consciousness of existence, had for ever impressed and implanted in the human mind,"[1] the idea of a real relation with this Unchangeable Being could be awakened in men only when they began to feel that their existence was not bounded to the span of a few score years.

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[1] Max Müller, "Semitic Monotheism," *Chips*, &c., i. 378.

[2] See book i. ch. ii.

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[1] Max Müller, "Semitic Monotheism," *Chips*, &c., i. 355.

[2] See p. 21.

[3] Max Müller, "Comparative Mythology," *Chips*, ii. 97.

[4] *Id.* "Semitic Monotheism," *Chips*, ii. 352.

Aryan and Semitic Monotheism.

A twofold influence, however, was at work, and it produced substantially the same results with the Semitic as with the Aryan races. Neither could be satisfied with effects while seeking for a Cause; and the many thoughts as to the nature of this Creative Power would express themselves in many names. The Vedic gods especially resolve themselves into a mere collection of terms, all denoting at first different aspects of the same idea; and the consciousness of this fact is strikingly manifested by the long line of later interpreters. A monstrous overgrowth of unwieldy mythology has sprung up round these names, and done its deadly work on the minds of the common people; but to the more thoughtful and the more truthful, Indra and Varuṇa, Dyaus and Vishṇu, remained mere terms to denote, however inadequately, some quality of the Divine Nature.[2] But the Vedic Indra and Dyaus might have a hundred epithets, and alike in the East and West, as the meaning of these epithets was either in part or wholly forgotten, each name came to denote a separate being, and suggested for him a separate mythical history. Thus the Hindu sun-god Sûrya was represented among the Hellenic tribes not only by Helios and Phoibos, but by Heraklês and Perseus, Theseus and Bellerophôn, Kephalos, Endymiôn, Narkissos, Kadmos, Oidipous, Meleagros, Achilleus, Tantalos, Ixîon, Sisyphos, and many more. The Vedic Dahanâ reappeared not only as Daphnê and Athênê, but as Eurydikê, Euryphassa, Iolê, Iokastê, Danaê, Brisêis, Aphroditê, Eurôpê, Euryganeia, with other beings, for most of whom life had less to offer of joy than of grief. But although the fortunes of these beings varied indefinitely, although some were exalted to the highest heaven and others thrust down to the nethermost hell and doomed to a fruitless toil for ever and ever, yet they were all superhuman, all beings to be thought of with fear and hatred if not with love, and some of them were among the gods who did the bidding of Zeus himself, or were even mighty enough to thwart his will. Thus these names remained no longer mere appellations denoting different aspects of the character of the same being; and from the Dyaus, Theos, and Deus, of Hindus, Greeks, and Latins, sprung the Deva, Theoi, Dii, and the plural form stereotyped the polytheism of the

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[1] Max Müller, "Semitic Monotheism," *Chips*, ii. 363.

[2] Colebrooke, *Essays*, i. 24, *et seq.*

Aryan world.[1] The history of the Semitic tribes was essentially the same. The names which they had used at first simply as titles of God underwent no process of phonetic decay like that which converted the name of the glistening ether into the Vedic Dyaus and the Greek Zeus. The Semitic epithets for the Divine Being had never been simple names for natural phenomena; they were mostly general terms, expressing the greatness, the power, and the glory of God. But though El and Baal, Moloch and Milcom, never lost their meaning, the idea which their teachers may have intended to convey by these terms was none the less overlaid and put out of sight. Each epithet now became a special name for a definite deity, and the people generally sank into a worship of many gods as effectually as any of the Aryan tribes, and clung to it more obstinately.

Ideas and symbols of the vivifying power in nature.

The recognition of beings powerful enough to injure, and perhaps placable enough to benefit, the children of men, involved the necessity of a worship or cultus. They were all of them gods of life and death, of reproduction and decay, of the great mystery which forced itself upon the thoughts of men from infancy to old age. If the language of poets in general describes the phenomena of nature under metaphors suggested by the processes of reproduction and multiplication in the animal and vegetable world, the form which the idea would take among rude tribes with a merely sensuous speech is sufficiently obvious. The words in which Æschylos and Shelley speak of the marriage of the heaven and the earth do but throw a veil of poetry over an idea which might easily become coarse and repulsive, while they point unmistakeably to the crude sensuousness which adored the principle of life under the signs of the organs of reproduction in the world of animals and vegetables. The male and female powers of nature were denoted respectively by an upright and an oval emblem, and the conjunction of the two furnished at once the altar and the ashera, or grove, against which the Hebrew prophets lifted up their voice in earnest protest. It is clear that such a cultus as this would carry with it a constantly increasing danger, until the original character of the emblem should be as thoroughly disguised as the names of some of the Vedic deities when transferred to Hellenic soil. But they have never been so disguised in India as amongst the ancient Semitic tribes;[2] and in the kingdoms both of

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[1] Max Müller, "Semitic Monotheism," *Chips*, ii. 369.

[2] "Wie wenig das Alterthum den Begriff der Unzucht mit diesem Bilde verband, beweist, dass in den Eleusinien nur die Jungfrauen die ἀπόῤῥητα tragen durften (Thucyd. vi. 56; Suid. s.v. Ἀῤῥηφορία) und des Phallus Verehrung selbst von den Vestalischen Jungfrauen (Plin. xxviii. 4, 7)."—Nork, *Real-Wörterbuch*, s.v. Phalluscult, 52. Even when the emblems still retain

Judah and of Israel the rites connected with these emblems assumed their most corrupting form. Even in the Temple itself stood the Ashera, or the upright emblem,[1] on the circular altar of Baal-Peor, the Priapos of the Jews, thus reproducing the Linga and Yoni of the Hindu. For this symbol the women wove hangings, as the Athenian maidens embroidered the sacred peplos for the ship presented to Athênê at the great Dionysiac festival. Here, at the winter solstice, they wept and mourned for Tammuz (Athamas), the fair Adonis, done to death by the boar, as Sûryâ Bai is poisoned by the Rakshas' claw, and Rustem slain by the thorn of winter. Here also, on the third day, they rejoiced at the resurrection of the lord of light.[2] Hence, as most intimately connected with the reproduction of life on earth, it became the symbol under which the sun, invoked with a thousand names, has been worshipped throughout the world as the restorer of the powers of nature after the long sleep or death of winter.

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more or less manifestly their original character, the moral effect on the people varies greatly, and the coarser developements of the cultus are confined to a comparatively small number. Professor Wilson says that "it is unattended in Upper Egypt by any indecent or indelicate ceremonies" ("On Hindu Sects," *Asiatic Review*, vol. xvii.); and Sir William Jones remarks that "it seems never to have entered into the heads of the Hindu legislators and people that anything natural could be offensively obscene—a singularity which pervades all their writings, but is no proof of the depravity of their morals; hence the worship of the Linga by the followers of Siva, and of the Yoni by the followers of Vishnu."—*Works*, vol. ii. p. 311. In other words, the origin of the Phallos-worship "nicht aus der moralischen Verdorbenheit der Völker . . . sondern aus ihrer noch kindlich naiven Denkweise erklärt werden muss, wo man unbekümmert um die Decenz des Ausdrucks oder des Bildes stets dasjenige wählte, welches eine Idee am passendsten bezeichnete. Welches Glied konnte aber bezeichnender an den Schöpfermahnen als eben das schaffende Organ?"—Nork, *Real-Wörterbuch*, s.v. Phalluscult, 49.

[1] This Ashera, which in the authorised English version of the Old Testament is translated "grove," was in fact a pole or stem of a tree; and hence it is that the reforming kings are said to hew it down, while the stone altar, or Yoni, on which it rests, is broken up.

[2] That Adonis was known also by the name Iaô cannot be doubted. The epithet specially applied to this darling of Aphroditê is ἁβρός, tender; and in the oracle of the Klarian Apollôn the god of the autumn is called ἁβρὸς 'Ιαώ. That Adonis was known to the Cyprians by this name is stated by Tzetzes and Lykophron, 831. ὁ Ἄδωνις Γαύας παρὰ Κυπρίοις καλεῖται—Γαύας here being merely a transcriber's error for 'Ιαύας. Adonis again stands to Dionysos in the relation of Helios to Phoibos, or of Zeus to Ouranos. Λέγεται μὲν ὁ Ἄδωνις ὑπὸ τοῦ συὸς διαφθαρῆναι· τὸν δ' Ἄδωνιν οὐχ ἕτερον ἀλλὰ Διόνυσον εἶναι νομίζουσι. Plut. *Sympos.* iv. quest. v. 3; Mövers, *Phönizie*, ch. xiv.; Colenso, *On the Pentateuch*, part v. appendix iii. Thus we come round again to the oracle of the Klarian Apollôn, which teaches that the supreme god is called, according to the seasons of the year, Hades, Zeus, Helios, and Iaô.

φρᾶζεο τὸν πάντων ὕπατον θεὸν ἔμμεν Ιαώ,
χείματι μέν τ' 'Αΐδην, Δία τ' εἴαρος ἀρχομένοιο,
'Ηέλιον δὲ θέρους, μετοπώρου δ' ἁβρὸν 'Ιαώ.

Hades is thus supreme lord while Persephône abides in the unseen land, and the name of Zeus here retains something of its original meaning. He is the god of the bright sky from which the rain falls, the Indra or sap-god of the Hellenes.

Rods and pillars.

As such the symbol was from the first venerated as a protecting power, and the Palladion thus acquired its magic virtue.[1] So guarded, Jacob is content to lie down to sleep in his weary journey to the house of Laban; and according to later Jewish tradition the stone so set up was carried to Jerusalem, and there reverenced. But the erection of these stone columns or pillars,[2] the forms of which in most cases tell their own story, is common throughout the East, some of the most elaborate being found near Ghizni.[3] The wooden emblem carries us, however, more directly to the natural mythology of the subject. The rod acquired an inherent vitality, and put forth leaves and branches in the Thyrsoi of the Dionysiac worshippers and the Seistron[4] of Egyptian priests. It became the tree of life, and reappeared as the rod of wealth and happiness given by Apollôn to Hermes,[5] the mystic spear which Abaris received from the Hyperborean Sun-god, and which came daily to Phoibos in his exile laden with all good things. It was seen as the lituus of the augur, the crooked staff of the shepherd, the sceptre of the king, and the divining rod which pointed out hidden springs or treasure to modern conjurors.[1] In a form which adhered still more strictly to the first idea the emblem became the stauros or cross of Osiris, and a new source of mythology was thus laid open. To the Egyptian the cross thus became the symbol of immortality, and the god himself was crucified to the tree which denoted his fructifying power. Rising from a crescent, the modified form of the Yoni, the cross set forth the marriage of Ouranos and Gaia, of Vishṇu and Sacti, of heaven and earth. But this cross was itself a new symbol of the sun, and in the so-called Assyrian representations of the moon-goddess the sun is exhibited in human form standing on the crescent. More commonly the plain stauros was joined with an oval ring, was worn as an amulet, and was reproduced by the Christians of Egypt as a sacred mark inserted in their inscriptions. In this form, or in that of a ring inclosing a cross of four spokes, this emblem is found everywhere. It is peculiar neither to Egyptians nor Assyrians, neither to Greeks, Latins, Gauls, Germans, or Hindus; and no attempt to explain its original employment by any one of these nations is admissible, unless it explains or seeks to explain them for all. We recognise the male symbol in the trident of Poseidôn or Proteus, and in the fylfot or hammer of Thor, which assumes the form of a cross pattée in the various legends which turn on the rings of Freya, Holda, Venus, or Aphroditê. In each of these stories the ring is distinctly connected with the goddess who represents the female power in nature, or tells its own tale of sensuous passion. In one of the latest of these stories a newly married youth at Rome places his wedding ring on a statue of Venus, and finds to his dismay not only that he cannot dislodge it from her stony finger, but that the goddess herself claims to stand to him in the relation of Aphroditê to Adonis.[2] As we might expect, this myth was transferred to the Virgin Mary, and the knight whose ring she refuses to surrender looks upon himself as betrothed to the mother of God, and dedicates himself to her by taking the monastic vows. In the older Saga of the Faroese this ring appears as that of Thorgerda, who allows Earl Hakon to draw it from her statue after he had besought her for it with many tears. This ring Hakon gives to Sigmund Brestesson, bidding him never to part with it. When Sigmund afterwards refused to yield it to Olaf, the Norwegian warned him that it should be his bane, and the prediction was fulfilled when, for the sake of this ring, Sigmund was murdered in his sleep.[1] Finally, the symbol of the Phallos in its physical characteristics suggested the form of the serpent, which thus became the emblem of life and healing, and as such appears by the side of the Hellenic Asklêpios, and in the brazen crucified serpent venerated by the Jewish people until it was destroyed by Hezekiah.[2]

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[1] The word denotes simply a figure of Pallas, and Pallas is but another form of Phallos. To the same class belong the names of Pales, the Latin god of flocks and shepherds, and of the Sicilian Palikoi. The former is connected with the Roman Palatium, the spot doubtless where the emblem was supposed to have been first set up. The latter are Dioskouroi, twin sons of Zeus and Thaleia, although they have rather the character of demons. For the description of an ancient Egyptian amulet illustrating the expression "Phallos of the sun," see Brown, *The Unicorn*, 80. Here the Phallos is placed before the horizon, as showing the secret power of the sun in the renewal of the face of the world, and is winged in order to identify it with the solar orbs.

[2] They are the columns of Heraklês, Dionysos, Osiris, and Sesostris. The statements of Herodotos about the pillars set up by this last-named god are singularly significant. They are distinctly connected with virile strength, although he supposes that they were erected to receive inscriptions. The names of those nations, who had won a reputation for bravery, were carved on them without further marks; ὁτέων δὲ ἀμαχητὶ καὶ εὐπετέως παρέλαβε τὰς πόλις, τούτοισι δὲ ἐνέγραψε ἐν τῇσι στήλῃσι κατὰ ταὐτὰ καὶ τοῖσι ἀνδρηΐοισι τῶν ἐθνέων γενομένοισι, καὶ δὴ καὶ αἰδοῖα γυναικὸς προσενέγραψε, ιδῆλα βουλόμενος ποιέειν ὡς εἴησαν ἀνάλκδες, ii. 102. In short, they exhibited, like the representations of Vishṇu, the two emblems combined; and they might be combined in many ways. "Das Zeichen Schiba's ein Triangel, mit der Spitze nach oben (△), das aufwärts strebende, Feuer versinnlichend, wie umgekehrt, des feuchten Wischnu Symbol das (▽), das abwärts fliessende Wasser versinnlichend. Damit die Welt geschaffen werde, musste Wischnu einst dem Schiba die Dienste des Weibes leisten. Der monotheistische Israelit gab beide Zeichen dem Jehovah, wie der Jüdische Talisman (✡) Scutum Davidis genannt, beweist."—Nork, s.v. Schiba. We cannot hesitate to connect with these columns the pillared Saints whether of the East or the West. The Stylite did not choose thus to exalt himself without any reason. He found the column or pillar, Phallos, an object of idolatrous reverence, and he wished doubtless to connect the emblem with more spiritual associations.

[3] Fergusson, *Hist. of Arch.*, ii. 642.

[4] This instrument exhibits both the symbols in combination.

[5] *Hymn to Hermes*, 529. "Among the Manichean myths prevalent among the Albigenses was one preserved to us by the troubadour Pierre de St. Cloud. When Adam was driven out of paradise, God in mercy gave him a miraculous rod, which possessed creative powers."—Baring-Gould, *Legends of Old Testament Characters*, i. 44.

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[1] In a picture of St. Zeno of Verona the two emblems are combined, the fish (vesica piscis) being seen pendant from the pastoral or shepherd's staff.—Jameson, *Sacred and Legendary Art*, p. 417. The bauble used by fools and clowns is a phallos, sometimes actually so represented, the cock's head and the ass's head being relics of the Priapeia.—Fosbroke, *British Monachism*, p. 44; Buckle, *Commonplace Book*, art. 1857.

[2] This story is given by Fordun, Matthew of Westminster, Roger of Wendover, and Vincent of Beauvais. Mr. Gould cites from Cæsarius Heisterbachensis a tale, in which a necromancer warns some youths placed within a magic ring to be on their guard against the allurements of the beings whom he was about to raise by his incantations. These beings are beautiful damsels, one of whom, singling out a youth, holds out to him a ring of gold, which the youth touches, thus placing himself in her power.—*Curious Myths*, i. 225. See also Scott, *Border Minstrelsy*, introduction to ballad of Tamlane.

Tree and serpent worship.

Here then we have the key to that tree and serpent worship which has given rise to much ingenious and not altogether profitable speculation. The analysis of language and all that we know of the historical growth of ideas would prepare us for the developement of such a cultus. The condition of thought which led men to use the names applied first to the visible heaven or the sun as names for the

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[1] This ring is the "teterrima causa" of the war of Troy (Horace, *Sat.* i. 3, 107), and carries with it the same doom which the marriage of Brynhild brought to Sigurd the Volsung. It reappears in the story of Amphitriyon, and again of Uther and Igraine in the Arthur myth. With these legends may be compared the story of the crown of the hero Astrabakos (Herodotos, vi. 69), the counterpart of the Scottish myth of Tamlane. Sir. W. Scott (*Border Minstrelsy*, ii. 266) cites from Gervase of Tilbury an account of the Dracæ, a sort of water-spirits, who inveigled women and children into the recesses which they inhabit, beneath lakes and rivers, by floating past them on the surface of the water, in the shape of gold rings or cups; and remarks that "this story in almost all its parts is current in both the Highlands and Lowlands of Scotland, with no other variation than the substitution of Fairies for Dracæ, and the cavern of a hill [the Horselberg] for that of a river."

[2] This symbol of the serpent reappears in the narrative of the temptation and fall of Eve, the only difference being that the writer, far from sharing the feelings of the devotees of Baal-peor, regarded their notions and their practices with the utmost horror; and thus his narrative exhibits the animal indulgence inseparable from those idolatrous rites, as destructive alike to the body and the mind of man. The serpent is therefore doomed to perpetual contempt, and invested with some of the characteristics of Vritra, the snake-enemy of Indra. But Vritra is strictly the biting snake of darkness; and it is scarcely necessary to say, that the Egyptian serpent is the result of the same kind of metaphor which has given to the elephant the epithet of anguimanus. The phallic tree is also introduced into the narrative of the Book of Genesis: but it is here called a tree not of life but of the knowledge of good and evil, that knowledge which dawns in the mind with the first consciousness of difference between man and woman. In contrast with this tree of carnal indulgence tending to death is the tree of life, denoting the higher existence for which man was designed, and which would bring with it the happiness and the freedom of the children of God. In the brazen serpent of the Pentateuch, the two emblems of the Stauros or cross and serpent, the quiescent and energising Phallos, are united.

Supreme God could not possibly make choice of any other emblems to denote the power which maintains and multiplies life. The cruder realism which suggested the image of the serpent[1] was in some degree refined in the symbol of the (stauros) tree, and the stake or cross of Osiris gradually assumed a form in which it became capable of denoting the nobler idea of generous self-denial.

Sacrifices connected with this worship.

But the cultus with visible emblems would, whether with Semitic or with Aryan tribes, be but imperfectly developed without sacrifice; and although the blood of slain victims might be poured out to appease the power which could restore as well as destroy life, still there remained obviously another sacrifice more in accordance with the origin of the symbols employed to denote that power. It was possible to invest with a religious character either the sensuality to which the Jewish or Phenician idolatry appealed, or the impulse which finds its complete developement in a rigorous asceticism. In the former shape the idea was realised in the rites of the Babylonian Mylitta, and in the vocation of the Hierodouloi of Greek and Hindu temples.[2] In the latter the sacrifice was consummated by a vow of virginity,[3] and the Gerairai and Vestal Virgins of the Athenians and the Romans became the type of the Catholic and Orthodox nun.

Symbols of wealth.

But the true mythology of the subject is connected rather with the Yoni than with the Linga. If the latter serves as a sign of power, the former becomes the image of unbounded wealth and fertility. If the Linga is the sun-god in his majesty, the Yoni is the earth who yields her fruit under his fertilising warmth; and it thus represents the sum of all potential existence. It is the ark which contains all the living creatures of the earth, while the sun is hidden behind the impenetrable rain-clouds; it is the Argo, which shelters all the Achaian chieftains through the weary darkness of their search for the Golden Fleece. In this form the emblem at once exhibits mysterious properties akin to those of the Linga, and passes into a legion of shapes, all closely resembling the original form, all possessing in greater or less degree a talismanic power, but all manifesting the presence of the essential idea of boundless fertility which the symbol was specially adopted to denote. The Argo itself is divine. In was the work of a being akin to, if not identical with, Argos Panoptes, the all-seeing, who guards the heifer Iô. In its prow Athênê, the dawn-goddess, herself places a piece of wood[1] from the speaking oaks of Dodona, and the ship is thus endowed with the power of warning and guiding the chieftains who form its crew. This mystic vessel reappears in the shell of Aphroditê, and in the ship borne in solemn procession to the Parthenon on the great Panathenaic festival,[2] as the phallos was carried before the god in the great feasts of Dionysos. Over this ship floated the saffron-coloured robe woven for it by the hands of Athenian maidens, as the women in the temple of Jerusalem wove hangings for the Ashera of Baal. This ship again is the bark or boat-shaped vessel of which Tacitus speaks as the symbol employed by the Suevi in the worship of Isis. Whether this goddess is to be identified with the Teutonic Ziza worshipped in the country about Augsburg is an indifferent matter. It is more likely that the name is given from a resemblance of attributes, as he calls Wuotan Mercury and Thor Mars. But it is strange that Tacitus should have satisfied himself with the remark that the sign pointed simply to a foreign cultus brought across the sea, when not only was the same symbol used in the Athenian processions of his own day, but the voyage of Isis was marked in the Roman rustic calendar on the 5th of March.[3] This ship of Isis was, however, nothing more nor less than the vehicle of the earth-goddess Herth or Aerth, whose sacred island Tacitus mentions in the same treatise.[4] Here too, as with the Ashera at Jerusalem and the ship of

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[1] "The learned and still living Mgr. Gaume (*Traité du Saint Esprit*) joins Camerarius in the belief that serpents bite women rather than men."—Burton, *Tales of Indian Devilry*, preface, p. xix. The facts already cited account for the superstition. The confusion between the Phallic or life-giving and the destroying or venomous serpent may be seen in the legends of Madagascar.—*Malagasy Folklore*, *Folklore Record*, vol. ii. p. 20. It may be well to note that in some of the valleys of the Himalayas there are temples dedicated exclusively to the worship of the serpent.—Harcourt, *Himalayan District of Kooloo, Lahoul, and Spiti.*

[2] Herod. i. 199. The passage is translated by Mr. Rawlinson, *Ancient Eastern Monarchies*, iii. 465.

[3] In this case, they were devoted to the service of Sacti, the female power: in the former they were the ministers of Aphroditê. That the institution of the virgin priestesses of Vesta and of the female devotees of Mylitta or Sacti had this origin, will probably be conceded by all.

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[1] Seemingly the Phallos, which gave her title of Pallas. In the issue this piece of wood, or pole, is as fatal to Iasôn as the Stauros to Osiris, or the Mistletoe to Baldur.

[2] The connexion of the robe or veil with the Phallic emblem is brought out, as we might expect, with great prominence in the Phrygian or Eastern mythology. "Nun erzählt Arnobius, Cybele habe mit ihrem Kleide den abgeschnittenen Phallus des Attes bedeckt, ein Gebrauch, welcher in den Mysterien der Isis gleichfalls vorkam, denn zu Byblos wurde im Tempel der Baaltis (Göttermutter) das heilige Holz (φαλλός, palus) von der Isis mit Leinwand bedeckt.—*Plut. de Is.* c. 16. Nun wird auch die Bibelstelle (*Ezech.* xvi. 17) klar."—Nork, s.v. "Attes."

[3] The parallelism of these myths was pointed out with singular accuracy by Mr. Richard Price in his introduction to Warton's *History of English Poetry*. It is impossible for any student of comparative mythology to read this remarkable treatise, written some fifty years ago, without feeling that, here as elsewhere, other men have laboured, and we enter into their labours.

[4] Mr. Gould having quoted the passage from Appuleius in which the goddess says, that yearly her priests dedicate to her a new ship laden with the firstfruits of spring, adds that the carrying in procession of ships, in which the Virgin Mary takes the place of Aphroditê or Astartê, has not yet wholly gone out of use, and notices the prohibitions issued at different times

Athênê, the vehicle was carefully covered with a robe which no profane hand might touch, and carried in procession drawn by cows.[1]

The Lotos.

Scarcely altered, this vessel reappears in the Lotos of Hindu and Egyptian mythology, the symbol of the earth and its fecundation. In this form it is the seat of the child Harpichruti (Harpokrates) and of Bhayánana or Mahakali, the sanguinary deity of later Hindu worship and the patron goddess of the Thugs. The eating of the lotos is thus the eating of the forbidden fruit, and the Lotophagoi of the Odyssey are an example of unrestrained sensuality, and a warning to all who care for higher things not to imitate their selfish pleasures, and so forget their children and their home.[2]

Goblets and horns.

In the folk-lore of the Deccan the vessel is represented by the can of the milkwoman, the kindly Dêmêtêr, into which the beautiful Sûryâ Bai falls in the form of a mango when the fruit is ripe. As a cup, this sign reappears in a vast number of myths. It is the golden cup into which Helios sinks when his journey is done. It is the crater or mixing bowl in which the Platonists spoke of the Demiourgos as mingling the materials of the future Kosmos. It is the horn of Amaltheia, the nurse of Zeus, who gave to it the power of supplying

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against the carrying about of ploughs and ships on Shrove Tuesday or other days.—*Curious Myths*, ii. 68, 69. The plough is only one of the many forms of the Phallos, and carries us at once to the metaphor of Æschylos, *Septem c. Th.* 754, and of Sophokles, *O. T.* 1257, and to the gardens of Adônis. The mode in which the advent of this ship was greeted may be seen in a passage quoted at length by Grimm (*D. M.* 237) from the chronicle of Rudolph of St. Trudo, given in the *Spicilegium* of D'Achery. The rites were Bacchic throughout, and at the end the writer adds "quæ tunc videres agere, nostrum est tacere et deflere, quibus modo contingit graviter luere." Not less significant as to the meaning of the plough carried about after a like sort, is the statement of another chronicler, "Mos erat antiquitus Lipsiæ ut Liberalibus (um Bacchusfest, d. i. Fassnachts) personati juvenes per vicos oppidi aratrum circumducerent, puellas obvias per lasciviam ad illius jugum accedere etiam repugnantes cogerent, hoc veluti ludicro pœnam expetentes ab iis quæ innuptæ ad eum usque diem mansissent." —Grimm, *ib.* 243.

[1] These ships, chests, or boats are the κίσται μυστικαί of the Mysteries, and we see them in the chest or coffin of Osiris, "das Grab des verstorbenen Jahrgotts, der aber in der Idee nur stirbt, weil er vom Tode wieder aufersteht," in the Korykian cave in which Zeus is bound till Hermes (the breath of life) comes to rescue him, and in the boats in which the bodies of Elaine and Arthur are laid in the more modern romance.—Nork, s.v. "Arche."

[2] This prohibition to eat the lotus, suggests a comparison with the so-called Pythagorean precept to abstain from beans. Whether the word κύαμος belongs to the same root which has yielded κύω, κυέω, κύημα, κῦμα, or not, the word φάσηλος shows clearly enough how readily the shape of the bean brought up the idea of a boat, or a boat-shaped vessel. Nor can we well omit to note the prohibition, also attributed to Pythagoras, to abstain from fish, in connexion with the purpose especially ascribed to him, and the ascetic discipline which he is said to have established. It will scarcely be maintained that these precepts, in a peculiarly esoteric system, are to be interpreted literally. The technical meanings acquired by the words κύαμος and κυαμίζω seem to point in the same direction.

to its possessor all that he could desire to have. This horn reappears in the myths of Bran, and Ceridwen, and Huon of Bordeaux, to whom Oberon gives a horn which yields the costliest wine in the hands of a good man only.[1] The talismanic power of this horn is still further shown in the prose romance of Tristram, when the liquor is dashed over the lips of any guilty person who ventures to lift it to his mouth, and in the goblet of Tegan Euroron, the wife of Caradoc of the strong arm.[2] It is seen again in the inexhaustible table of the Ethiopians, in the dish of Rhydderch the Scholar, in the basket of Gwyddno, in which food designed for one becomes an ample supply for a hundred; in the table round which Arthur and his peers hold high revelry; in the wishing-quern of Frodî;[3] in the lamp of Allah-ud-deen, which does the bidding of its owner through the Jin who is its servant; in the purse of Bedreddin Hassan, which the fairy always keeps filled in spite of his wastefulness; in the wonderful well of Apollôn Thyrxis in Lykia,[4] which reveals all secrets to those who look into it; in the magic cauldron which Thor got for Oegir, whose savoury contents went spontaneously to each guest, as he might wish for them. This mysterious mirror is the glass vessel of Agrippa, and of the cruel stepmother in the German tale of Little Snow-white, who, like Brynhild, lies in a death-like sleep, guarded under a case of ice by dwarfs until the piece of poisoned apple falls from between her lips; and we see it again in the cups of Rhea and Dêmêtêr, the milkwoman or the gardener's wife of Hindu folk-lore, and in the modios of Serapis. It becomes the receptacle of occult knowledge. Before the last desperate struggle with the Spartans, Aristomenes buried in the most secret nook of mount Ithomê a treasure which, if guarded carefully, would insure the restoration of Messênê. When the battle of Leuktra justified the hopes of Aristomenes, the Argive Epiteles saw a vision which bade him recover the old woman who was well-nigh at her last gasp beneath the sods of Ithomê. His search was rewarded by the discovery of a water-jar, in which was contained a plate of the finest tin. On this plate were inscribed the mystic rites for the worship of the great gods.[1] The same wonderful ewer or goblet of the sun was bestowed in the Persian legend on Jemshid, and explained the glories of his magnificent reign. The same vessel is the divining cup of Joseph;[2] and in late traditions it reappears in the tale which relates how Rehoboam inclosed the book containing his father's supernatural knowledge in an ivory ewer and placed it in his tomb. The fortunes of this vessel are related by Flegetanis, who is said to have traced up his genealogy on the mother's side to Solomon; nor need it be a "matter of surprise to those who remember the talismanic effect of a name in the general history of fiction, that a descendant of this distinguished sovereign should be found to write its history, or that another Joseph should be made the instrument of conveying it to the kingdoms of Western Europe."[3] This mystic vessel, the Sangreal of Arthurian legend, is at once a storehouse of food as inexhaustible as the table of the Ethiopians, and a talismanic test as effectual as the goblets of Oberon and Tristram. The good Joseph of Arimathæa, who had gathered up in it the drops of blood which fell from the side of Jesus when pierced by the centurion's spear, was nourished by it alone through his weary imprisonment of two and forty years; and when at length, having either been brought by him to Britain, or preserved in heaven, it was carried by angels to the pure Titurel and shrined in a magnificent temple, it supplied to its worshippers the most delicious food, and preserved them in perpetual youth. As such, it differs in no way from the horn of

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[1] Price, *Introd. to Warton's Hist. Eng. Poetry*, 66.

[2] *Ib.* 59. This goblet reappears in the Scottish ballad of the Luck of Edenhall. When it was seized by one of the family of Musgrave, the fairy train vanished, crying aloud,

> "If this glass do break or fall,
> Farewell the luck of Edenhall."

The goblet, it is said, narrowly escaped being broken, when it fell from the hands of the Duke of Wharton. Of course it was caught in its fall by his butler, and the old idea of its inherent fertility remained in the fancy that "the lees of wine are still apparent at the bottom."—Scott, *Border Minstrelsy*, ii. 277.

[3] "When Frôdi, the Norse king, proclaimed his peace, he set two women slaves to grind gold, peace, and prosperity from the wonderful quern, allowing them no sleep longer than while the cuckoo was silent. At length they ground a great army against Frôdi, and a sea king slew him, carrying off great booty, and with it the quern and the two slaves. These were now made to grind white salt in the ships, till they sank in Pentland Firth. There is ever since a whirlpool where the sea falls into the quern's eye. As the quern roars, so does the sea roar, and thus it was that the sea first became salt."—Thorpe, *Translation of Sæmund's Edda*, ii. 150. See also the story "Why the Sea is Salt," in Dasent's *Norse Tales*.

[4] Paus. vii. 21, 6.

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[1] Paus. iv. 20, 26. With this may be compared the legend of the great wizard Michael Scott. In this case the Mighty Book is found not in an ewer, but in the hand of the magician. Still the boat-shaped vessel is not wanting. The magic lamp (it is a lamp in the story of Allah-ud-deen) is at his knee; and as the sepulchre is opened, the light bursting forth,

Streamed upward to the chancel roof,
And through the galleries far aloof.
No earthly flame blazed e'er so bright,
It shone like heaven's own blessed light.

Scott, *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, ii. 18.

[2] The same vessel in Taliesin imparts to its possessor the wisdom of Iamos. It healed all the evils to which flesh is heir, and even raised the dead. It was in fact the counterpart of the Sangreal. The cruder form of the myth is seen in the legend of the Caldron of Ceridwen, the Keltic Dêmêtêr. This story is given by Mr. Gould (*Curious Myths*, ii. 335), who adds that "this vessel of the liquor of wisdom had a prominent place in British mythology." Sir Walter Scott remarks, that in many Scottish legends a drinking horn will prove a cornucopiæ of good fortune to any one who can snatch it from the fairies and bear it across a running stream. As an emblem this cup is combined with the serpent in the representations of St. John.

[3] *Introd. to Warton's Hist. of Eng. Poetry.*

Amaltheia, or any other of the oval vessels which can be traced back to the emblem of the Hindu Sacti. We should be prepared, therefore, to find in the many forms assumed by the Arthurian myth some traces of its connexion with the symbol of the fecundating power in nature; nor is this expectation disappointed. The symbol of the sun has already appeared as a lance, spear, or trident in the myths of Abaris and Poseidôn; and in this form it is seen again in the story of the Holy Grail, when Sir Galahad is to depart with it from the Logrian land. As with his comrades he sups in the palace of King Pelles, he sees a great light, in which he beheld four angels supporting an aged man clad in pontifical garb, whom they placed before a table on which lay the Sangreal. "This aged prelate was Joseph of Arimathæa, 'the first bishop of Christendom.' Then the other angels appeared bearing candles and a spear, from which fell drops of blood, and these drops were collected by angels in a box. Then the angels set the candles upon the table, and 'the fourth set the holy speare even upright upon the vessel,' as represented on an ancient churchyard crucifix, in rude sculpture, at Sancreed in Cornwall."[1] This mysterious spear is constantly seen throughout the legend. When Sir Bors had seen the Sangreal in the house of Pelles, he was led into a fair chamber, where he laid himself in full armour on the bed. "And right as he saw come in a light that he might wel see a speare great and long which come straight upon him pointlong."[2] Indeed the whole myth exhibits that unconscious repetition and reproduction of the same forms and incidents which is the special characteristic of the Greek dynastic legends. Perceval, in the episode of Pecheur, the Fisher-king, answers to Sir Galahad in the quest of the Sangreal. In both cases the work can be done only by a pure-minded knight, and Perceval as well as Galahad goes in search of a goblet, which has been stolen from the king's table. The sick king, whom he finds lying on his couch, has been wounded while trying to mend a sword broken by his enemy Pertinax, and Perceval alone can make it sound, as Theseus only can recover the sword and sandals of his father Aigeus. The title of the Fisher-king suggests a comparison with that of Bhekî in the Hindu legend and the Frog-prince of the German story. The latter denotes the sun as it rests upon the water; and as Bhekî cannot reappear in her former beauty until the night is spent, so the Fisher-king cannot regain his health until Pertinax has been slain. He is avenged by Perceval, who bears away the holy vessel and the bleeding lance as the reward of his prowess. An earlier heathen version of this story is found in the legend of Pheredur, in which the boat-shaped vessel appears with the head of a man swimming in blood—a form which carries us to the repulsive Maha Kali of later Hindu mythology.

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[1] Mr. Gould, from whom these words are quoted, gives a drawing of this emblem.—*Curious Myths*, ii. 348.

[2] *Morte d'Arthure*. Gould, *ib.* 340.

Gradual refinement of the myth.

In the myth of Erichthonios we have a crucial instance of a coarse and unseemly story produced by translating into the language of human life phrases which described most innocently and most vividly some phenomena of nature. In the myth of the Sangreal we see in the fullest degree the working of the opposite principle. For those who first sought to frame for themselves some idea of the great mystery of their existence, and who thought that they had found it in the visible media of reproduction, there was doubtless far less of a degrading influence in the cultus of the signs of the male and female powers and the exhibition of their symbols than we might be disposed to imagine. But that the developement of the idea might lead to the most wretched results, there could be no question. No degradation could well be greater than that of the throngs who hurried to the temples of the Babylonian Mylitta. But we have seen the myth, starting from its crude and undisguised forms, assume the more harmless shape of goblets or horns of plenty and fertility, of rings and crosses, of rods and spears, of mirrors and lamps. It has brought before us the mysterious ships endowed with the powers of thought and speech, beautiful cups in which the wearied sun sinks to rest, the staff of wealth and plenty with which Hermes guides the cattle of Helios across the blue pastures of heaven, the cup of Dêmêtêr into which the ripe fruit casts itself by an irresistible impulse. We have seen the symbols assume the character of talismanic tests, by which the refreshing draught is dashed from the lips of the guilty; and, finally, in the exquisite legend of the Sangreal the symbols have become a sacred thing, which only the pure in heart may see and touch. To Lancelot who tempts Guenevere to be faithless to Arthur, as Helen was unfaithful to Menelaos, it either remains invisible, or is seen only to leave him stretched senseless on the earth for his presumption. The myth which corrupted the worshippers of Tammuz in the Jewish temple has supplied the beautiful picture of unselfish devotion which sheds a marvellous glory on the career of the pure Sir Galahad.[1]

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[1] In the Arabian story the part of Sir Galahad is played by Allah-ud-deen, who is told by the magician that no one in the whole world but he can be permitted to touch or lift up the stone and go beneath it. The Eastern story-tellers were not very careful about the consistency of their legends. The magician, it is true, singles out the boy for his "simplicity and artlessness;" but the portrait drawn of the child at the outset of the tale is rather that of

Aryan and Semitic mysteries.

No idea is, however, more prominent in most of the shapes which the myth connected with the Linga and Yoni have assumed than that of a mysterious knowledge; nor has any feature in the ancient world attracted more attention than the great Mysteries in which a knowledge hidden from the profane was supposed to be imparted to the initiated. Is the knowledge to which the myths refer the sum and substance of the knowledge conveyed in the mysteries? That it has been and is so throughout India, no one probably will deny or dispute. The wailing of the Hebrew women at the death of Tammuz, the death and resurrection of Osiris, the adoration of the Babylonian Mylitta, the Sacti ministers of Hindu temples, the cross and crescent of Isis, the rites of the Jewish altar of Baal-Peor, wholly preclude all doubt of the real nature of the great festivals and mysteries of Phenicians, Jews, Assyrians, Egyptians, and Hindus. Have we any reason for supposing that the case was essentially different in more western countries, and that the mysteries of the Hellenic tribes were not substantially identical with those of other Aryan and Semitic tribes? It may be doubted whether the Greek mysteries were ever used for the exposition of theological doctrines differing from the popular creed, or even whether any recondite doctrine, religious or philosophical, was attached to the mysteries, or contained in the holy stories of any priesthood of the ancient world. If by this recondite teaching be meant doctrines relating to the nature of God and the Divine government of the world, the judgments of historians like Thirlwall and Grote may perhaps be in accordance with fact; but it can scarcely be denied that the thoughts aroused by the recognition of the difference between man and woman are among the most mysterious stirrings of the human heart, and that a philosophy which professed to reconcile the natural impulses of the worshippers with the sense of right and duty would carry with it a strange and almost irresistible fascination. The Corinthian Aphroditê had her Hierodouloi, the pure Gerairai ministered to the goddess of the Parthenon, and the altar of the Latin Vesta was tended by her chosen virgins. A system which could justify these inconsistencies in the eyes of the initiated, and lead them to discern different forms of the same sacrifice in the purity of the one and the abandonment of the other, might well be said to be based on a recondite, though not a wholesome,

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Boots or Cinderella. The treasure is a lamp in which burns a liquid which is not oil; with the possession of it are bound up wealth, happiness, and splendour: it is, in short, the Sangreal. The ring which the magician places on his finger is the ring of Gyges.—Plato, *Polit.* 359. If it does not make himself invisible, the visibility of the minister of the ring depends upon the way in which it is handled, this being in both stories the same.

doctrine. Nor, indeed, is it supposed that the character of the Hellenic mysteries was less dramatic than those of Egypt or Hindustan. Every act of the great Eleusinian festival reproduced the incidents of the myth of Dêmêtêr, and the processions of Athênê and Dionysos exhibited precisely the same symbols which marked the worship of Vishṇu and Sacti, of the Egyptian Isis and the Teutonic Hertha. The substantial identity of the rites justifies the inference of a substantial identity of doctrines.[1] It is no accident which has given to Iswara Arghanautha, the Hindu Dionysos, an epithet which makes him the lord of that divine ship which bore the Achaian warriors from the land of darkness to the land of the morning. The testimony of Theodoret, Arnobios, and Clement of Alexandria, that an emblem similar to the Yoni was worshipped in the mysteries of Eleusis needs no confirmation, when we remember that the same emblem was openly carried in procession at Athens. The vases in the Hamiltonian collection at the British Museum leave us as little in doubt that the purification of women in the Hellenic mysteries agreed closely with that of the Sacti in the mysteries of the Hindus. That ornaments in the shape of a vesica have been popular in all countries as preservatives against dangers, and especially from evil spirits, can as little be questioned as the fact that they still retain some measure of their ancient popularity in England, where horse-shoes are nailed to walls as a safeguard against unknown perils, where a shoe is thrown by way of good luck after newly married couples, and where the villagers have not yet ceased to dance round the Maypole on the green.

Real meaning of tree and serpent worship.

It may be confidently said that the facts now stated furnish a clue which will explain all the phenomena of tree and serpent worship. The whole question is indeed one of fact, and it is useless to build on hypothesis. If there is any one point more certain than another, it is that, wherever tree and serpent worship has been found, the cultus of the Phallos and the Ship, of the Linga and the Yoni, in connexion with the worship of the sun, has been found also. It is impossible to dispute the fact; and no explanation can be accepted for one part of the cultus which fails to explain the other. It is unnecessary, therefore, to analyse theories which profess to see in it the worship of the creeping brute or the wide-branched tree. A religion based on the worship of the venomous reptile must have been a religion of terror; in the earliest glimpses which we have of it, the serpent is a symbol of life and of love. Nor is the Phallic cultus in any respect a cultus of the full-grown and branching tree. In its earliest form the symbol is everywhere a mere stauros, or pole; and although this stock or rod budded in the shape of the thyrsos and the shepherd's staff, yet even in its latest developements the worship is confined to small bushes and shrubs and diminutive plants of a particular kind. Nor is it possible again to dispute the fact, that every nation at some stage or other of its history has attached to this cultus precisely that meaning which the Brahman now attaches to the Linga and the Yoni. That the Jews clung to it in this special sense with vehement tenacity is the bitter complaint of the prophets; and the crucified serpent, adored for its healing powers, stood untouched in the temple until it was removed and destroyed by Hezekiah. This worship of serpents "void of reason," condemned in the Wisdom of Solomon, probably survived even the Babylonish captivity. Certainly it was adopted by the Christians who were known as Ophites, Gnostics, and Nicolaitans. In Athenian mythology the serpent and the tree are singularly prominent. Kekrops, Erechtheus, and Erichthonios, are each and all serpentine in the lower portion of their bodies. The sacred snake of Athênê had its abode in the Akropolis, and her olive-tree secured for her the victory in her rivalry with Poseidôn. The health-giving serpent lay at the feet of Asklêpios, and snakes were fed in his temple at Epidauros and elsewhere.[1] That the ideas of mere terror and death, suggested by the venomous or the crushing reptile, could never have given way thus completely before those of life, healing, and safety, is obvious enough; and the latter ideas alone are associated with the serpent as the object of adoration. The deadly beast always was, and has always remained, the object of the horror and loathing which is expressed for Ahi, the choking and throttling snake, the Vritra whom Indra smites with his unerring lance, the dreadful Azidahaka of the Avesta, the Zohak or biter of modern Persian mythology, the serpents whom Heraklês strangles in his cradle, the Python, or Fafnir, or Grendel, or Sphnix, whom Phoibos, or Sigurd, or Beowulf, or Oidipous, smite and slay. That the worship of the serpent has nothing to do with these evil beasts is abundantly clear from all the Phallic monuments of the East or West. In the topes of Sanchi and Amravati the disks which represent the Yoni predominate in every part of the design; the emblem is worn with unmistakeable distinctness by every female figure carved within these disks, while above the multitude are seen, on many of the disks, a group of women with their hands resting on the linga, which they uphold. It may, indeed, be possible to trace out the association which connects the Linga with the bull in Sivaism, as denoting more particularly the male power, while the serpent in Jainaism and Vishnavism is found with the female emblem the Yoni. So again in Egypt, some may discern in the bull Apis or Mnevis the predominance of the male idea in that country, while in Assyria or Palestine the serpent or Agathos Daimon is connected with the altar of Baal. These are really questions of no moment. The historical inquiry is ended when the origin of the emblems has been determined.

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[1] "In den Eleusinischen Mysterien wurde ein Phallus entblösst und den Eingeweihten gezeigt (Tert. ad Valent. p. 289): und Demeter wird dadurch, dass Baubo ihre κτεὶς entblösst, zur Heiterkeit gestimmt. Clem. Al. Protr. p. 16; Arnob. adv. Gent. v. p. 218. Dies lässt voraussetzen, dass desgleichen in den Eleusinien wirklich geschah, was mann also τὰ ἱερὰ δείκνυσθαι nannte. Vgl. Lobek. Aglaoph. p. 49."—Nork, iv. 53. The form of dismissal at the Eleusinian mysteries, κὸγξ ὄμπαξ, has been identified by some with the "Cansha Om Pacsha," with which the Brahmans close their religious services.—Nork, i. vii.

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[1] It is, in fact, the healer, under the many names, Iasôn, Iasion, &c., which bear the equivocal meaning of saving or destroying life, as they are referred to ἰός, poison, or ἰάομαι, to heal. It is the means by which the waste caused by death is repaired. "Daher die Phallusschlange, auch die Heilschlange Ἀγαθοδαίμων: daher der mit Schlangen umgürtete Phallusstab in der Hand des Hermes ἰθυφαλλικός, und des Aesculap, dessen weibliche Hälfte Hygiea ihm die Schale entgegen trägt, welche ein Symbol des Mutterbeckens ist."—Nork, s.v. "Arzt." This shell is the shell of Aphroditê.

It is scarcely necessary to add that serpents played a prominent part in the rites of Zeus Sabazios, whose worship was practically identical with that of the Syrian Tammuz or Adonis. The epithet Sabazios, which, like the words Adonai and Melkarth, was imported into Greek mythology, is applied not less to Dionysos than to Zeus; but the stories told of this deity remained vague and shadowy. Sometimes he is a son of Zeus and Persephonê, and is nursed by the nymph Nyssa, whose name reappears in Dionysos: sometimes Dionysos is himself the father of Sabazios, who is, again, a child also of Kabeiros or of Kronos. Mr. Brown (*Great Dionysiak Myth*, ii. 32) speaks of the word Sabos as becoming an equivalent for madman, and so explains the witches' Sabbat.

The education of man.

For the student who is willing to be taught by the facts which he regards as ascertained, this chapter in the history of human thought will involve no more perplexity than the fact that there was a time when human speech had none but sensuous words, and mankind, apparently, none but sensuous ideas. If from these sensuous words have been evolved terms capable of expressing the highest conceptions to which the human mind has yet risen, he may be well content to accept, as a necessary stage in the education of man, the condition of thought which fastened on the processes of natural reproduction. If our limbs are still shackled and our movements hindered by ideas which have their root in the sensuousness of the ancient language, we shall do well to remember that a real progress for mankind might in no other way have been possible. If the images of outward and earthly objects have been made the means of filling human hearts and minds with the keenest yearnings for Divine truth, beauty, and love, the work done has been the work of God.

SECTION XIII.—THE SUN-GODS OF LATER HINDU MYTHOLOGY.

Vishṇu as Krishna.

If it be urged that the attribution to Krishna of qualities or powers belonging to other deities is a mere device by which his devotees sought to supersede the more ancient gods, the answer must be that nothing is done in his case which has not been done in the case of almost every other member of the great company of the gods, and that the systematic adoption of this method is itself conclusive proof of the looseness and flexibility of the materials of which the cumbrous mythology of the Hindu epic poems is composed. As being Vishṇu, Krishna performs all the feats of that god.

"And thou, Krishna, of the Yâdava race, having become the son of Aditi and being called Vishṇu, the younger brother of Indra, the all-pervading, becoming a child, and vexer of thy foes, hast by thy energy traversed the sky, the atmosphere, and the earth in three strides."[1]

Parentage of Krishna.

He is thus also identified with Hari or the dwarf Vishṇu, a myth which carries us to that of the child Hermes as well as to the story of the limping Hephaistos. As the son of Nanda, the bull, he is Govinda, a name which gave rise in times later than those of the Mahâbhârata to the stories of his life with the cowherds and his dalliance with their wives; but in the Mahâbhârata he is already the protector of cattle, and like Heraklês slays the bull which ravaged the herds.[2] His name Krishna, again, is connected with another parentage, which makes him the progeny of the black hair of Hari, the dwarf Vishṇu.[3] But he is also Hari himself, and Hari is Narayaṇa, "the god who transcends all, the minutest of the minute, the vastest of the vast, the greatest of the great." In short, the interchange or contradiction is undisguised, for "he is the soul of all, the omniscient, the all, the all-knowing, the producer of all, the god whom the goddess Devaki bore to Vishṇu.[4] Elsewhere Krishna speaks of himself as the maker of the Rudras and the Vasus, as both the priest and the victim, and adds,

"Know that Dharma (righteousness) is my beloved firstborn mental son, whose nature is to have compassion on all creatures. In his character I exist among men, both present and past, passing through many varieties of mundane existence. I am Vishṇu, Brahma, Indra, and the source as well as the destruction of things, the creator and the annihilator of the whole aggregate of existences. While all men live in unrighteousness, I, the unfailing, build up the bulwark of righteousness, as the ages pass away."[1] As such he is not generated by a father. He is the unborn.

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[1] Muir, *Sanskrit Texts*, part iv. p. 118.

[2] *Ib.* 206.

[3] *Ib.* 221.

[4] *Ib.* 224.

Krishna and Rudra

The character of Rudra, thus said to be sprung from Krishna, is not more definite. As so produced, he is Time, and is declared by his father to be the offspring of his anger.[2] But in the character of Mahâdeva, Rudra is worshipped by Krishna, and the necessary explanation is that in so adoring him Krishna was only worshipping himself.[3] Rudra, however, is also Narayaṇa, and Siva the destroyer. There is no difference between Siva who exists in the form of Vishṇu, and Vishṇu who exists in the form of Siva, just as in the form of Hari and Hara Vishṇu and Mahâdeva are combined. "He who is Vishṇu is Rudra; he who is Rudra is Pitâmaha (Brahma, the great father); the substance is one, the gods are three, Rudra, Vishṇu, and Pitâmaha. . . . Just as water thrown into water can be nothing else than water, so Vishṇu entering into Rudra must possess the nature of Rudra. And just as fire entering into fire can be nothing else but fire, so Rudra entering into Vishṇu must possess the nature of Vishṇu. Rudra should be understood to possess the nature of fire: Vishṇu is declared to possess the nature of Soma (the Moon); and the world, moveable and immoveable, possesses the nature of Agni and Soma."[4]

Vishṇu and Rama.

It is the same with Rama, who is sometimes produced from the half of Vishṇu's virile power, and sometimes addressed by Brahma as "the source of being and cause of destruction, Upendra and Mahendra, the younger and the elder Indra."[5] He is Skambha, the supporter, and Trivikrama, the god of three strides.[6] But the story of his wife Sita who is stolen away and recovered by Rama after the slaughter of Ravana runs parallel with that of Saramâ and Paṇi, of Paris and Helen.

Hindu mysticism.

This cumbrous mysticism leads us further and further from the simpler conceptions of the oldest mythology, in which Rudra is scarcely more than an epithet, applied sometimes to Agni, sometimes to Mitra, Varuṇa, the Asvins, or the Maruts.

"Thou, Agni, art Rudra, the deity of the great sky. Thou art the host of the Maruts. Thou art lord of the sacrificial food. Thou, who hast a pleasant abode, movest onwards with the ruddy winds."[7]

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[1] Muir, *Sanskrit Texts*, pt. iv. p. 235.

[2] *Ib.* 205.

[3] *Ib.* 225.

[4] *Ib.* 237.

[5] *Ib.* 146, 250.

[6] *Ib.* 151.

[7] *R. V.* ii. 1, 6; Muir, *Sanskrit Texts*, pt. iv. p. 257.

It was in accordance with the general course of Hindu mythology that the greatness of Rudra, who is sometimes regarded as self-existent, should be obscured by that of his children.

The story of Krishna.

The two opposite conceptions, which exhibit Heraklês in one aspect as a self-sacrificing and unselfish hero, in another as the sensual voluptuary, are brought before us with singular prominence in the two aspects of Krishna's character. The being who in the one is filled with divine wisdom and love, who offers up a sacrifice which he alone can make, who bids his friend Arjuna look upon him as sustaining all worlds by his inherent life, is in the other a being not much more lofty or pure than Aphroditê or Adonis. If, like the legends of the Egyptian Isis and Osiris, the myth seems to lend itself with singular exactness to an astronomical interpretation, it also links itself with many stories of other Aryan gods or heroes, and thus throws on them a light all the more valuable from the independent developements of these several myths from a common germ. Thus if Pausanias speaks of Dionysos Antheus, Krishna also is Vanamali, the flower-crowned. If Heraklês smites Antaios, Krishna overthrows the giant Madhu, and the cruel tyrant of Madura. Like Oidipous, Romulus, Perseus, Cyrus, and others, he is one of the fatal children, born to be the ruin of their sires; and the king of Madura, like Laios, is terrified by the prediction that his sister's son shall deprive him of his throne and his life. It is but the myth of Kronos and Zeus in another form. The desire of Kamsa is to slay his sister, but her husband promises to deliver all her children into the hands of the tyrant. But although six infants were thus placed in his power and slain, he shut up the beautiful Devaki and her husband in a dungeon; and when the seventh child was about to be born, Devaki prays, like Rhea, that this one at least may be spared. In answer to her entreaty, Bhavani, who shields the newly-born children, comes to comfort her, and taking the babe brings it to the house of Nanda, to whom a son, Balarama, had been born. When Devaki was to become for the eighth time a mother, Kamsa was again eager to destroy the child. As the hour drew near, the mother became more beautiful, her form more brilliant, while the dungeon was filled with a heavenly light as when Zeus came to Danaê in a golden shower, and the air was filled with a heavenly harmony as the chorus of the gods, with Brahma and Siva at their head, poured forth their gladness in song.[1] All these marvels (which the Bhagavata Purana assigns to the birth of the child) are reported to Kamsa by the warders, and his jealousy and fear are still more vehemently excited. But the fatal hour draws nigh, and in a cave, like Zeus and Mithras, Krishna, as the incarnation of Vishṇu, is born with four arms and all the attributes of that god. "On the day of his birth the quarters of the horizon were irradiate with joy, as if more light were diffused over the whole earth. The virtuous experienced new delight; the strong winds were hushed, and the rivers glided tranquilly when Janârddana was about to be born. The seas with their melodious murmurings made the music, while the spirits and the nymphs of heaven danced and sang."[1] For a moment he takes away from the eyes of his earthly parents the veil which prevents them from seeing things as they are, and they behold the deity in all his majesty. But the mists are again suffered to fall upon them, and they see only the helpless babe in his cradle. Then the voice of an angel sounds in the father's ears, bidding him take the child and go into Gokala, the land of cows, to the house of Nanda, where he should find a new-born maiden. This child he must bring back, leaving Krishna in her place. This he is at once enabled to do, for the fetters fall from his hands and the prison doors open of their own accord; and guided by a dragon or snake, who here plays the part of the dragons or snakes in the myths of Iamos or Medeia, he reaches the house of Nanda. Nanda himself is in profound sleep, and his wife prostrate from pain when Krishna is left under their roof. As the husband of Devaki re-enters the prison, the doors close again and the chains fasten themselves on

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[1] This song would of itself suffice to prove how thoroughly Krishna, like Dyu, Indra, Varuṇa, Agni, or any other names, denotes the mere conception of the One True God, who is but feebly shadowed forth under these titles and

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by the symbolism of these myths. "As Aditi," say the gods to Devaki the mother of the unborn Krishna, "thou art the parent of the gods; as Diti, thou art the mother of the Daityas, their foes. . . . The whole earth, decorated with oceans, rivers, continents, cities, villages, hamlets, and towns; all the fires, waters, and winds; the stars, asterisms, and planets; the sky crowded with the variegated chariots of the gods, and ether that provides space for all substance; the several spheres of earth, sky, and heaven, of saints, sages, ascetics, and of Brahma; the whole egg of Brahma with all its population of gods, demons, spirits, snake-gods, fiends, ghosts and imps, men and brutes, and whatever creatures have life, comprised in him who is their eternal lord and the object of all apprehension; whose real form, nature, names, and dimensions are not within human apprehension,—are now with that Vishṇu in thee. Thou art Swáhá; thou art Swadhá: thou art wisdom, ambrosia, light, and heaven. Thou hast descended upon earth for the preservation of the world."—*Vishṇu Purana*, H. H. Wilson, p. 501. The same idea animates much of the devotion addressed to the Virgin Mary, as in the Litany of Loretto and in many among the authorised hymns of the Breviary.

[1] *Vishṇu Purana*, H. H. Wilson, 503. Milton was led into the same strain of thought as he wrote his Christmas Hymn:—

"Peaceful was the night
  Wherein the Prince of Light
    His reign of peace upon the earth
      began:
  The winds with wonder whist,
  Smoothly the waters kissed,
    Whispering new joys to the mild
      Ocean,
  Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
  While birds of calm sit brooding on
      the charmed wave."

his wrists, while the cry of the infant rouses the warders, who in their turn carry the tidings to the king. At midnight Kamsa enters the dungeon, and Devaki entreats his mercy for the babe. She prays in vain; but before Kamsa can accomplish his will, the child slips from his grasp, and he hears the voice of Bhavani, telling him that his destroyer is born and has been placed beyond his reach. Mad with rage, the tyrant summons his council and asks what should be done. The answer is that, as they know not where the child is, he should order all the newly-born infants or all children under two years to be slain. More assured than ever that his great enemy was his sister's child, he sets everything in motion to insure his destruction. But the demon Putana, who assaults the child in his cradle, is dealt with as summarily as the dragons who seek to strangle the infant Heraklês. This demon, finding Krishna asleep, took him up and gave him her breast to suck, the doom of all who do so suck being instant death; but Krishna strains it with such violence as to drain Putana of all life. As Krishna grew up, he became the darling of the milkmaidens, in whom some have seen the stars of the morning sky,—an inference which seems to be here warranted by the myth that Krishna stole their milk, seemingly as the sun puts out the light of the stars; and this inference is strengthened by the story which connected the formation of the milky way with the nursing of Heraklês by Hêrê.[1] When the maidens complained of the wrong, Krishna opened his mouth, and therein they saw revealed his full splendour. They now beheld him seated in the midst of all created things, receiving adoration from all. But from this glimpse of his real glory the legend returns to the myths told of swan-maidens and their lovers. In the nine days' harvest feast of Bhavanî (the nine days' festival of Dêmêtêr) the Gopias, each and all, pray to the goddess that they may become the brides of Krishna.[2] As they bathe in a stream, Krishna takes their clothes and refuses to surrender them unless each comes separately for her raiment. Thus the prayer is fulfilled, and Krishna, playing on his flute among the Gopias, becomes the Hellenic Apollôn Nomios,[3] whose harp is the harp of Orpheus, rousing all things into life and energy. With these maidens he dances, like Apollôn with the Muses, each maiden fancying that she alone is his partner (an idea which we find again in the story of the sorcerer Naraka). Only Radha, who loved Krishna with an absorbing affection, saw things as they really were, and withdrew herself from the company. In vain Krishna sent maidens to soothe her and bring her back. To none would she listen, until the god came to her himself. His words soon healed the wrong, and so great was his joy with her that he lengthened the night which followed to the length of six months, an incident which has but half preserved its meaning in the myth of Zeus and Alkmênê, but which here points clearly to the six months which Persephonê spends with her mother Dêmêtêr. The same purely solar character is impressed on the myth in the Bhagavata Purana, which relates how Brahma, wishing to prove whether Krishna was or was not an incarnation of Vishṇu, came upon him as he and Balarama were sleeping among the shepherd youths and maidens. All these Brahma took away and shut up in a distant prison, and Krishna and his brother on awaking found themselves alone. Balarama proposed to go in search of them. Krishna at once created the same number of youths and maidens so precisely like those which had been taken away that when Brahma returned at the end of a year, he beheld to his astonishment the troop which he fancied that he had broken up. Hurrying to the prison he found that none had escaped from it, and thus convinced of the power of Krishna, he led all his prisoners back to him, who then suffered the phantasms which he had evoked to vanish away. Here we have the sleep of the sun-god which in other myths becomes the sleep of Persephonê and Brynhild, of Endymiôn or Adonis,—the slumber of autumn when the bright clouds are imprisoned in the cave of Cacus or the Paṇis, while the new-created youths and maidens represent merely the days and months which come round again as in the years that had passed away. In his solar character Krishna must again be the slayer of the Dragon or Black Snake, Kalinak, the old serpent with the thousand heads, who, like Vitra or the Sphinx, poisons or shuts up the waters.[1] In the fight which follows, and

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[1] See page 289. Tylor, *Primitive Culture*, i. 325.

[2] This myth is in strict accordance with the old Vedic phrase addressed to the Sun as the horse: "After thee is the chariot; after thee, Arvan, the man; after thee the cows; after thee, the host of the girls." Thus, like Agni, Indra, and Yama, he is the husband of the wives, an expression which, in Professor Max Müller's opinion, was probably "meant originally for the evening sun as surrounded by the splendours of the gloaming, as it were by a more serene repetition of the dawn. The Dawn herself is likewise called the wife; but the expression 'husband of the wives' is in another passage clearly applied to the sinking sun, *R. V.* ix. 86, 32: 'The husband of the wives approaches the end.'"—*Lectures*, second series, 513.

[3] The parallel is exact. Phoibos giving to Hermes charge over his cattle is represented by Indra, who says to Krishna, "I have now come by desire of the cattle to install you as Upendra, and

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as the Indra of the cows thou shalt be called Govinda."—*Vishṇu Purana*, H. H. Wilson, 528.

[1] The *Vishṇu Purana* (Wilson, 514) tells us how, stirred up by the incitements of Nanda, Krishna lays hold of the middle hood of the chief of the snakes with both hands, and, bending it down, dances upon it in triumph. Whenever the snake attempted to raise his head, it was again trodden down, and many bruises were inflicted on the hood by the pressure of the toes of Krishna.

Among the many foes conquered by Krishna is Naraka, from whom he rescues elephants, horses, women, &c. "At an auspicious season he espoused all the maidens whom Naraka had carried off from their friends. At one and the same moment he received the hands of all of them, according to the ritual, in separate mansions. Sixteen which Hindu art has especially delighted in symbolising, Krishna freed himself from the coils of the snake, and stamped upon his heads until he had crushed them all. The sequel of the myth in its more recent form goes on to relate his death,—how Balarama lay down to sleep beneath the Banyan tree,—how from his throat issued a monstrous snake, like the cobra of Vikram in the modern Hindu story,—how Krishna himself became sorely depressed,—how, as he lay among the bushes with his foot so placed that his heel, in which alone he, like so many others, was invunerable, was exposed, a huntsman, thinking that he was aiming at a gazelle, shot him with an arrow, and the ground was bathed with his blood,—incidents which are at once explained by a reference to the myths of Baldur, Adonis, or Osiris.[1]

SECTION XIV.—THE MOON.

Selênê and Pan.

As Endymiôn sinks into his dreamless sleep beneath the Latmian hill, the beautiful Selênê comes to gaze upon the being whom she loves only to lose. The phrase was too transparent to allow of the growth of a highly developed myth. In the one name we have the sun sinking down into the unseen land where all things are forgotten—in the other the full moon comes forth from the east to greet the sun, before he dies in the western sky. Hence there is little told of Selênê which fails to carry with it an obvious meaning. She is

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thousand and one hundred was the number of the maidens; and into so many forms did the son of Madhu multiply himself, so that every one of the damsels thought that he had wedded her in her single person."—*Vishṇu Purana*, *ib.* 589. This myth is beyond all doubt simply that of Prokris in another form. The dew becomes visible only when the blackness of the night is dispelled, and the same sun is reflected in the thousands of sparkling drops: but the language of the *Furana* is in singular accordance with the phraseology in which Roman Catholic writers delight to speak of nuns as the brides of Christ. In Slavonic traditions, cited by Afanasief, the place of Naraka is taken by a seven-headed snake, which carries off a girl (Korê, Persephonê) as she is taking food to her two brothers in the forest. These two brothers go in search of her, and find her in the snake's dwelling; but failing to eat the iron bread given to them for food, they are killed by the snake, who plucks out their eyes and hangs their bodies on a beam. As their mother is weeping one day (the mourning Dêmêtêr), she sees a pea come rolling along, and eating it becomes the mother of their deliverer, who devours the iron food in the snake's house, turns the huge beam into dust and ashes with a touch of his finger, and slays the snake himself.—Ralston, *Songs of the Russian People*, 177.

[1] It is, of course, true that these myths have been crystallised round the name of Krishna in ages subsequent to the period during which the earliest Vedic literature came into existence; but the myths themselves are found in this older literature associated with other gods, and not always only in germ. Krishna as slaying the dragon is simply Indra smiting Vritra or Ahi, or Phoibos destroying the Python. There is no more room for inferring foreign influence in the growth of any of these myths than, as Bunsen rightly insists, there is room for tracing Christian influence in the earlier epical literature of the Teutonic tribes. Practically the myths of Krishna seem to have been fully developed in the days of Megasthenes, who identifies him with the Greek Heraklês. — **Nork, s.v.** Krishna, 398.

the beautiful eye of night, the daughter of Hyperiôn, of Pallas, or of Helios, the sister of Phoibos Apollôn. Like the sun, she moves across the heaven in a chariot drawn by white horses from which her soft light streams down to the earth; or she is the huntress, roving like Alpheios, over hill and dale. She is the bride of Zeus, and the mother of Pandia, the full orb which gleams in the nightly sky;[1] or as loving, like him, the crags, the streams, and the hills, she is beloved by Pan, who entices her into the dark woods under the guise of a snow-white ram.[2] In other words, the soft whispering wind, driving before it the shining fleecy clouds, draws the moon onwards into the sombre groves. In another version, she is Asterodia, the wanderer among the stars, the mother of the fifty daughters of Endymiôn, the Ursula of modern legend with her many virgins.[3] In short, the moon may be spoken of as the king of the realm of night, and the father, brother, or husband of the sun which springs from it. Or, if it be regarded as feminine, it may be his mother, his nurse, his sister, or his bride. It may be friendly to him, as is Iao, or hostile, as is the Unicorn. It may chase him, as he sinks in the western sea, or may seek to hide herself from his blinding splendour, as he rises in the east.[4]

Iô the heifer.

In the story of Iô, the moon appears in connexion with the myths of Hermes, Prometheus, and other tales. Iô is pre-eminently the horned being,[5] whose existence is one of brief joy, much suffering, and many changes and wanderings; in other words, her life is the life of the moon in its several phases, from full to new, and thence back to the full again. She is the pure priestess of the great queen of heaven, on whom Zeus, the lord of the untroubled ether, looks down with unfailing love.[1] But Hêrê is the wife of Zeus, and thus at once she is jealous of Iô, whom Zeus vainly changes into a heifer[2] (the well-known symbol of the young or horned morn) in the hope of saving her from Hêrê. Hêrê gains possession of the heifer, and places her in the charge of Argos Panoptês, the being with a thousand eyes, some of which he opens when the stars arise, while others he closes when their orbs go down. Whether these eyes are, as in some versions, placed on his brow and on the back of his head, or, as in others, scattered all over his body, Argos is the star-illumined sky watching over the moon as she wanders

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[1] "Pandia, d. h. die ganz leuchtende."—Preller, *Gr. Myth.* i. 347.

[2] Virg. *Georg.* iii. 391.

[3] Preller regards the number 50 here as denoting the fifty moons of the Olympian Festal Cycle.—*Gr. Myth.* i. 348. But the myth must be taken along with the legends of the fifty sons or daughters of Aigyptos, Danaos, or Priam. It must not be forgotten, however, that the moon is more commonly masculine than feminine. It is not easy for Englishmen to understand why some of the branches of the Teutonic race should have retained a fashion which to us seems strange, and which we do not find among Greeks, although we hear of Lunus among the Romans. But the masculine character of the moon is at once explained, by a reference to the idea that "as chaos preceded order, so night preceded day, and the enthronement of the moon as the Night-king marks the commencement of the annals of kosmic order."

[4] Brown, *The Unicorn*, 69. In Slavonic, as in the Teutonic mythology, the moon is male. His wedding with the sun brings on him the wrath of Perkunas, as the song tells us:

The Moon wedded the Sun
In the first spring.
The Sun rose early;
The Moon departed from her.
The Moon wandered alone;
Courted the Morning Star.
Perkunas, greatly wroth,
Cleft him with a sword.
"Wherefore dost thou depart from
the Sun,
Wandering by night alone,
Courting the Morning Star?"

[5] This horned being becomes at length the Unicorn of Heraldry, whose history Mr. Brown has traced in his very valuable monograph on "The Unicorn," 1881. It is scarcely necessary to say that this Unicorn is more the Rhinoceros than the serpent, which bites women (note [1], p. 345); is an adder or a cobra. It is endowed, as Garcias says, with "a wonderful horn, which it would sometimes turn to the left and right, at others raise, and then again depress." The changes of the moon are

> Pale for very weariness
> Of climbing heaven and gazing on the earth,
> Wandering companionless
> Among the stars that have a different birth.[3]

In this aspect Argos appears in the Cretan myth as Asteriôn, or the Minotauros, the guardian of the Diadalean labyrinth, the mazes of the star-clothed heavens.

Argos Panoptês.

From this terrible bondage she is rescued at the bidding of Zeus by Hermes, who appears here as a god of the morning-tide. By the power of his magic rod, and by the music of his flute, the soft whisper of the morning breeze, he lulls even Argos himself into slumber, and then his sword falls, and the thousand eyes are closed in death, as the stars go out when the morning comes, and leave the moon alone.[4] This rescue of Iô by Hermes is, in the opinion of Preller, the temporary disappearance of the moon, during her wanderings in unknown regions until she appears as Pandia, the full moon, in the eastern

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here as clearly described as the effects of wind in the myth of Hermes.—Brown, *The Unicorn*, 12.

[1] Iô becomes a mother ἐξ ἐπιπνοίας Διός, Æsch. *Supp.* 18; a myth which may be compared with the story of the mares of Diomêdês.

[2] In the Norse story of Tatterhood, the younger of the two sisters who answer to the Dioskouroi is changed into a calf, and the tale immediately connects the transformation with the voyage of Isis. The same incidents are found in the *Arabian Nights* in the story of the Old Man and the Hind, where the transformation is precisely owing to the jealousy of Hêrê for Iô and her offspring.

[3] It is not likely that Shelley was thinking of the myth of Argos Panoptês when he wrote these lines; but he has singularly reproduced this idea of the antagonism between the moon and the stars.

[4] The myth is thus explained which makes Hermes the father of Autolykos, who in the *Odyssey* is the grandfather of Odysseus and the craftiest of men—a character which, as Preller remarks, is simply reflected from Hermes. *Gr. Myth.* i. 305. The name Autolykos is as transparent as that of Argos Panoptês. The eyes of the dead Argos are placed by Hêrê in the peacock's tail; but this was only another symbol for the starry heavens. Preller, *ib.* ii. 41.

heaven.[1] This time was naturally conceived as one of trouble and toil, and so the myth went that Iô was driven from one place to another by a gadfly sent by Hêrê, who suffers her neither to rest by day nor to sleep by night.

Iô and Prometheus.

These wanderings have been related by Æschylus in his immortal drama of the bound Prometheus. They carry her over regions, some of whose names belong to our earthly geography; but any attempts to fix her course in accordance with the actual position of these regions is mere labour lost. That for such accuracy Æschylus cared nothing is plain from the fact that the course which Iô takes in his play of the Suppliants cannot be reconciled with the account given in the Prometheus. It is enough to note that the poet takes his moon from the West towards the North, gradually approaching the East and the South, until in the beautiful Aigyptos she is suffered to resume her proper form, or in other words, appear as the full moon,[2] the shape in which she was seen before Zeus changed her into the horned heifer or new moon. This mention of Egypt, or the land of the Nile, as the cradle of her child Epaphos, naturally led the Greeks to identify Iô with the Egyptian Isis, and her son with the bull Apis,[3]—an identification to which no objection can be raised, so long as it is not maintained that the Hellenic names and conceptions of the gods were borrowed from those of Egypt. The great Athenian poet would naturally introduce among the places visited by Iô, places and peoples which excited his curiosity, his wonder, or his veneration. She from whom was to spring the deliverer of Prometheus must herself learn from the tortured Titan what must be the course of her own sufferings and their issue. She must cross the heifer's passage, or Bosporos, which bears her name: she must journey through the country of the Chalybes, beings akin to the Kyklôpes who forge the thunderbolts of Zeus; she must trust herself to the guidance of the Amazons who will lead her to the rocks of Salmydessos, rocks not unlike the Symplegades in the Argonautic story: she must encounter the Graiai and the Gorgons in the land of the gloaming and the night, and finally she is to see the end of her sorrows when she reaches the well or fountains of the sun. There her child will be born, and the series of generations will roll on, which are to end in the glorious victories of her descendant, Heraklês.[1]

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[1] *Gr. Myth.* ii. 39.

[2] Mr. Brown (*The Unicorn*, p. 27) cites some Mardian coins as furnishing the earliest known instances of the lunar emblem which exhibits three crescent moons issuing from the full moon, in connexion with the unicorn. This emblem explains at once the three-legged unicorn ass of the Bundahish, and also the arms of the Kingdom of Man, in which we see three legs attached to a central orb.

[3] This calf-god was supposed to manifest himself from time to time in a bull, which, being recognised by certain signs, was consecrated and received high worship. It was not suffered to live more than twenty-five years, and his burial was followed by a general mourning until a new calf, with the proper mark, was discovered. Apis, deified after death, became Serapis.

Hekatê.

To Phoibos, as Hekatos, the far-shooting lord of light, Hekatê stands in the relation which Diana holds towards Dianus or Janus. She falls, in short, into the ranks of correlative deities with the Asvins and the Dioskouroi, Suryâ and Savitri, and many others already named. Her keenness of hearing and sight is second only to that of Helios, for when Dêmêtêr is searching in agony for her lost child, it is Hekatê alone who says that she has heard her cries, while Helios is further able to tell her whither Hades has departed with the maiden. She is then the queen of the night, the moon, and as such she may be described as sprung either from Zeus and Hêrê, or like Phoibos himself, from Lêtô, or even from Tartaros, or again, from Asteria, the starlit night.[2] In a comparison of offices and honours it is hard to see whether Phoibos or Hekatê stands higher; and all that can be said is that the Hesiodic poet could hardly have spoken of her in a strain so highflown if the thought of Apollôn and his wisdom, incommunicable even to Hermes, had at the moment crossed his mind, just as the worshipper of Brahma or Vishṇu must have modified his language, had he wished to bring it into apparent consistency with what he may have said elsewhere in his devotions to Varuṇa, Dyaus, or Soma. She is the benignant being, ever ready to hear those who offer to her a holy sacrifice. Nor has she fallen from the high estate which was hers before Zeus vanquished the Titans; but she remains mighty as ever, in the heavens, on the earth, and in the sea. She is the giver of victory in war, the helper of kings in the ministration of justice, the guardian of the flocks and of the vineyards; and thus she is named pre-eminently Kourotrophos, the nurse and the cherisher of men. But these great powers could scarcely fail to throw over her an air of mystery and awe. She would be sometimes the solitary inhabitant of a dismal region, caring nothing for the sympathy or the love of others; and the very help which with her flaming torch she gives to Dêmêtêr would make her a goddess of the dark nether world to which she leads the sorrowing mother. Her ministers therefore must be as mysterious as herself, and thus the Kourêtes and Kabeiroi become the chosen servants of her sacrifices. Like Artemis, she is accompanied by hounds, not flashing-footed like that which Prokris received from the twin-sister of Phoibos, but Stygian dogs akin to

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[1] It is, of course, quite possible that with this particular myth of Iô some features borrowed from Semitic mythology may have been designedly blended. The Phenician Astarte, Ashtaroth, was also represented as a wandering heifer, or a horned maiden. Both alike lose their children and search for them as Dêmêtêr searched for Persephonê.—Preller, *Gr. Myth.* ii. 44.

[2] Hes. *Theog.* 411.

Kerberos and the awful hounds of Yama. Only one step more was needed to reach that ideal of witchcraft which is exhibited in its most exalted form in the wise woman Medeia. It is from a cave, like that in which Kirkê and Kalypso dwell, that she marks the stealing away of Persephonê, and her form is but dimly seen as she moves among murky mists. She thus becomes the spectral queen who sends from her gloomy realm vain dreams and visions, horrible demons and phantoms, and who imparts to others the evil knowledge of which she has become possessed herself. Her own form becomes more and more fearful. Like Kerberos, she assumes three heads or faces, which denote the monthly phases of the moon—the horse with its streaming mane being the crescent moon, the snake denoting the rays of light from the circular or full moon, and the dog, who is only partially visible, representing the half-moon.[1]

Artemis.

In some traditions Artemis is the twin-sister of Phoibos, with whom she takes her place in the ranks of correlative deities. In others she is born so long before him that she can aid Lêtô her mother at the birth of Phoibos—a myth which speaks of the dawn and the sun as alike sprung from the night. Thus her birthplace is either Delos or Ortygia, in either case the bright morning land, and her purity is that of Athênê and Hestia. Over these three deities alone Aphroditê has no power. Love cannot touch the maiden whose delight is in the violet tints of dawn or in the arrows which she sends forth with never failing precision,[2] and which seal the doom, while they are given to avenge the wrongs, of Prokris. Like Phoibos, she has the power of life and death; she can lessen or take away the miseries and plagues which she brings upon men, and those who honour her are rich in flocks and herds and reach a happy old age. From those who neglect her she exacts a fearful penalty; and the Kalydonian boar ravages the fields of Oineus only because he had forgotten to include her among the deities to whom he offered sacrifice.[3] In a word, the colours may be paler, but her features and form generally are those of her glorious brother. With him she takes delight in song,[4] and as Phoibos overcomes the Pythôn, so is she the slayer of Tityos.[1]

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[1] Brown, *The Unicorn*, 44–46.

[2] παρθένος ἰοχέαιρα.

[3] Grote remarks that in the hunt which follows for the destruction of the boar, Artemis, who is sometimes confounded even with her attendant nymphs, reappears in the form of Atalantê.—*Hist. Gr.* i. 76. The name of Camilla, the counterpart of Atalantê in the *Æneid*, is, according to M. Maury, that of a Gallic divinity, being the feminine form of Camulus (Camillus).—*Croyances et Légendes de l'Antiquité*, 229, *et seq.*

[4] *Hymn to Aphrodite*, 19. Preller (*Gr. Myth.* i. 228) adopts the explanation which connects her name with the word ἀρτεμής, and regards the epithet as denoting her unsullied purity as well as her physical vigour. Her kindly and indignant aspects are with him the varying, yet constantly recurring, effects produced by the moon on the phenomena of the seasons, and, as was supposed, of human life. For the Ephesian Artemis, see note[3], p. 309.

The Arkadian and Delian Artemis.

It seems unnecessary to draw any sharp distinction between the Arkadian and the Delian Artemis. If she is no longer the mere reflexion of Phoibos, she still calls herself a child of Lêtô,[2] and appears as the glorious morning roving through the heaven before the birth of the sun. This broad-spreading light is represented by her wanderings among the glens and along the mountain summits of Arkadia. Like Athênê and Aphroditê, she belongs to or springs from the running waters, and she demands from Zeus an attendant troop of fifty Okeanid and twenty Amnisiad, or river, nymphs.[3] With these she chases her prey on the heights of Erymanthos, Mainalos, and Taygetos. Her chariot is fashioned by the fiery Hephaistos, and Pan, the breeze whispering among the reeds, provides her with dogs, the clouds which speed across the sky driven by the summer winds. Here, like Arethousa, she is loved and pursued by Alpheios, who fails to seize her.

Artemis Orthia and Tauropola.

But the cultus of the Spartan Artemis, whose epithet Orthia would seem to denote a phallic deity, is marked by features so repulsive, and so little involved in the myth of the Delian sister of Phoibos, that the inference of an earlier religion, into which Aryan mythical names were imported, becomes not unwarrantable.[4] Whether or not this Artemis be the same as the Artemis known by the epithets Taurica or Tauropola,[5] she is a mere demon, glutted with the human sacrifices which seem to have formed a stage in the religious developement of every nation on the earth. We have here manifestly the belief that the gods are all malignant powers, hungering for the blood of human victims, and soothed by the smoke of the fat as it curls up heavenwards.[6] But the prevalence of this earlier form of faith or practice would tend to prove only that the mythology of the Greeks was not necessarily their religion, and was certainly not commensurate with it. Still, although there is not much in the phenomena of morning, or in the myth of the Delian Artemis, to suggest the practice of slaying youths and maidens, or scourging them until the blood ran in streams to glut the angry demon, there are not wanting mythical phrases which, if translated into the conditions of human life, would point to such revolting systems.[1] Adonis cannot rise to the life of the blessed gods until he has been slain. The morning cannot come until the Eôs who closed the previous day has faded away and died in the black abyss of night. So it is also with Memnôn and Sarpêdôn, with Endymiôn and Narkissos. But all these are the children of Zeus or Phoibos, or some other deity of the heaven or the sun; and thus the parents may be said to sacrifice their children, as Tantalos placed the mangled Pelops on the banquet-table of Zeus. It is thus seemingly that Iphigeneia must die before Helen can be brought again from Ilion: but Helen is herself Iphigeneia, and thus the return of Helen is the resurrection of the victim doomed by the words of Kalchas and the consent of Agamemnon, and Iphigeneia becomes the priestess of Artemis, whose wrath she had been slain to expiate. With an unconscious fidelity to the old mythical phrases, which is still more remarkable, Iphigeneia is herself Artemis, and thus the story resolves itself into the saying that the evening and the morning are the same, but that she must die at night before she can spring into life again at dawn. Nor must it be forgotten that Helen stolen away from the Argive or gleaming land

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[1] Kallim. *Hymn to Artemis*, 110.

[2] *Ib.* καὶ γὰρ ἐγὼ Λητωίας εἰμί. She desires to be worshipped under many names, that she may not need to fear the rivalry of Apollôn, 7.

[3] *Ib.* 20, &c.

[4] There is something altogether non-Hellenic in the worship of Artemis generally, as in that of Zeus under some of his many epithets. The phallic nature of this worship is indicated by the statements of Pausanias that Zeus Meilichios was worshipped at Sikyon in the form of a pyramid, and Artemis Patrôa in that of a column. The cruelty of the ritual led Bunsen to suppose that the epithet Meilichios was used in irony; but it is clear that Meilichios represents the Semitic Moloch, and thus the name accounts for the character of the worship.

[5] For Mr. Brown's interpretation of this epithet, see his *Great Dionysiak Myth*, ii. 136. His conclusion is that the word denotes "the Kosmos considered as alive and animated, replete with motive life-power."

[6] The extent to which these horrible superstitions prevailed among the historical Greeks as well as among other races and tribes has been excellently traced by Mr. Paley in a paper on "Chthonian Worship" (*Journal of Philology*, No. I. June, 1868). His conclusion is that, as "the propitiation of malignant powers rather than the adoration of a supreme good seems to have formed the basis of the early religions of the world," so a large part of the early religious systems of the Greeks exhibits

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this character of devil-worship, in which streams of human blood were the only effectual offerings. The unsatisfied shades or ghosts of heroes became hateful demons, going about with wide-stretched mouths for anything which might serve as a prey. These are the Latin Manduci and Lemures, the Greek Lamyroi, and Charôn, the gaper, words "all pointing to swallowing and devouring, as our *goblin* is supposed to do," p. 7. The general proposition is indisputable, but the English goblin seems to represent etymologically the Teutonic Kobold and the Greek Kobâlos, beings doubtless of closely kindred character. If this be so, the idea of sacrifice is traced back to an utterly revolting source in the thoughts of the still savage man. To the question which asks how this conclusion "can be reconciled with the Jewish doctrine of sacrifice and all its momentous consequences," he answers, "I think we may fairly reply, we are not called upon to reconcile them. We are not building up questionable theories, but expounding unquestionable matters of fact; and it is a perfectly open subject of discussion whether the pagan idea of sacrifice is a corruption of a revealed obligation of man to his Creator, or whether it was (as many will think more probable) independently derived and developed from the materialistic and sensuous notions of the untutored races of antiquity about the nature, condition, and wants of beings, infernal and supernal," p. 13.

[1] Mr. Brown (*Great Dionysiak Myth*, i. 135) regards the version of the myth which speaks of the substitution of the stag for Iphigeneia at the moment of sacrifice, as being, like the similar substitution in the case of Isaac, an instance "of disapprobation of the bloody cult peculiar to Kanaanite, Phenician, and Karthaginian."

of the West is the golden light stolen away in the evening. The weary voyage from the Achaian shores is the long journey of the sun-children for the stolen treasure, beginning just when the twilight is deepening into night, and when the lagging hours seem likely never to pass away. Iphigeneia is slain at the beginning of this dismal journey—in other words, she dies in the evening that Helen may come back in the morning, when, after ten long hours of mortal strife, the walls of Ilion have fallen. But when Artemis, Helen, and Iphigeneia, had received each her own distinct personality, it was easy to say that the anger of Artemis, offended for some supposed neglect or affront of Agamemnon, was the cause of the death of Iphigeneia.

Iphigeneia and Britomartis.

The distinction between Artemis and Britomartis is as slight as that which separates her from Iphigeneia. Whatever be the origin of the name, Britomartis is spoken of as a daughter of Lêtô, or of Zeus and Karmê, and as flying from the pursuit of Minos as Artemis flies from that of Alpheios.[1] From this pursuit she escapes, like Arethousa and Daphnê, only by throwing herself into the sea—as some said, because she leaped from the heights of Diktynnaion, or, as others would have it, because she fell into the nets (δίκτυα) of the fishermen. Rescued from the water she goes to Aigina, and is reverenced there under the name of Aphaia. The wanderings of Britomartis are simply the journey of the day across the heaven, and the story of the nets must clearly be compared with that of Danaê and the kindly treatment of Diktys of Seriphos, who is contrasted with his gloomy brother Polydektês—a mere reflexion of Hades Polydegmon. When the name of Diktys is further compared with the myth of the Diktaian cave, we can no longer doubt that Artemis Diktynna is simply Artemis the light-giving, and that the nets were brought into the myths by an equivocation similar to that which converted Arkas and Kallistô into bears and Lykâôn into a wolf.[2]

SECTION XV.—THE HUNTERS AND DANCERS OF THE HEAVENS.

Orion.

No one will claim a distinctively Hellenic character for such beings as Astarte, Adonis, or Melikertes; and few, after examining their characteristics, will hesitate to assert that the ideas expressed in these beings belong to the ordering of the Kosmos quite as much as to the phenomena of the seasons. Every night may be seen the majestic movement of the stars across the heavens; and in the measured steps of the great procession it would need no very vivid imagination to see a mystic dance regulated by the movements of the spheres. It is quite certain that Greek mythology brings before us a number of names which are no more Greek, or even Aryan, than are the names Athamas, or Harpokrates, or Osiris; and whatever else they may be, it is not less certain that these names describe generally beings who are pre-eminently hunters and dancers. At the head of these are the forms of Dionysos and Orîon; and among their attendants are the groups of Kourêtes, Korybantes, Telchînes, and Daktyloi. If these are neither Greek nor Aryan, the suspicion is justified that they may be creatures who found their way into Hellas by the same road which brought Kadmos and his sister to their Theban home.

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[1] Kallim. *Hymn. Art.* 192, &c.

[2] As the dawn springs fully armed from the forehead of the cloven sky, so the eye first discerns the blue of heaven as the first faint arch of light is seen in the East. This arch is the Diktaian cave in which the infant Zeus is nourished until he reaches his full strength—in other words, until the day is fully come.

Orion and Kedalion.

Orion is pre-eminently the mighty hunter. But is Orîon Greek, or is he even Aryan? In Boiotia, the land where Phenician influence was strongest, he was known not only as Orion, but also as Kandaon, and Kandaon is closely akin to Kandalos, one of the seven children of Helios and Rhodos, and brother of Makar, that is of Melkarth or Bacchus;[1] and he thus takes his place in the group to which Kadmos and other undoubtedly Phenician strangers belong. In the Greek versions of the myth, he is sprung from the earth or the waters, as a son whether of Poseidôn and Euryalê, or of Oinopion. He grows up a mighty hunter, doomed to be smitten down in his full strength, and to rise with renewed splendour after his imprisonment in the land of darkness. In short, Orîon is the sun, the racer through the heavens, who wanders alone through the boundless Olympos, in ceaseless pursuit of the beasts whose abode is in the high heaven, and follows the phantoms of the same beasts in his nightly journey across the under world, armed with his mighty club, the glowing torch-mace which is soon to flame with the splendour of the coming day.[2] At Chios he sees the beautiful Aerô; but when he seeks to make her his bride, he is blinded by her father, who, on the advice of Dionysos, comes upon him in his sleep. Orîon is now told that he may yet recover his sight if he would go to the east and look toward the rising sun. Thither he is led by the help of Hephaistos, who sends Kedalion as his guide. On his return he vainly tries to seize and punish the man who had blinded him, and then wandering onwards meets and is loved by Artemis. Of his death many stories were told. In the Odyssey he is slain in Ortygia, the dawn land, by Artemis, who is jealous of her rival Eôs. In another version Artemis slays him unwittingly, having aimed at a mark on the sea which Phoibos had declared that she could not hit. This mark was the head of Orîon, who had been swimming in the waters. Asklêpios, we are further told, seeks to raise him from the dead, and thus brings on his own doom from the thunderbolts of Zeus.

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[1] See p. 326. Mr. Brown (*Great Dionysiak Myth*, ii. 278, 281) regards the name as containing the Semitic root *ur*, light, whence the Assyrian *aon*, Heb. *aor*, the light of day, which shines in the land of Ur.

[2] I have borrowed the words of Mr. Brown's eloquent description of the characteristics of Orion (*Great Dionysiak Myth*, ii. 275). The whole section on the myth of Orîon is marked by singular ability, and must carry conviction to every impartial mind as to the origin and significance of the tale.

Seirios.

Like Andromeda, Ariadnê, and other mythical beings, Orîon was after his death placed among the constellations, and his hound became the dog-star Seirios,[1] who marks the time of yearly drought. He is thus the deadly star[2] who burns up the fields of Aristaios and destroys his bees, and is stayed from his ravages only by the moistening heaven.[3] The word Seirios itself springs from the same root with the Sanskrit Sûrya and the Greek Helios, Hêrê, and Heraklês; and with Archilochos and Suidas it was still a name for the sun.[4] Orîon, then, and Seirios, if not altogether Semitic, are at least only superficially coloured by Aryan thought. Like Dionysos, these are rather Kosmical gods than beings who owe their origin to phrases describing the phenomena of the summer and winter, light and darkness. They are conspicuous members of that mysterious band which moves in march or dance across the heavens, and whose names were for the most part uncouth sounds in Hellenic ears. Some of these names have been so far softened down as to wear an Aryan look; others, like the Kourêtes, Telchînes, and Kabeiroi, are scarcely hidden by the thin disguise. These creatures have no legitimate title to be ranked amongst the mythical creations of the Aryan world; and we can do no more than take some notice of them, as they come before us in the several parts of the Hellenic mythology into which they have been introduced.

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[1] Mr. Brown regards this name as merely a transliteration of the Egyptian Osiris. It may be so; but I cannot venture to speak positively on this point. As to Aristaios, he regards him as springing from the Horned-sun, the general account being that he is the child of Apollôn and the Libyan nymph Kyrene (Ku-re-ne, or Horn).—*Great Dionysiak Myth*, 402.

[2] οὔλιος ἀστήρ.

[3] Ζεὺς ἰκμαῖος. Preller, *Gr. Myth.* i. 358.

[4] In support of his assertion that Seirios was a name for any glittering orb or star, Preller quotes Hesychios: Σειρίου κυνὸς δίκην Σοφοκλῆς τὸν ἀστρῷον κύνα, ὁ δὲ Ἀρχίλοχος τὸν ἥλιον, Ἴβυκος δὲ πάντα τὰ ἄστρα, and adds "Suidas kennt die Form Seir für Sonne. Arat. *Phoin.* 331: ὅς ῥα μάλιστα Ὀξέα σειριάει, καί μιν καλέουσ' ἄνθρωποι Σείριον."—*Gr. Myth.* i. 355.

CHAPTER III.

THE LOST TREASURE.

SECTION I.—THE GOLDEN FLEECE.

The myth of stolen treasure found among the Aryan nations.

THE idea of wealth is one of the most prominent characteristics in the legends of Helios, Ixîon, Sisyphos, and Tantalos. The golden palace of Helios, blazing with intolerable splendour, is reflected in the magnificent home of the Phrygian and Corinthian kings. So dazzling indeed is the brilliance of this treasure-house that none may look closely upon it and live. Hence Dia the beautiful wife of Ixîon has never seen her husband's wealth, as the Dawn may never see the sun when high in the heavens: and her father Hesioneus who insists on being put into possession of all the glorious things which Ixîon said should follow his union with Dia, the radiant morning, finds himself plunged into a gulf of fire. These treasures, in the myth of Prokris, Eôs herself bestows on Kephalos that he may beguile the gentle daughter of the dew. They are the beautiful flowers which bloom in the Hyperborean gardens, the wonderful web wrought and unwrought by Penelopê, the riches which the suitors waste in the absence of Odysseus, the herds of cattle which are fed by the glistening nymphs who rise from the ocean stream. They are the light of day in all its varied aspects and with all its wonderful powers. With them is bound up the idea of life, health, and joy: and hence, when these treasures are taken away, the very blackness of desolation must follow. What can the sons of men do, when the bright being who has gladdened their eyes is taken from their sight? Must they not either sit still in utter despair or wait with feverish impatience until they see his kindly face again? What again must be the drama of those dark and dreary hours which pass between the setting of the sun and its rising? What must be the history of the silent time ending in the battle which precedes the defeat of the powers of darkness? That mighty conflict they might see every morning in the eastern heavens, as the first light flickers faintly across the sky, only to be driven back, as it would seem, until it returns with fresh strength and aided by new friends: but the incidents which went before this strife they could not see. All that was before their eyes reminded them of the hosts of vapours, some bright, some murky, which had been marshalled round the dying sun; and the same forms are now seen, the dark clouds being gradually driven away or being even changed from foes into friends as the sunlight turns their blackness into gold. But the bright clouds, sailing along in unsullied purity, are especially the children of Helios, the offspring of the union of Ixîon and the lovely Nephelê. These then have sought him through the long hours of the night, and at length have rescued him from the gloomy prison-house. There is thus the daily taking away in the West of all that gives life its value, of all on which life itself depends; and it must be taken away by robbers utterly malignant and hateful. Thus there is also the nightly search for these thieves,—a search which must be carried on in darkness amidst many dangers and against almost insurmountable obstacles; and this search must end in a terrible battle, for how should the demons yield up their prey until their strength is utterly broken? But even when the victory is won, the task is but half achieved. The beautiful light must be brought back to the Western home from which the plunderers had stolen it; and there will be new foes to be encountered on the way, storm-clouds and tempests, black vapours glaring down with their single eye, fierce winds, savage whirlpools. But at length all is done, and the radiant maiden, freed from all real or fancied stains of guilt, gladdens her husband's house once more, before the magic drama of plunder, rescue, and return is acted over again; and it is precisely this magic round which furnishes all the materials for what may be called the mythical history not only of Greece but of all the Aryan nations. If the features are the same in all, if there is absolutely no political motive or interest in any one which may not be found more or less prominent in all the rest, if it is everywhere the same tale of treasure stolen, treasure searched for and fought for, treasure recovered and brought back, why are we to suppose that we are dealing in each case with a different story? Why are we to conjure up a hundred local conflicts each from precisely the same causes, each with precisely the same incidents and the same results? Why are we to think that the treasures of Eôs are not the treasures of Helen, that Helen's wealth is not the wealth of Brynhild, and that Brynhild's riches are not the dower of the wife of Walthar of Aquitaine? Why, when myth after myth of the Hellenic tribes exhibits the one ceaseless series of precious things taken away and after fearful toils recovered, and after not less terrible labours brought back, are we to believe that the errand on which the Achaian chieftains depart from Hellas is in every case different? If it be urged that such movements are those of a squirrel in its cage, and that such movements, though they may be graceful, yet must be monotonous, the answer is that not only is the daily alternation of light and darkness thus proved to be monotonous, but all the incidents and the whole course of human life may be invested with the same dull colouring. Men are married, love and hate, get wealth or struggle in poverty, and die; and the monotony is broken only when we have distinguished the toils and acts of one man from those of another and learnt to see the points of interest which meet us everywhere on the boundless field of human life, as they meet us also in all the countless aspects of the changing heavens. There is, in short, no dulness except in those who bring the charge; and the story of Daphnê and Echo does not lose its charm because it is all told over again in the legends of Arethousa and Selênê.

Repetition of this myth under different forms.

The taking away of precious things, and the united search of armed hosts for their recovery, come before us first in the great myth of the Argonautic Voyage. The tale is repeated in the stealing of Helen and her treasures, and is once more told in the banishment of the Herakleidai and their efforts, at last successful, to recover their lost inheritance. These myths fall into a regular series, and are repeated until we find ourselves on the confines of genuine history, which cuts the threads of the mythical drama just where it happens to meet them; and we leave the subject in the full confidence that the radiant maiden would have been stolen and the children of the sun banished from the west yet many times more under different names and with circumstances sufficiently varied, had not men been awakened to the need of providing in contemporary writing a sure means for the preservation of historical facts.

The Golden Fleece.

Into the Argonautic story, as into the mythical histories or sagas which follow it, a number of subordinate legends have been interwoven, many of which have been already noticed as belonging to the myths of the heavens and the light, clouds, waters, winds, and darkness; and we have now only to follow the main thread of the narrative from the moment when Phrixos,[1] the child of the mist, has reached the Kolchian land and the home of king Aiêtês. Hellê, the warm and brilliant-tinted maiden, has died by the way, and the cold light only remains when the golden-fleeced ram, the offspring of

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[1] The name belongs apparently to the same root with Prokris, note[2], p. 240, and is thus connected with φρίσσω, our *freeze*, the story of the spoiling of the corn being the result of frost not less surely than of drought, with which the form Phryxos led the Greek to connect it.

Poseidôn and Theophanê, the lord of the air and the waters, and the bright gleaming sky, reaches its journey's end. The treasures of the day, brought to the east, are now in the words of Mimnermos represented by "a large fleece in the town of Aiêtês, where the rays of Helios rest in a golden chamber." These treasures must be sought out so soon as the man destined to achieve the task is forthcoming. He is found by the same tokens which foretold the future greatness of Oidipous, Perseus, Têlephos, Romulus, or Cyrus. Pelias, the chief of Iolkos, who had driven away his brother Neleus, had been told that one of the children of Aiolos would be his destroyer, and decreed therefore that all should be slain. Iasôn only (a name which must be classed with the many others, Iasion, Iamos, Iolaos, Iaso, belonging to the same root) is preserved, and brought up like Achilleus by the wise Kentaur Cheiron, the son or descendant of Ixîon and Nephelê, the sun and the cloud. The child grows up: Pelias receives another warning to be on his guard against the one-sandalled man; and he discerns his enemy when Iasôn appears with one foot only shod, having dropped the other slipper into the stream Anauros. There is nothing, however, that he can do beyond putting him to the performance of impossible tasks; and thus as Eurystheus sent Heraklês on hopeless errands, so Pelias thinks to be rid of Iasôn by bidding him bring the golden fleece back to Iolkos.[1] The journey is too long and across seas too stormy, and the toil is too great for any one man, be he ever so mighty; and as all the kinsfolk of Hellê are equally sufferers by the robbery, so all must unite to avenge her wrongs and regain her wealth. From all parts they come together, fifty in number, like the children of Danaos and Aigyptos, of Thestios and Asterodia, to the building of the great ship Argo, which Athênê endows with the gift of speech and the power, possessed also by the Phaiakian barks, of understanding the thoughts of men. But before they could leave their own land there was need of yet further help to enable them to tame the fury of savage beasts, birds, and creeping things; and thus Iasôn betakes himself to the harper Orpheus, whose sweet tones no living thing can withstand. He alone can find his way to the utmost bounds of darkness and return in safety; and the tidings that Orpheus would accompany them scattered the gloom which was gathering thickly on the hearts of the Argonautai. His power is soon shown. In spite of all efforts to dislodge her, the Argo remained fast fixed to the spot on which she was built; but at the sound of the harp of Orpheus it went down quickly and smoothly into the sea. Before she sets out on her perilous voyage, Cheiron gives them a feast, and a contest in music follows between the Kentaur, who sings of the wars with the Lapithai, and Orpheus, who, like Hermes, discourses of all things from Chaos downwards, of Eros and Kronos and the giants, like the song of the winds which seem to speak of things incomprehensible by man.

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[1] It is scarcely necessary to notice the many versions of this myth. In some we have the Enîpeus or the Evênos instead of the Anauros; in others Iasôn loses his sandal while carrying across the stream Hêrê, who loves him and has assumed the form of an old woman, that so she may be borne in his arms. Others make Pelias declare himself ready to yield up his place and power to Iasôn, only he must first bring back the lost treasure.

The Argonautic Voyage.

Setting out from Iolkos, the confederate chiefs reach Lemnos, while the island is seemingly suffering from the plagues which produced the myths of the Danaides in Argos. Like them, the Lemnian women all kill their husbands, one only, Thoas, being saved, like Lynkeus, by his daughters and his wife Hypsipylê. These women yield themselves to the Argonautai, as the Danaides take other husbands when they have slain the sons of Aigyptos.[1] In the country of the Doliones they are welcomed by the chief Kyzikos, who, however, is subsequently slain by them unwittingly and to their regret. In Amykos, the king of the Bebrykes, or roaring winds, they encounter Namuki, one of the Vedic adevas or enemies of the bright gods,[2] who slays Polydeukes, the twin brother of Kastor. In the Thrakian Salmydessos they receive further counsel from Phineus the seer, who suffers from the attacks of the Harpyiai, a foe akin to the Bebrykes. In gratitude for his deliverance from these monsters, Phineus tells them that if they would avoid being crushed by the Symplêgades, or floating rocks, which part asunder and close with a crash like thunder, they must mark the flight of a dove, and shape their course accordingly. The dove loses only the feathers of its tail; and the Argo, urged on by the power of Hêrê, loses only some of its stern ornaments, and henceforth the rocks remain fixed for ever.[3] The inci-

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[1] That this incident is precisely the same as the story of the sojourn of Odysseus in the land of the Lotophagoi, is manifest from the phrase used in the Argonautics. They all, we are told, forgot the duty set before them, nor would they have left the island, but for the strains of Orpheus which recalled them to their sense of right and law, 490. Thus this incident throws light on the nature of the enjoyments signified by the eating of the lotos. See p. 356.

[2] Max Müller, *Chips*, &c., ii. 188.

[3] It has been supposed that the Symplêgades represent icebergs which in the ages during which the myth was developed were seen in the Black Sea, and which melted away at the mouth of the Bosporos. In support of the position that the myth thus points to physical phenomena now no longer known in that sea, Mr. Paley remarks that their name Kyancai is very significant, and that "they are described as rolling and plunging precisely as icebergs are often seen to do." "When the Pontus was a closed lake, as even human tradition distinctly states that it once was (Diod. S. v. 47), it was very likely indeed, especially towards the close of a glacial period, that a great accumulation

CHAP. III.

dents which follow their arrival in Kolchis repeat in part the myth of Kadmos at Thebes; and indeed the teeth of the dragon which Aiêtês bids him sow are the very teeth which Kadmos had not needed to use. The men who spring from them fight with and slay each other as in the Theban legend, and by the aid of Medeia Iasôn also tames the fire-breathing bulls, beings which answer to the Minotauros of Crete and the brazen bull in which Phalaris is said to have burnt his victims.[1] Dangers thicken round them. While Iasôn is thus doing the bidding of the chieftain, Aiêtês is forming a plan to burn the Achaian ships, and is anticipated only by Medeia, who has lavished her love on Iasôn with all the devotion of Eôs for Orion. She hastens with her lover on board the Argo, and hurriedly leaves Kolchis, taking with her her brother Absyrtos. But Aiêtês is not yet prepared to yield. The Gorgon sisters cannot rest without at the least making an effort to avenge Medousa on her destroyer Perseus. Aiêtês is fast overtaking the Argo when Medeia tears her brother's body limb from limb, and casts the bleeding and mangled members into the sea—an image of the torn and blood-red clouds reflected in the blue waters, as the blood which streams from the body of Heraklês represents the fiery clouds stretched along the flaming sky.[2] But Absyrtos is as dear to Aiêtês as Polyphêmos to Poseidôn; and as he stops to gather up the limbs, the Argo makes her way onward, and the Kolchian chief has to return home discomfited. The Achaians are now possessed of the golden fleece, but Zeus also is wroth at the death of Absyrtos, and raises a storm, of which the results are similar to those of the tempest raised by Poseidôn to avenge the mutilation of Polyphêmos. In fact, the chief incidents in the return of Odysseus we

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of ice should have been formed in so vast a basin, borne down from the Northern rivers. When the lake burst its barriers, they would be carried by the current towards the entrance of the straits, and there become stranded, as the story says that in fact they did."—*Pindar*, introd. xxiv. Among other myths pointing to physical facts of a past age Mr. Paley cites the story of the rising of Rhodes from the sea, comparing with it the fact of the recent upheaval of part of Santorin, the ancient Thera, and the old legend of the upheaving of Delos, as all showing that these islands lie "within an area of known volcanic disturbance." See also Tylor, *Primitive Culture*, i. 315.

[1] Of any historical Phalaris we know absolutely nothing; and the tradition simply assigns to him the character of the Phenician Moloch. The iniquities attributed to him are the horrid holocausts which defiled the temples of Carthage and the valley of Hinnom. His name is probably connected with Pales, Palikoi, Pallas, Palatium, and Phallos, and would thus point to the cruel forms which the worship of Aphroditê, Artemis, and the Light deities of the Phenicians generally, often assumed.

[2] The same fate is allotted to Myrtilos, whom Pelops throws into that portion of the Egean sea which was supposed to bear his name. It is, in fact, half the myth of Pelops himself, the difference being that while all are thrown into the water, Pelops is brought to life again—the difference, in other words, between Sarpêdôn in the common version and Memnôn, between Asklêpios and Osiris and Baldur.

find here also, in the magic songs of the Seirens, and the wisdom of Kirkê, in Skylla and Charybdis and the Phaiakian people. From the Seirens they are saved by the strains of Orpheus, strains even sweeter than theirs, which make the stuffing of the sailors' ears with wax a work of supererogation. It is useless to go into further detail. The accounts given of the cause of the voyage vary indefinitely in the different mythographers, each of whom sought to describe a journey through countries and by tracks least known to himself, and therefore the most mysterious. The geography, in short, of the Argonautic voyage is as much and as little worth investigating as the geography of the travels of Iô and the sons and daughters of her descendants Danaos and Aigyptos.

Iasôn and Medeia.

The prophecy uttered long ago to Pelias remained yet unfulfilled; and when Iasôn returned to Iolkos, he found, like Odysseus on his return to Ithaka, according to some versions, that his father Aison was still living, although worn out with age. The wise woman Medeia is endowed with the powers of Asklêpios by virtue of the magic robe bestowed on her by Helios himself, and these powers are exercised in making Aison young again. Pelias too, she says, shall recover all his ancient strength and vigour, if his daughters will cut up his limbs and boil them in a caldron; but when they do her bidding, Medeia suffers the limbs to waste away without pronouncing the words which would have brought him to life again. Thus is Iasôn, like Oidipous and Perseus, Cyrus and Romulus, one of the fatal children whose doom it is to slay their sires. The sequel of the myth of Iasôn has few, if any, features peculiar to itself. Iasôn can no more be constant to Medeia than Theseus to Ariadnê or Phoibos to Korônis. At Corinth he sees the beautiful Glaukê, another of the bright beings whose dwelling is in the morning or evening sky; but the nuptials must be as fatal as those of Iolê and Heraklês. The robe of Helios, which has been thus far only the golden fleece under another name, now assumes the deadly powers of the arrows of Heraklês, Achilleus, or Philoktêtês, and eats into the flesh of Glaukê and her father Kreôn, as the robe bathed in the blood of the Kentaur Nessos consumed the body of Heraklês. In the murder of the children of Iason by their mother Medeia we have only another version of the slaughter of Pelops by Tantalos, while the winged dragons which bear away her chariot are not the dragons of the night, like the snakes which seek to strangle the infant Heraklês, but the keener-eyed serpents of the morning, which feed the babe Iamos with honey in the violet beds. But this portion of the story may be told, and is told, in a hundred different ways. In one version she goes to Thebes, and there cures Heraklês of his poisoned wound; in another she is reconciled to Iasôn; in another she becomes the wife of Aigeus, king of Athens, and the enemy of his son Theseus. Others again carry Iasôn back with Medeia to Kolchis, or make him die, crushed beneath the timber-head of the Argo.

SECTION II.—HELEN.

The wealth of Helen.

There was, however, no need to carry Iasôn and Medeia with her golden robe back again to the eastern land. The treasure brought back from that distant shore could not remain long in the west; and in the stealing away of Helen and her wealth we have an incident which, from the magnificent series of myths to which it has given birth or with which it is interwoven, seems to dwarf almost every other feature in the mythical history of the Aryan nations. The story has been complicated with countless local traditions; it has received a plausible colouring from the introduction of accurate geographical details, of portraits which may be true to national character, of accounts of laws, customs, and usages, which doubtless prevailed at the time when the poet wrote. Yet in spite of epithets which may still be applied to the ruins of Tiryns and Mykenai, in spite of the cairns which still bear the names of Achilleus or of Aias on the shores of the strong-flowing Hellespontos, Helen is simply the radiant light, whether of the morning or the evening.[1] As Saramâ, the dawn which peers about in search of the bright cows which the Paṇis have stolen from Indra, we have seen her already listening, though but for a moment, to the evil words of the robbers. These evil words are reproduced in the sophistry of the Trojan Paris, who is only a little more successful than the thief of the Vedic hymns, and the momentary unfaithfulness of the one becomes the long-continued faithlessness of the other. But it is a faithlessness more in seeming than in fact. Helen is soon awakened from her evil dream, and her heart remains always in beautiful Argos, in the house of her husband who never showed her anything but kindness and love. Though Paris is beautiful, she yet feels that she has nothing in common with him, and thus she returns with a chastened joy to the home from which she had been taken away.

The stealing of Helen and her treasures.

But to be stolen or persecuted for her beauty was the lot of Helen almost from her cradle. In the myth of Theseus she is brought into Attica, and guarded in early youth by Aithra in the stronghold of Aphidnai until she is delivered by her brothers, the Dioskouroi; and when she had been stolen by Paris, and spent ten weary years in Troy, she is said in some versions to have become the wife of Deiphobos, another son of Priam, and another representative of the dark beings who own kinship with the Vedic Vritra. When Paris is slain, the brother of the seducer will not suffer Helen to be given up to the Achaians; and thus, on the fall of Ilion, his house is the first to be set on fire. Even after her death the fate of Helen is not changed. In Leukê, the white island of the dawn, she is wedded to Achilleus, and becomes the mother of Euphorion, the winged child who is first loved and then smitten by the thunderbolts of Zeus in Melos.[1] Throughout she is a being not belonging to the land of mortal men. She is sprung from the egg of Leda, the being to whom Zeus comes in the form of a swan, and her brothers are the Dioskouroi, or Asvins. When the time for her marriage draws nigh, suitors come thronging from all parts of Hellas, their numbers being one for each day of the lunar month—a myth which simply tells us that every day the sun woos the dawn. In the Iliad she is never spoken of except as the daughter of Zeus; and Isokrates notices the sacrifices offered in Therapnai to her and to Menelaos, not as heroes but as gods.[2] She is worshipped by the women of Sparta as the source of all fruitfulness, and in Argos as the mother of Iphigeneia, the child of Theseus, and as having dedicated a temple to Eileithyia.[3] In Rhodes she is Helenê Dendritis, and a wild legend was invented to account for the name.[4] Lastly, the myth of her journey to Ilion and her return is in its framework simply the myth of Augê, the mother of Têlephos, like her, taken away to the same land, and, like her, brought back again when all enemies have been overcome.[5]

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[1] This is fully recognised by Preller, who compares her, as such, with the Mater Matuta of the Latins.—*Gr. Myth.* ii. 108.

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[1] But Achilleus has Iphigeneia and Medeia also as his brides in this bright island: and these are simply other names for the dawn or the evening light.

[2] Preller, *Gr. Myth.* ii. 109–110; *Il.* iii. 426; *Od.* iv. 184, &c.; Isokr. *Helen. Enkom.* 63.

[3] Paus. ii. 22, 7.

[4] *Id.* ii. 19, 10. This story relates that Helen, being persecuted by Megapenthes and Nikostratos after the death of Menelaos, took refuge at Rhodes in the house of Polyxô, who, being angry with Helen as the cause of the Trojan war and thus of the death of her husband Tlepolemos whom Sarpêdôn slew, sent some maidens, disguised as Erinyes, who surprised Helen while bathing, and hung her up to a tree. This myth is simply a picture of the dawn rising like Aphroditê from the sea; and it preserves the recollection of the Erinyes as dawn-goddesses, while it mingles with it the later notion which represented them as Furies. The tree points probably to her connexion with the sun, and thus carries us back to the special form of worship paid to her at Sparta, as well as to the myth of Wuotan. See pp. 189, 240. The myth of Helenê Dendritis must be compared with the story of the death of Ophelia in Hamlet, and with that of Wuotan or Odin on the world-tree Yggdrasil. See also Brown, *The Unicorn*, 91.

[5] This myth is to Preller "eine Vorstellung welche ursprünglich höchst wahrscheinlich auch mit ihrer Bedeutung im Naturleben zusammenhing" (*Gr. Myth.* ii. 110): and he draws between the stories of Helen and Augê a parallel

The story of Conall Gulban.

This is, practically, the Gaelic story of Conall Gulban, which may be fairly regarded as embodying a whole cycle of mythical tradition. The materials of which it is made up carry us to a vast number of legends in Aryan mythology; but the main story is that of Heraklês, Achilleus, and Helen. Conall himself is the solar hero, despised at first for his homely appearance and seeming weakness, but triumphant in the end over all his enemies. Nay, as he becomes an idiot in the Lay of the Great Fool, so here he is emphatically Analkis, the coward. But he is resolved nevertheless to make the daughter of the King of Laidheann his wife, although, like Brynhild and Briar Rose and Surya Bai, she is guarded within barriers which the knight who would win her must pass, at the cost of his life if he fails. The fortress had a great wall, with iron spikes within a foot of each other, and a man's head upon every spike but the one spike which had been left for his own, although it was never to be graced by it. It is the hedge of spears of the modern Hindu legends, the fiery circle which Sigurd must enter to waken the maiden who sleeps within it. As he draws nigh to the barrier, one of the soldiers says, "I perceive that thou art a beggar who was in the land of Eirinn; what wrath would the king of Laidheann have if he should come and find his daughter shamed by any one coward of Eirinn?" At a window in this fastness stands the Breast of Light, the Helen of the tale. "Conall stood a little while gazing at her, but at last he put his palm on the point of his spear, he gave his rounded spring, and he was in at the window beside the Breast of Light," a name which recalls the Eurôpê, Euryganeia, and Euryphassa of Hellenic myths. The maiden bids him not make an attempt which must end in his death, but he leaps over the heads of the guards. "Was not that the hero and the worthy wooer, that his like is not to be found to-day?" Yet she is not altogether pleased that it is "the coward of the great world" that has taken her away; but Conall is preparing to take a vengeance like that of Odysseus, and all the guards and warriors are slain. The insult is wiped out in blood; but with marvellous fidelity to the old mythical phrases, Conall is made to tell the Breast of Light "that he had a failing, every time that he did any deed of valour he must sleep before he could do brave deeds again." The sun must sleep through the night before he can again do battle with his foes. The sequel is as in the Lay of the Great Fool. Paris comes while Menelaos slumbers, or heeds him not, or is absent. He has a mirror in his ship which will rise up for none but the daughter of the king of Laidheann,

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which may be exhibited in the following equation :— Augê : Teuthras : : Helenê : Paris, Tegea : Mysia : : Sparta : Ilion.

and as it rises for her, he knows that he has found the fated sister of the Dioskouroi, and with her he sails straightway to his home across the wine-faced sea. But the seducer has sworn to leave her free for a year and a day, if Conall has so much courage as to come in pursuit of her. Like Helen, she is shut up in the robber's stronghold, "sorrowful that so much blood was being spilt for her;" but Conall conquers in the struggle and rescues her "out of the dark place in which she was," the gloomy cave of the Paṇis. Then follow more wanderings answering to the Nostoi, and, like Odysseus, Conall appears in worn-out clothes in order to make his way into the king's fortress, and again a scene of blood ensues, as in the hall of slaughter in the courts of the Ithakan and Burgundian chieftains. The story now repeats itself. The king of the Green Isle has a daughter who, like Danaê, is shut up in a tower, and the other warriors try in vain to set her free, till Conall "struck a kick on one of the posts that was keeping the turret aloft, and the post broke and the turret fell, but Conall caught it between his hands before it reached the ground. A door opened and Sunbeam came out, the daughter of the king of the Green Isle, and she clasped her two arms about the neck of Conall, and Conall put his two arms about Sunbeam, and he bore her into the great house, and he said to the king of the Green Isle, Thy daughter is won." The myth is transparent. Sunbeam would marry Conall, but he tells her that he is already wedded to Breast of Light, and she becomes the wife of Mac-a-Moir, the Great Hero, the son of the king of Light.

The voyage of the Achaians to Ilion.

The stealing away of Helen and all her treasures is the cause of another expedition which, like the mission of the Argonautai, brings together all the Achaian chieftains; and the mythical history of these princes, interwoven with the old tale of the death or the taking away of the day, has grown up into the magnificent poems which make up the storehouse of Greek epical literature. But the main thread of the story remains clear and simple enough. If the search and the struggle which end it represent the course of the night, they must last for something like ten hours, and thus we get the ten years of the war. The journey is accomplished during the dark hours: but it cannot begin until the evening is ended, or in other words, until the twilight has completely faded away. Hence the calm which stays the Achaian fleet in Aulis cannot end until Iphigeneia has been offered as a victim to the offended Artemis, the goddess of the moon or the night. It is vain to resist. The sin of Agamemnon is brought back to his mind, as he remembers how he promised before the birth of his child that he would offer up the most beautiful thing which that year might produce, and how he had failed to fulfil his vow. But now the evening must die if the light of morning is to be seen again: and Iphigeneia is slain that Helen may come back to Sparta. But although her blood flows to the grief and agony of her father and her kinsfolk, the war must still last for ten years, for so it had been decreed by Zeus, who sent the snake to eat up the sparrow and her young;[1] and thus room was given for the introduction of any number of episodes, to account for, or to explain the lengthening out of the struggle; and the machinery of a thousand myths was obviously available for the purpose. Like Hippodameia or Atalantê, Helen was beautiful, but many must fail while one alone could win her. Sigurd only can waken Brynhild; and the dead bodies of the unsuccessful knights lie before the hedge or wall of spears in the Hindu folk-lore. Thus with the introduction of Achilleus, as the great hero without whom the war can never be brought to an end, the whole framework of the epic poem was complete. It only remained to show what the others vainly attempted, and what Achilleus alone succeeded in doing. That the life of Achilleus should run in the same magic groove with the lives of other heroes, mattered nothing. The story which most resembled that of Achilleus is indeed chosen by the poet to point to him the moral which he needed most of all to take to heart.

Meleagros and Kleopatra.

This story is the life of Meleagros, and it is recited to Achilleus by Phoinix, the teacher of his childhood, the dweller in that purple land of the east from which Eurôpê was taken to her western home. It is the picture of the short-lived sun, whose existence is bound up with the light or the torch of day, who is cursed by his mother for killing her brothers, the clouds which are scattered by his spear rays, who moves on his way moodily and sullenly, as the clouds pass across his face, and appears at intervals to the terror of all his enemies. He is a son of Oineus or Arês, and Althaia the nourishing Dêmêtêr; and he proves his skill in the use of the javelin by bringing down the monstrous boar which the chieftains assembled at Kalydon had failed to kill. But the interest of his life lies in the burning torch and the prophecy of the Moirai, that with its extinction his own life must come to an end. His mother therefore snatches it from the fire, and carefully guards it from harm. But the doom must be accomplished. Artemis stirs up strife between the men of Kalydon and the Kourêtes for the spoils of the boar, and a war follows in which the former are always conquerors whenever Meleagros is among them. But the Kourêtes are, like the Korybantes and the Idaian Daktyloi, the mystic dancers who can change their forms at will, and thus their defeat is the victory of the sun who scatters the clouds as they wheel in their airy movements round him. These clouds reappear in the brothers of Althaia, and when they are slain her wrath is roused, like the anger of Poseidôn when Polyphêmos is blinded, or the rage of Zeus when the Kylôpes are slain. The curse now lies heavy on Meleagros. His voice is no more heard in the council; his spear is seen no more in the fight. He lies idle in his golden chambers with the beautiful Kleopatra; Kephalos is taking his rest with Eôs behind the clouds which hide his face from mortal men, and he will not come forth. Wearied out at last, his mother brings forth the fatal brand and throws it into the fire, and as its last spark flickers out, Meleagros dies. With him die his wife and his mother; Dêianeira and Oinônê cannot live when Heraklês and Paris are gone.[1] So passes away the hero who can only thus be slain, and his sisters who are changed into guinea-hens weep for his death, as the sisters of Phaethôn, the bright fleecy clouds, shed tears of amber over their brother's grave.

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[1] This incident, *Il.* ii. 300, is related simply as a sign of the number of years which must precede the fall of Ilion, and not at all as the cause of the length of the struggle.

Thetis and Achilleus.

In this story Phoinix tells Achilleus that he may see a reflexion of himself; and the parallel is closer than perhaps the poet imagined. Like Meleagros, he is a being in whose veins flows the blood of the gods. His mother is the sea-nymph Thetis, for, like Kephalos and Aphroditê, like Athênê and Iamos, the sun-god must rise from the waters; and in the life of his father Peleus the threads of a large number of myths are strangely ravelled together. The tale of his sojourn in Iolkos repeats the story of Bellerophôn and Anteia; and as Proitos sends Bellerophôn that he may be put to death by other hands than his own, so Akastos, the husband who thinks himself injured, leaves Peleus without arms on the heights of Pelion, that the wild beasts may devour him. He is here attacked by Kentaurs, but saved by Cheiron, who gives him back his sword. Here also he becomes the husband of Thetis, at whose wedding-feast the seeds of the strife are sown which produce their baleful fruits in the stealing away of Helen and all its wretched consequences. But the feast itself is made the occasion for the investiture of Peleus with all the insignia of Helios or Phoibos. His lance is the gift of Cheiron: from Poseidôn, the god of the air and the waters, come the immortal horses Xanthos and Balios, the golden and speckled steeds which draw the chariot of the sun through the sky, or the car of Achilleus on the plains of Ilion. For her child Thetis desires, as she herself possesses, the gift of immortality, and the legend, as given by Apollodoros, here introduces almost unchanged the story of Dêmêtêr and Triptolemos. Like the Eleusinian goddess, Thetis bathes her babe by night in fire, to destroy the mortality inherited from his father. Peleus, chancing one day to see the act, cries out in terror, and Thetis leaves his house for ever.[1] Of the many stories told of his later years, the myth of the siege of Iolkos and the death of Astydameia repeats that of Absyrtos and has probably the same meaning. The involuntary slaughter of Eurytion finds a parallel in the death of Eunomos, who is unwittingly killed by Heraklês; and the flocks which he offers in atonement to Iros the father, are the flocks which appear in all the legends of Phoibos and Helios. Iros refuses to receive them, and Peleus suffers them to wander untended until they are devoured by a wolf,—a phrase which betrays the nature both of the herds and their destroyer, and carries us to the death of the gentle Prokris.

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[1] In the *Iliad* Meleagros does not return home from the fight with the Kourêtes, for the Erinyes who have heard the curse of Althaia overtake him. This is only another form of the myth of Helenê Dendritis.

The womanly Achilleus.

When Thetis had vanished away, Peleus carried the child to the wise Kentaur Cheiron, who taught him how to ride and shoot,—a myth which at once explains itself when we remember that the Kentaurs are the offspring of Ixîon and Nephelê. In his earlier years Achilleus resembles the youthful Dionysos, Theseus, and Phoibos, in the womanly appearance of his form,—the gentler aspect of the new risen sun when the nymphs wash him in pure water and wrap him in robes of spotless white. But while his limbs yet showed only the rounded outlines of youth, Kalchas the prophet could still foresee that only with his help could the stronghold of the seducer of Helen be taken, and that none but Achilleus could conquer Hektor. Only the death of his enemy must soon be followed by his own. The night must follow the blazing sunset in which the clouds pour out their streams of blood-red colour, like the Trojan youths slain on the great altar of sacrifice. To avert this doom, if it be possible to do so, Thetis clothed the child, now nine years old, in girlish raiment and placed him in Skyros among the daughters of Lykomedes, where from his golden locks he received the name of Pyrrha. But he could not long be hid: and the young boy who had in his infancy been called Ligyron, the whining, was recognised by Odysseus the chieftain of Ithaka as the great champion of the Achaian armies.

The career of Achilleus.

Thus was Achilleus engaged in a quarrel which was not his own; and on this fact we can scarcely lay a greater stress than he does himself. The task is laid upon him, as it was on Heraklês or on Perseus;

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[1] Apollod. iii. 13, 6.

and the sons of Atreus are to him what Polydektes and Eurystheus had been to the sons of Danaê and Alkmênê. The men of Ilion had never ravaged his fields or hurt his cattle; and not only were his exploits made to shed lustre on the greedy chiefs who used him for a tool, but in every battle the brunt of the fight fell upon him, while almost all the booty went to them. It is the servitude of Phoibos: but the despot is here a harsher master than Admêtos, and the grief which Achilleus is made to suffer is deeper than that of Apollôn when Daphnê vanishes from his sight, or of Heraklês when Eurytos refuses to perform the compact which pledged him to make Iolê the bride of the hero. The Achaian camp is visited with a terrible plague. First the beasts die, then the men, and the smoke of funeral pyres ascends up everywhere to heaven. At length they learn from Kalchas that the wrath of Phoibos has been roused by the wrong done to the priest Chrysês who had in vain offered to Agamemnon a splendid ransom for his daughter, and that not until the maiden is given up will the hand of the god cease to lie heavy on the people. At length the king is brought to submit to the will of the deity, but he declares that in place of the daughter of Chrysês, Brisêis, the child of the Vedic Brisaya, shall be torn away from the tents of Achilleus, and thus the maiden on whom Achilleus had lavished all his love passes away into the hands of the man whom he utterly despises for his cowardice and his greed. For him the light is blotted out of the sky as thoroughly as the first beauty of the day is gone when the fair hues of morning give way before the more monotonous tints which take their place. Henceforth his journey must be solitary, but he can take that vengeance on his persecutor which the sun may exact of those who have deprived him of his treasure. He may hide himself in his tent, or sullenly sit on the sea-shore, as the sun may veil his face behind the clouds, while the battle of the winds goes on beneath them. Then, in the sudden outburst of his grief, he makes a solemn vow that when the Achaians are smitten down by their enemies his sword shall not be unsheathed in their behalf; and when his mother comes from her coral caves to comfort him, he beseeches her to go to Zeus and pray him to turn the scale of victory on the Trojan side, that the Argives may see what sort of a king they have, and Agamemnon may rue the folly which dishonoured the best and bravest of all the Achaian chieftains. So Thetis hastens to Olympos, and Zeus swears to her that Ilion shall not fall until the insult done to her son has been fully atoned. But to this Agamemnon will not yet stoop. His chieftains stand around him in unimpaired strength, and the men whom they lead are eager for the conflict.

The Iliad.

It was obviously the point at which the poet might pass from the story of Achilleus to the exploits of other chieftains, and accordingly many books of the Iliad are taken up with narratives showing what those chiefs could and could not do without Achilleus. Whether these narratives formed part of the Iliad in its earliest form, is a point which we need not examine here; but they are so arranged as to lead to the humiliating confession of Agamemnon that he has lost too many men to be able to continue the struggle with any hope of success—a confession which only admits in other words that the conqueror of Ilion is not now in their assembly. The answer is obvious. Briseïs must be restored, and Agamemnon must express his sorrow for all his evil words and evil deeds. If then any attempts were made to appease the wrath of Achilleus before the final reparation which he accepted, it follows that those attempts did not fulfil the conditions on which he insisted, and hence that the ninth of the books of the Iliad, as it now stands, could not possibly have formed part of the original Achillêis or Ilias. The apology which is here rejected is word for word the same as that which is afterwards held to suffice, and the reparation offered after the death of Patroklos is in no way larger than that which had been offered before. The rejection of a less complete submission is, however, in thorough accordance with the spirit of the old myth, and the mediation of Phoinix serves well to exhibit Achilleus to himself in the mirror of the character of Meleagros.

The character of Achilleus.

But taking the story as it now stands, we may well stand amazed at the unbounded savagery of the picture. There is not only no pausing on the part of Achilleus to reflect that Agamemnon has a heart to feel as well as himself, and that the loss of Chrysêis might at least weigh something against that of the daughter of Brisês, but there is not the slightest heed to the sufferings of his countrymen and the hopeless misery of the protracted struggle. The one redeeming feature is his truthfulness, if this can be held to redeem a character which Patroklos describes[1] as fit only for one who is the child of the rugged rocks and the barren sea. If the tears of Patroklos are of any avail, it is not because he tells him of the wretched plight of the Achaian hosts, but because he is his friend, and his friendship is part of himself, his own selfish and personal concern; and thus when that friend prays him, if he will not go forth himself, to let him have his horses, his armour, and his Myrmidons, Achilleus tells him that all his rage is because Agamemnon had taken from him the prize of his bow and spear, and that even now he would not have yielded a jot of his vow, if the war had not at length touched his own ships.[2] When further, his friend has fallen by the hand of Hektor, and Achilleus makes his deadly oath that the funeral rites shall not be performed over his body until the head and the arms of Hektor can be placed by its side, the submission of the Argive chiefs is accepted not from any notion that his inaction has sprung from an exorbitant selfishness, but because his own grief and unbounded fury for the loss of his friend drive him to do the things to which the chiefs would urge him by the less exciting arguments of a cooler patriotism. Now that his wrath is thus kindled, the strife shall indeed be ended in the blood of his enemies. Hektor shall die, though the death of Achilleus may follow ever so closely upon it, and the blood of twelve human victims, deliberately reserved for the frightful sacrifice, shall stream on the pyre of Patroklos.

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[1] *Il.* xvi. 34.

[2] *Ib.* xvi. 63.

Power of mythical tradition.

As the portrait of a human being, the picture is from first to last inexpressibly revolting; and it is only when we take the story to pieces and trace the origin of its several portions, that we begin to see how there lay on the poet a necessity not less constraining than that which forced Achilleus to his fitful fury and his early doom, a necessity which compelled him to describe under the guise of human warriors the actions of the hosts which meet for their great battle every morning in the heavens. Regarded thus, there is scarcely a single feature, utterly perplexing though it may be on the supposition that we are dealing with a human portrait, which is not seen to be full of life and meaning. We are no longer perplexed to know why Patroklos, who can move in the armour of Achilleus, yet cannot wield his spear, why the horses which Zeus gave to Peleus are the offspring of the west-wind and the happy Podargê, and why their mother feeds in a meadow by the side of the ocean stream.[1] All is now plain. The Myrmidons must be compared with the wolves which appear almost everywhere in the myths of Phoibos Apollôn; their tongues and their cheeks must be red as with blood. We see at once why Patroklos can return safe from the fight only if he does strictly the bidding of Achilleus, for Patroklos is but the son of Klymenê, who must not dare to whip the horses of Helios. When at length Patroklos goes forth and encounters Sarpêdôn, it is curious to trace the inconsistencies which are forced upon the poet as he interweaves several solar myths together. On the one side is the Zeus who has sworn to Thetis that he will avenge the wrongs done to Achilleus,—a promise which cannot be fulfilled by allowing his friend to be slaughtered, on the other the Zeus whose heart is grieved for the death of his own child Sarpêdôn. His vow to Thetis binds him to shield Patroklos from harm; his relation to the brave Lykian chieftain makes him look upon the son of Menoitios as he looked on Phaethôn while doing deadly mischief in the chariot of Helios. So here Zeus takes counsel whether he shall smite him at once or suffer him to go on a little longer in his headlong course. But each story remains perfectly clear. Sarpêdôn falls by the same doom which presses not only on the man who slays him, but on Achilleus, on Bellerophôn, on Kephalos and a hundred others. The Lykian chief dies, like his enemy, in the prime of golden youth and in the far west, for his Lykia lay far away to the east of Ilion, where the sun comes up, and the Dawn is greeting the earth when the powers of sleep and death bear their beautiful burden to the doors of his golden home. By the same inconsistency the eastern tradition made Apollôn the enemy of Patroklos, as it afterwards associates him with Paris in the death of Achilleus; yet the power by which he preserves the body of Hektor from decay is employed by Thetis to preserve that of Patroklos. But the terrible fight over the dead Patroklos is fought over again when Achilleus is smitten, as it is fought out by the clouds which do battle together over the dying Heraklês.

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[1] *Il.* xvi. 150.

The mourning of Achilleus.

From this point all is transparent. The grief of Achilleus when he learns that his friend is dead is the darkening of the sky when the sun which had been shining through the cloud-rifts withdraws his light; and in the tearing of his hair, in the defilement of his beautiful robe and the tossing of the sand over his head and face, we see the torn vapours hurrying hither and thither in a thousand shapeless forms. Henceforth the one thought which fills his heart is that of vengeance, nor is his burning desire weakened when Thetis tells him that the death of Hektor must soon be followed by his own, as the sunset is not far off when the sun wins his final victory over the clouds which have assailed him throughout his journey. Heraklês himself met boldly the doom brought upon him by the wrath of Hêrê; and Achilleus is content to die, if only he may first give his enemies sufficient cause for weeping. Then follows the incident in which Thetis and Hephaistos play precisely the part of Hjordis and Regin in the Volsung tale. The arms of Achilleus are in the hands of Hektor, but when the morning comes, Thetis will return from the east bringing a goodly panoply from the lord of fire. At what other time could the sun receive the new armour which is to replace that of which he had been robbed by the powers of darkness? We can scarcely lay too much stress on these points of detail in which the poet manifestly follows a tradition too strong to be resisted. This story of the evening which precedes the return of Achilleus to the battle-field is a vivid picture of the sun going down angrily and betokening his appearance in fiercer strength on the morrow. When to the bidding of Iris, that he should go forth to avenge his friend, he replies that he has no arms, the goddess bids him show himself in the trenches without them. Like the sudden flash of the sun, when as he approaches the horizon his light breaks from behind the dense veil of vapours, is the shout of Achilleus ringing through the air. It is absurd to think of any human warrior, or to suppose that any hyperbole could suggest or justify the poet's words, as he tells us how the dazzling light thrown from his face reached up to the high ether of Zeus, and how the horses of the Trojans felt the woes that were coming, and their drivers were astonished, as they beheld the awful fire kindled on the head of the great-hearted son of Peleus by the dawn-goddess Pallas Athênê. But for the present there is the blaze of light, and nothing more. At the bidding of Hêrê the sun goes down, and the strife is stayed. But as the hours of the night wear on, the fire-god toils on the task which Thetis prays him to undertake; and when the mighty disk of the shield and the breastplate more dazzling than the fiercest fire are ready, Thetis flies with them to her son like a hawk winging its way from the snow-clad Olympos.

The arming and vengeance of Achilleus.

The hour of vengeance is now indeed come. As his mother lays before him the gifts of Hephaistos, his eyes flash like the lightning, and his only fear is that while he is fighting, the body of Patroklos may decay. But Thetis bids him be of good cheer. No unseemly thing shall come near to mar that beautiful form, though it should lie unheeded the whole year round. There can be now no delay, and no pause in the conflict. The black clouds have hidden the face of Achilleus long enough; but now he will not eat before his deadly task is done. He is braced for the final struggle by a sight which he had scarcely hoped to see again. The Achaian chiefs appear to make the submission of Agamemnon, and like Iolê coming to Heraklês, or Antigonê to the dying Oidipous, Brisêis is restored to him unscathed as when she was torn away from his tent. In her grief for Patroklos, whom she had left full of life, we have the grief of the dawn for the death of the sun in his gentler aspect. In him there had been no fierceness, and if his gentler temper went along with a lack of strength, like that of Phaethôn in the chariot of Helios, he was none the less deserving of her love. In the arming which follows we have, as plainly as words can paint it, the conflagration of the heavens: and the phrases used by the poet, if regarded as a description of any earthly hero and any earthly army, might be pronounced a series of monstrous hyperboles with far greater justice than the hundred-headed narcissus to which Colonel Mure applies the term when speaking of the myth of Persephonê. The shield flashing like a beacon-fire far away on the deep sea, the helmet crest gleaming like a star, the armour which bears up the hero as on the pinions of a bird, the spear which Cheiron cut on the heights of Pelion, the undying horses gifted with the mind and the speech of man, all belong to no earthly warfare. We need not follow the mighty conflict in its details; but it is scarcely possible to lay too much stress on the singular parallelism between the several stages in this fatal contest, as compared with the battle between Odysseus and the suitors. The hero with the irresistible weapons which no other arm can wield, filled with the strength of Athênê herself, fighting with enemies who almost overpower him just when he seems to be on the point of winning the victory,—the struggle in which the powers of heaven and hell take part,—the utter discomfiture of a host by the might of one invincible warrior,—the time of placid repose which follows the awful turmoil,—the doom which in spite of the present glory still awaits the conqueror, all form a picture, the lines of which are in each case the same, and in which he see reflected the fortunes of Perseus, Oidipous, Bellerophôn, and all the crowd of heroes who have each their Hektor to vanquish and their Ilion to overthrow, whether in the den of Chimaira, the labyrinth of the Minotaur, the cave of Cacus, the frowning rock of the Sphinx, or the stronghold of the Paṇis. Nor is the meaning of the tale materially altered whether we take the myth that he fell in the western gates by the sword of Paris aided by the might of Phoibos, or the version of Diktys of Crete, that in his love for Polyxena the daughter of Priam he promised to join the Trojans, and going unarmed into the temple of Apollôn at Thymbra, was there slain by the seducer of Helen. As the sun is the child of the night, so, as the evening draws on, he may be said to ally himself with the kindred of the night again; and his doom is equally certain whether the being whom he is said to love represent the dawn or the sister of the night that is coming. With all the ferocity which he shows on the loss of Briseis, Achilleus none the less resembles Heraklês; but the pity which he feels for the amazon Penthesileia, when he discovers her beauty, explains the myths which make him the lover of Diomêdê and Polyxena, and the husband of Medeia, or Iphigeneia, or of Helen herself on the dazzling isle of Leukê. We are dealing with the loves of the sun for the dawn, the twilight, and the violet-tinted clouds.

The Nostoi.

But if the myth of Achilleus is, as Phoinix himself is made to say, only another form of the tale of Meleagros, the story of the sun doomed to go down in the full brightness of his splendour after a career as brief as it is brilliant—if for him the slaughter of Hektor marks the approaching end of his own life, the myth of Helen carries us back to another aspect of the great drama. She is the treasure stolen from the gleaming west, and with her wealth she is again the prize of the Achaians when Paris falls by the poisoned arrows of Philoktêtês.[1] This rescue of the Spartan queen from the seducer whom she utterly despises is the deliverance of Saramâ from the loathsome Paṇis; but the long hours of the day must pass before her eyes can be gladdened by the sight of her home. Thus the ten hours' cycle is once more repeated in the Nostoi, or return of the heroes, for in the Mediterranean latitudes, where the night and day may be roughly taken as dividing the twenty-four hours into two equal portions, two periods of ten hours each would represent the time not taken up with the phenomena of daybreak and sunrise, sunset and twilight. Thus although the whole night is a hidden struggle with the powers of darkness, the decisive exploits of Achilleus, and indeed the active operations of the war, are reserved for the tenth year and furnish the materials for the Iliad, while in the Odyssey the ten years' wanderings are followed by the few hours in which the beggar throws off his rags and takes dire vengeance on his enemies. Hence it is that Odysseus returns, a man of many griefs and much bowed with toil, in the twentieth year from the time when the Achaian fleet set sail from Aulis.

Odysseus and Autolykos.

The interest of the homeward voyage of the treasure-seekers is centred in the fortunes of Odysseus, the brave and wise chieftain whose one yearning it is to see his wife and child once more before he dies. He has fought the battle of the children of the sun against the dark thieves of night, and now his history must be that of the lord of day as he goes on his journey through the sky in storm and calm, in peace or in strife. This transparency of meaning marks not only the myth of Odysseus; it is seen in all that is related of his kinsfolk. The character of his parents merely reflects his own. His grandfather is Autolykos, the true or the absolute light which kindles the heavens at dawn. But Autolykos, who is endowed with a wisdom which coming from Helios passes into a craft like that of Medeia, is a child of Hermes, the morning breeze, and Telaugê the far-shining. His bride is Neaira, the early dawn, whose daughters feed the cattle of Helios in Thrinakia.[2] His child is Antikleia, a name which suggests a comparison with Antigonê and Antiopê; and Antikleia is the wife of Laertes, a being akin to the Laios of Theban tradition, or of

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[1] The story of the wound of Philoktêtês is repeated precisely in the romance of Tristram.

[2] He is also called the husband of Amphithea, the light which gleams all round the heaven.

Sisyphos, whose story is that of the sun toiling to the uppermost heights of the heaven with his huge orb, only to see it roll down again to the sea. From these springs Odysseus, whose name, in the belief of the poet,[1] indicated the wrath or hatred of his grandsire Autolykos, but which through the form Olyseus, the Latin Ulyxes or Ulysses, may possibly represent the Sanskrit ulukshaya, the Eurykreion or widely ruling king of the Greeks. With the abode of Autolykos on Parnassos is connected the story of the boar's bite, by whose mark Eurykleia the old nurse recognises Odysseus on his return from Ilion; nor can we doubt that this boar is the beast whose tusk wrought the death of Adonis. It is true indeed that in Autolykos the idea suggested by the penetrating powers of sunlight has produced a character far lower than that of Odysseus: but it must not be forgotten that the latter can lie, or steal, or stab secretly when it suits his purpose to do so. If the splendour of the sun is in one sense an image of absolute openness and sincerity, the rays which peer into dark crannies or into the depths of the sea may as naturally indicate a craft or cunning which must suggest the forms assumed by the myth in the stories of Medeia, Autolykos, and Sisyphos. The process is the same as that which converted the flashing weapon of Chrysâôr into the poisoned arrows of Heraklês, Odysseus, and Philoktêtês.

Odysseus and Penelopê.

But Odysseus, the suitor of Helen, is known especially as the husband of Penelopê, who weaves by day the beautiful web of cirri clouds which is undone again during the night; and it is as the weaver that she defeats the schemes of the suitors in that long contest which runs parallel to the great conflict at Ilion. For the departure of the Achaian chieftains at Troy is the departure of the light after sundown; and the powers of darkness as necessarily assail Penelopê as they fight to retain Helen in the city of Priam and Paris. How then could she withstand their importunities except by devising some such condition as that of the finishing of a web which cannot be seen completed except by the light of the sun,—in other words, until Odysseus should have come back? Regarded thus, Penelopê is the faithful bride of the sun, pure and unsullied in her truthfulness as Athênê herself, and cherishing the memory of Odysseus through weary years of sorrow and suffering. As such, the poet of the Odyssey has chosen to exhibit her; but there were legends which spoke of Pan as the offspring of Penelopê and Hermes, or of Penelopê and all the suitors together. Of this myth, which simply exhibits the evening twilight and the darkness as the parents of the breeze which murmurs softly in the night, it is enough to say that we have no right to put it down as necessarily of later growth than the myth which forms the subject of the Odyssey. There is nothing to be urged against, there is much to be urged for, the priority of such myths as Kephalos and Prokris, Dêmêtêr and Persephonê, over by far the larger number of legends noticed or narrated in our Homeric poems; and if one story is to be pronounced of later growth than another, the verdict must be based on other and more conclusive evidence than the mere fact that it happens not to be mentioned in our Iliad or Odyssey. Penelopê indeed is only the dawn or the evening light: and Aphroditê is but another aspect of Athênê. As such, Penelopê is thrown by her parents into the sea at her birth, and she becomes Anadyomenê when the sea-birds, from which she was also said to have her name, raise her up on their cloud-like wings. As such also, when Odysseus has been slain by Telegonos,[1] she becomes the wife of his murderer, either in Aiaia or in Leukê where Helen is also wedded to Achilleus.

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[1] *Od.* xix. 410.

The womanly Odysseus.

To the success of the Trojan expedition Odysseus is only less necessary than the great chieftain of Phthia; and hence we have the same story of his unwillingness to engage in it which we find in the story of Achilleus. In this case as in the other it is a work to be done for the profit of others, not his own. It is, in short, a task undertaken against his will; and it answers strictly to the servitude of Phoibos in the house of Admêtos, or the subjection of Heraklês to the bidding of Eurystheus. With the idea of the yoke thus laid upon them is closely connected that notion of weakness to which the Homeric hymn points when it speaks of the nymphs as wrapping Phoibos in the white swaddling-clothes before he became Chrysâôr. This raiment becomes a disguise, and thus the workmen jeer at Theseus for his girlish appearance, and Achilleus is found in woman's garb by those who come to take him to Ilion. The idea of disguise, however, readily suggests that of feigned madness, and as such it comes before us in the story of Odysseus, who is described as sowing salt behind a plough drawn by an ox and an ass. The trick is found out by Palamedes, who, placing the infant Telemachos in his way, makes Odysseus turn the plough aside and avoid him. He is now bound to attempt the rescue of Helen, as he and all her suitors had sworn to do when they sought her hand. At Troy, however, he is but one of many Achaian chieftains, although he is second only to Achilleus; and thus he goes with Menelaos to Ilion to demand the surrender of Helen, before the strife is formerly begun. In the long contest which follows he is renowned chiefly for his wisdom and his eloquence. In the council none has greater power; and his cool unimpassioned sobriety stands out in singular contrast with the fierce impetuosity of Achilleus. He can also serve, if need be, as a spy, and in ambush none are more formidable. With him, according to one tradition, originated that device of the wooden horse which simply reproduces the Argo on dry land. As the ship bears the confederated Achaians who contrive to win a welcome from the Kolchian king, so the wooden horse carries all the bravest of the Argives on their errand of death to the Trojans and of rescue to Helen, whose wealth is the Golden Fleece.

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[1] This name, like Telemachos, Têlephos and Têlephassa, denotes the far-reaching spears (rays) of the sun: and as Helios and Phoibos became the lords of life and death, of the light and darkness which depends on the orb of the sun, it follows that all who die are slain by these gods. Hence Odysseus not less than his enemies must be slain by Phoibos or somebody who represents him.

Odysseus the Wanderer.

With the fall of Ilion Odysseus at once appears in another aspect. He is now the man who longs to see his wife, who cannot tarry where he is, and who must go on his way homewards in spite of all that may oppose him or seek to weaken the memory of her beauty and her love. On this thread the poet of the Odyssey has strung together the series of adventures, most of which we have already sufficiently examined in the myths under which each naturally falls. These adventures are interwoven with wonderful skill; but they may each be traced to some simple phrase denoting originally the phenomena of the sun's daily or yearly course through the heaven. Among the most remarkable features of the story are the changes in the companions of Odysseus. He sets out from Ilion with a gallant fleet and a goodly company: he lands in Ithaka from a beautiful bark with a noble crew: but of those who had left Troy with him not one remained—a vivid image of the sun setting among clouds, but the clouds are not the same as those which surrounded him at his birth. These must vanish away and die continually, and a stock of stories to account for each disaster was the inevitable result. The means by which the misfortunes were brought about would also be readily suggested by the daily appearances of the sky. Of all the clouds which are seen in the heavens the delicate vapours which float like islets through the blue seas of air would be the friends of the sun; the black clouds which rudely thrust these aside, or blot them out of sight, would be the enemies who devour his men. The same phenomena would suggest their features and their raiment, the rough shaggy locks and uncouth faces of the beings who represent the dark vapours, the pure white robes and heavenly countenances of the maidens who dwell in the fair Phaiakian land. Thus the enemies and friends of the sun attend him throughout his journey, and the times of peace may at any moment be followed by a time of war. But these gloomy storm-clouds, which move like giants with clubs as high as a ship's mast, all rise from the sea. In other words, they are sons of Poseidôn, and thus is explained that enmity of Poseidôn for Odysseus which is partially counteracted by the dawn-goddess Athênê. Hence also many of the beings whom he encounters are only old friends or enemies in a new form or dress. There is really no difference in kind between the Kikones, the Laistrygonians, and the Kyklôpes, between the Lotos-eaters, Kirkê, and the Seirens. It is but a question of the degree of risk and extent of loss in each case. Thus the Kikones gather together, like the leaves of the trees in number, and they gain their victory as the sun goes down in the west. These beings reappear in more formidable shape on the island where the Kyklôpes feed their shaggy flocks, the vapours which lie low and seem to browse upon the hills. Necessarily they can but pasture their herds, for vines or cornfields they can have none. It is hard to say how far the details of the story may not be strictly mythical in their origin. Certain it seems that when Odysseus, having left eleven ships in the goat island, approaches the home of the Kyklôpes with only one, we see the sun drawing near to the huge storm-cloud with but a single Phaiakian bark by his side. As his orb passes behind the mass of vapour the giant becomes the one-eyed or round-faced Kyklops, who devours one by one the comrades of Odysseus. As the vapours thicken still more, the face of the sun can no longer be seen ; in other words, Polyphêmos has been blinded, and his rage is seen in the convulsive movements of the vapours, from beneath which, as from beneath the shaggy-fleeced rams, the white clouds which belong to the Phaiakian regions are seen stealing away, until at last from under the hugest beast of the flock the sun himself emerges, only to draw down on himself another savage attack from the madly rushing storm-cloud. Polyphêmos has been smitten, and as on the discomfiture of Vritra, or the Sphinx, or the Pythian dragon, the mighty waters burst forth, and the ship of Odysseus is well-nigh overwhelmed in the sea.

Odysseus and Aiolos.

The incidents which follow the departure of Odysseus from the island of Aiolos are a picture of a violent gale followed by profound calm. Aiolos himself gives to Odysseus a bag containing all the winds, from which he might let out the Zephyr to waft him on his way. As he sleeps, his comrades bewail the evil fate which sends them home empty-handed while Odysseus has received from the king of the winds vast treasures which would enrich them all. This notion impels them to open the bag, and all the winds of heaven burst forth in wild fury, and carry them back to Aiolia, whence the king drives them away as being under the curse of the gods, and says that henceforth he will not help them more. At once Odysseus is made to relate how his men were now tired out with rowing day and night, because there was not a breath of air to speed them on their voyage.

The Laistrygonians.

In the city of the Laistrygonians, Lamos, a name connected with the Greek Lamuroi and the Latin Lemures, the seizers and swallowers, we see the awful caves in which the Vritra hides away the stolen cattle of Indra. It is hard by the confines of Day and Night, and round it rise the rocks sheer and smooth from the sea, while two promontories leave a narrow entrance for ships. Within it there is neither wave nor wind, but an awful stillness broken only by the dull sound when

> Shepherd calls to shepherd, entering through
> The portals, and the other makes answer due,[1]

like thunder-clouds greeting each other with their mysterious voices. No cheering sight, however, meets the eye; and when the men of Odysseus are led by the daughter of Antiphates the chief into his palace, they gaze with horror at his wife, who stands before them huge as a rock. By Antiphates himself they are necessarily treated like their comrades in the Kyklôps' island, and Odysseus escapes after losing many of his men only by cutting the mooring-ropes of his ship and hastening out to sea.

The Lotos-eaters, and Kirkê.

In the land of the Lotos-eaters Odysseus encounters dangers of another kind. The myth carries us to the many emblems of the reproductive powers of nature, of which the Lotos is one of the most prominent. It here becomes the forbidden fruit, and the eating of it so poisons the blood as to take away all memory and care for home and kinsfolk, for law, right, and duty. The sensual inducements held out by the Lotophagoi are, in short, those by which Venus tempts Tanhaüser into her home in the Horselberg; and the degradation of the bard answers to the dreamy indolence of the groups who make life one long holiday in the Lotos land. The Venus of the mediæval story is but another form of Kirkê, the queen of Aiaia; but the sloth and sensuality of the Lotos-eaters here turns its victims into actual swine, while the spell is a tangible poison poured by Kirkê into their cups. The rod which she uses as the instrument of transformation gives a further significance to the story. From these swinish pleasures they are awakened only through the interference of Odysseus, who has received from Hermes an antidote which deprives the charms of Kirkê of all power to hurt him. The Heraklês of Prodikos is after all the Heraklês whom we see in the myths of Echidna or of the daughters of Thestios, and thus Odysseus dallies with Kirkê as he listens also to the song of the Seirens. True, he has not forgotten his home or his wife, but he is ready to avail himself of all enjoyments which will not hinder him from reaching home at last. So he tarries with Kirkê and with the fairer Kalypso, whose beautiful abode is the palace of Tara Bai in the Hindu legend, while she herself is Ursula, the moon, wandering, like Asterodia, among the myriad stars,—the lovely being who throws a veil over the Sun while he sojourns in her peaceful home.

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[1] Worsley, *Odyssey*, x. 234.

Odysseus and Kalypso.

From the abode of Kirkê Odysseus betakes himself to the regions of Hades, where from Teiresias he learns that he may yet escape from the anger of Poseidôn, if he and his comrades will but abstain from hurting the cattle of Helios in the island of Thrinakia—or in other words, as we have seen, if they will not waste time by the way. Coming back to Kirkê he is further warned against other foes in the air and the waters in the Seirens and Skylla and Charybdis. Worse than all, however, is the fate which awaits him in Thrinakia. The storm which is sent after the death of the oxen of Helios destroys all his ships and all his comrades, and Odysseus alone reaches the island of Kalypso, who, like Eôs, promises him immortality if he will but tarry with her for ever. But it may not be. The yearning for his home and his wife may be repressed for a time, but it cannot be extinguished; and Athênê has exacted from Zeus an oath that Odysseus shall assuredly be avenged of all who have wronged him. So at the bidding of Hermes Kalypso helps Odysseus to build a raft, which bears him towards Scheria, until Poseidôn again hurls him from it. But Ino Leukothea is at hand to save him, and he is at last thrown up almost dead on the shore of the Phaiakian land, where Athênê brings Nausikaâ to his rescue. He is now in the true cloud-land of his friends, where everything is beautiful and radiant; and in one of the magic ships of Alkinoös he is wafted to Ithaka, and landed on his native soil, buried in a profound slumber. Here the wanderer of twenty years, who finds himself an outcast from his own home, where the suitors have been wasting his substance with riotous living, prepares for his last great work of vengeance, and for a battle which answers to the fatal conflict between Achilleus and Hektor. He is himself but just returned from the search and the recovery of a stolen treasure; but before he can rest in peace, there remains yet another woman whom he must rescue, and another treasure on which he must lay his hands. Of the incidents of this struggle it is unnecessary here to say more than that they exhibit the victory of the poor despised outcast, whether it be Boots, or Cinderella, or Jack the Giant Killer, or the Great Fool, over those who pride themselves on their grandeur and their strength. He stands a beggar in his own hall. Athênê herself has taken all beauty from his face, all colour from his golden hair; but there remains yet the bow which he alone can bend, the gleaming slipper which Cinderella alone can put on. The whole picture is wonderfully true to the phenomena of the earth and the heavens, but as a portrait of human character, it is not more happy than that of Achilleus. There is the same complete disproportion between the offence committed and the vengeance taken, the same frightful delight in blood and torture—the mutilation of Melanthios and the deliberate slaughter of the handmaidens answering to the insults offered by Achilleus to the body of Hektor, and the cold-blooded murder of the twelve Trojan youths on the funeral pyre of Patroklos. The incidents of the decisive conflict answer completely to those of the battle of Achilleus; and all that we need say is that Odysseus is united with his wife, to whom Athênê imparts all the radiant beauty of youth in which she shone when Odysseus had left her twenty years ago. The splendid scene with which the narrative ends answers to the benignant aspect in which Achilleus appears when Hektor is dead.

SECTION III.—THE CHILDREN OF THE SUN.

The expulsion of the Herakleids.

We have thus far traced the second return of the treasure-seekers. In each case the work to which they had devoted themselves is accomplished. The golden fleece and Helen are each brought back to the land from which they had been taken; and though Odysseus may have suffered many and grievous disasters on the way, still even with him the destruction of the suitors is followed by a season of serene repose. But the poet who here leaves him with the bride of his youth restored to all her ancient beauty, tells us nevertheless that the chieftain and his wife must again be parted; and myths might be framed from this point of view as readily as from the other. It was as natural to speak of the sun as conquered in the evening by the powers of darkness as it was to speak of him as victorious over these same foes in the morning—as natural to describe the approach of night under the guise of an expulsion of the children of Helios or Heraklês, as to represent the reappearance of the sunset hues in the west by a myth relating their triumphant return. Such myths are in fact the germs of those recurring expulsions, and those attempted or successful restorations which form what is commonly called the history of the Herakleidai. The extent to which an element of actual history may be traced in these mythical narratives is a question on which something has been said already, and probably it will not be disputed that even if many of the names may be those of real local chieftains (and some of the incidents may possibly be traditions of real local events), yet the narratives in their main features closely resemble the other epical myths with which they are connected. These stories were altered at will by later poets and mythographers in accordance with local or tribal prejudices or fancies, and forced into arrangements which were regarded as chronological. Thus, some speak of the Trojan war as taking place in the interval between the death of Hyllos and the return of his son Kleodaios; but the historical character of all these events has been swept away, and we are left free to reduce the narratives to the simple elements of which they are composed. Thus the story ran that when Heraklês died, his tyrant and tormentor Eurystheus insisted on the surrender of his sons, and that Hyllos, the son of Dêianeira, with his brothers, hastily fled, and after wandering to many other places at last found a refuge in Athens. This was only saying in other words that on the death of the sun the golden hues of evening were soon banished from the western sky, but that after many weary hours they are seen again in the country of the Dawn, as indeed they could be seen nowhere else. Athens is the only possible refuge for the children of Heraklês; but their enemies will not allow them to slip from their hands without a struggle. The Gorgon sisters almost seize Perseus as he hurries away after the slaughter of Medousa; and thus Eurystheus marches with his hosts against Athens. But the dawn must discomfit the dark beings. The Athenians are led on by Theseus, the great solar hero of the land, by Iolaos, the son of Iphikles, the twin brother of Heraklês, and by the banished Hyllos. Eurystheus is slain, and Hyllos carries his head to Alkmênê.

The return of the Herakleids.

If we choose now to follow the ordinary arrangement of these stories, we shall see in them a series which might be indefinitely extended, but of whose mythical origin we can scarcely feel a doubt. If after the defeat of Eurystheus the Herakleids return to the Peloponnesos, we find that they cannot maintain their footing there for more than a year, and that then by an irresistible necessity they find their way back to Athens; and these alternations, which represent simply the succession of day and night, might and would have been repeated any number of times, if the myths had not at length become mixed up with traditions of the local settlement of the country—in other words, if certain names found in the myths had not become associated with particular spots or districts in the Peloponnesos. To follow all the versions and variations of these legends is a task perhaps not much more profitable than threading the mazes of a labyrinth; but we may trace in some, probably in most of them, the working of the same ideas. Thus the version which after the death of Eurystheus takes Hyllos to Thebes makes him dwell by the Elektrian or amber-gates. The next stage in the history is another return of the children of Heraklês, which ends in the slaughter of Hyllos in single combat with Echemos—a name connected perhaps with that of Echidna, Ahi, the throttling snake. The night is once more victorious, and the Herakleidai are bound by a compact to forego all attempts at return for fifty or a hundred years, periods which are mere multiples of the ten years of the Trojan war, and of the Nostoi or homeward wanderings of the Achaian chiefs. Once more the children of the dawn goddess give them shelter in Trikorythos, a region answering to the Hypereia or upper land, in which the Phaiakians dwelt before they were driven from it by the Kyklôpes. The subsequent fortunes of Kleodaios and Aristomachos the son and grandson of Heraklês simply repeat those of Hyllos; but at length in the next generation the myth pauses, as in the case of Odysseus and Achilleus in the Iliad and the Odyssey, at the moment of victory, and the repetition of the old drama is prevented by the gradual awakening of the historical sense in the Hellenic tribes. For this last return the preparations are on a scale which may remind us in some degree of the brilliant gathering of the Achaian chieftains with their hosts in Aulis. A fleet is built at the entrance of the Corinthian gulf, at a spot which hence bore the name of Naupaktos, and the three sons of Aristomachos, Aristodemos, Temenos, and Kresphontes, make ready for the last great enterprise. But Aristodemos is smitten by lightning before he can pass over into the heritage of his fathers, and his place is taken by his twin sons Eurysthenes and Prokles, in whose fortunes we see that rivalry and animosity which, appearing in its germ in the myth of the Dioskouroi, is brought to a head in the story of Eteokles and Polyneikes, the sons of Oidipous. The sequel exhibits yet other points of resemblance to the story of the Trojan war. The soothsayer Chrysês reappears as the prophet Karnos, whose death by the hand of Hippotês answers to the insults offered to Chrysês by Agamemnon. In either case the wrath of Apollôn is roused, and a plague is the consequence. The people die of famine, nor is the hand of the god lifted from off them, until, as for Chrysês, a full atonement is made. Hippotês is banished, and the chiefs are then told to take as their guide the three-eyed man, who is found in the Aitolian Oxylos who rides on a one-eyed horse. But as the local myth exhibited Tisamenos the son of Orestes as at this time the ruler of Peloponnesos, that prince must be brought forward as the antagonist of the returning Herakleids; and a great battle follows in which he is slain, while, according to one version, Pamphylos and Dymas, the sons of the Dorian Aigimios, fall on the side of the invaders. With the partition of the Peloponnesos among the conquerors the myth comes to an end. Argos falls to the lot of Temenos, while Sparta becomes the portion of the sons of Aristodemos, and Messênê that of Kresphontes. A sacrifice is offered by way of thanksgiving by these chiefs on their respective altars; and as they drew near to complete the rite, on the altar of Sparta was seen a serpent, on that of Argos a toad, on that of Messênê a fox. The soothsayers were, of course, ready with their interpretations. The slow and sluggish toad denoted the dull and unenterprising disposition of the future Argive people; the serpent betokened the terrible energy of the Spartans; the fox, the wiliness and cunning of the Messenians. As indications of national character, more appropriate emblems might perhaps have been found; but it may be noted that the toad or frog reappears in the Hindu legend of Bhekî, the frog-sun, and in the German story of the frog-prince; that the serpent in this legend belongs to the class of dragons which appear in the myths of Helios, Medeia, and Iamos; and that the Messenian fox is an animal closely akin to the wolf which we meet in the myths of the Lykian Apollôn and the Arkadian Lykâôn.[1]

SECTION IV.—THE THEBAN WARS.

Adrastos and Amphiaraos.

In spite of all differences of detail between the legends of the Trojan and the Theban wars, the points of resemblance are at the least as worthy of remark. In each case there are two wars and two sieges; and if the Argive chiefs under Adrastos are not so successful as Heraklês with his six ships at Ilion, still the Trojan power was no more destroyed by the latter than that of Eteokles was crushed by Polyneikes and his allies. In either case also there is a hero whose presence is indispensable to the success of the enterprise. In the Theban story this hero is Amphiaraos, the Achilleus of the Trojan legend in this its most important feature: and as Troy cannot fall unless Achilleus fights against it, so the Argives cannot hope to take Thebes unless Amphiaraos goes with them. But as neither Achilleus nor Odysseus wished to fight in a quarrel which was not their own, so Amphiaraos shrinks from any concern in a contest in which the prophetic mind inherited by him from his ancestor Melampous tells him that all the chiefs engaged in it must die with the one exception of Adrastos. But he had promised the Argive king that in any differences which might arise between them he would abide by the decision of his wife Eriphylê, and Eriphylê had been bribed by Polyneikes with the gift of the necklace and peplos of Harmonia to decide in favour of the expedition. Thus Amphiaraos departs for Thebes with a presentiment of his own coming doom as strong as the consciousness of Achilleus that his career must be brief; but before he sets out, he charges his sons Amphilochos and Alkmaion to slay their mother, so soon as they hear of his death, and to march against the hated city of Thebes; and thus the starting-point was furnished not only for the Theban war, but for a new series of woes to be wrought by the Erinyes of Eriphylê.

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[1] The three sons, Aristodemos, Temenos, and Kresphontes, who in this stage of the myth represent the line of Heraklês, are seen again in the three sons of the German Mann, the Mannus of Tacitus: but the names in the Teutonic story are more significant. The names of the three great tribes, Ingævones, Iscævones, Herminones, point to Yng, Askr, and Irmin. To Yng, probably, we may trace the English name: in Askr we see the ash-born man, the race of which the Greek spoke as sprung ἐκ μελιᾶν: Irmin is the old Saxon god, whose name is familiar to us under its later form Herman, the Arminius of Tacitus.—Max Müller, *Lectures*, second series, 458.

The sons of Oidipous.

The germs of the rivalry, which in the case of the sons of Oidipous grew into a deadly hatred, are seen in the points of contrast afforded by almost all the correlative deities of Greek and Vedic mythology, and the twin heroes whether of the east or the west.[1] Thus there is a close parallel between the Dioskouroi and the sons of Oidipous. The former may not be seen together; the latter agree to reign over Thebes in turn; and it was a ready device to account for the subsequent feud by saying that the brother whose time was over refused to abide by his compact. Hence Polyneikes became an exile; but it is not easy to determine precisely to what degree a purely moral element has forced its way into this series of legends from the horror which a union like that of Iokastê and Oidipous, when regarded as a fact in the lives of two human beings, could not fail to inspire. Here also the Erinys might exercise her fatal office, for the blood of Iokastê must cry for vengeance as loudly as that of Iphigeneia or Amphiaraos; and the same feeling which suggested the curse of Amphiaraos on Eriphylê would also suggest the curse of Oidipous on his children. In the older poems on the subject this curse was pronounced for offences not very grave, if regarded merely from an ethical point of view. His sons had been accustomed to bring him the shoulders of victims offered in sacrifice, and they once brought him a thigh. At another time they put before him the table and the wine-cup of Kadmos, although he had charged them never to do so. But the former of these two acts implied a slight like that which Prometheus put upon Zeus when giving him the choice of the portion for the gods; and the latter made him think of the golden days when he sat down with Iokastê to banquets as brilliant as those of the long-lived Aithiopians and drank purple wine from the inexhaustible horn of Amaltheia. But to Sophoklês, who looked at the matter simply as a moralist, these causes were so inadequate that he at once charged the sons with cruel treatment of their father, whom they drove away from his home to fight with poverty as well as blindness.

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[1] They are, in short, the rival brothers not only of the royal houses of Sparta, but in a vast number of stories in Aryan folk-lore, and are represented by Ferdinand the Faithful and Ferdinand the Unfaithful in Grimm's collection, by True and Untrue, by Big Peter and Little Peter in Dasent's *Norse Tales*. In the story of the Widow's Son (Dasent) we have a closer adherence to the type of the Dioskouroi in the two princes, one of whom is turned into a horse.

Tydeus.

Polyneikes, when in his turn an exile, betook himself to Argos, where he fell in with Tydeus,[1] with whom he quarrels. But it had been shown long ago to Adrastos that he should wed his two daughters to a lion and a boar; and when he found these two men fighting, with shields which had severally the sign of the boar and the lion, he came to the conclusion that these were the destined husbands of Argeia and Deipylê. Hence also he readily agreed to avenge the alleged wrongs of Polyneikes, and the league was soon formed, which in the later Attic legend carried the Seven Argive Chiefs to the walls of Thebes, but which for the poets of the Thebais involved as large a gathering as that of the chieftains who assembled to hunt the Kalydonian boar or to recover the Golden Fleece. How far these poets may have succeeded in imparting to their subject the charm of our Iliad or Odyssey, the scanty fragments of the poem which alone we possess make it impossible to say; but there was more than one incident in the struggle which might be so treated as fairly to win for the poem a title to the high praise bestowed upon it by Pausanias.[2]

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[1] This name, like that of Tyndareôs, means apparently the hammerer. The two forms may be compared with the Latin tundo, tutudi, to beat. The idea conveyed by the word is thus precisely that of Thor Miölnir, of the Molionids and the Aloadai. Hence Helen, as the daughter of Tyndareos, is the child of Zeus the thunderer.

[2] ix. 9, 3; Grote, *History of Greece*, i. 364.

Thus the story told by Diomêdês of his father Tydeus when sent to Thebes to demand the restoration of Polyneikes reproduces in part the story of Bellerophôn.[1] Victorious in the strife of boxing or wrestling to which he had challenged the Kadmeians, he is assailed on his way back to the Argive host by an ambuscade of fifty Thebans, all of whom he slays except Maion, who is saved by the special intervention of the gods. So too the prophecy of Teiresias that the Thebans should be conquerors in the war if Arês received the youthful Menoikeus as a victim, must be compared with those utterances of Kalchas which sealed the doom of Iphigeneia and Polyxena; and finally when the Argives are routed and Periklymenos is about to slay Amphiaraos, we see in his rescue by the earth which receives him with his chariot and horses another form of the plunge of Endymiôn into the sea or of the leap of Kephalos from the Leukadian cape. It is the vanishing from mortal sight of the sun which can never die, and so the story went that Zeus thus took away Amphiaraos that he might make him immortal.

The war of the Epigonoi.

This first assault of the Argives against Thebes answers to the ineffectual attempts of the Herakleidai to recover their paternal inheritance. It was therefore followed by a second attack in the struggle known as the war of the Epigonoi, or the children of the discomfited chiefs of the former expedition. But it must be noted that as the Herakleids find a refuge in Athens after the slaughter of Hyllos by Echemos, so Adrastos, who alone had been saved from the carnage by the speed of his horse Areion, betakes himself to the Attic Eleusis, whence Theseus marches against the Thebans to insist on the surrender and the burial of the dead,—an incident in which the historical Athenians took pride as an actual event in their annals. The doom of Thebes was now come, and the Epigonoi approach like the Herakleidai when their period of inforced idleness is at an end. The Thebans are utterly routed by the Argives under Alkmaion, the son of Amphiaraos; and Teiresias declares that there is no longer any hope, as the gods have abandoned them. The city is therefore surrendered, and Thersandros, the son of Polyneikes, is seated on the throne of Kadmos.

Antigonê and Haimon.

Of the remaining incidents connected with these two great struggles the most remarkable is the doom of Antigonê, who is condemned by Kreôn to be buried alive because she had performed the funeral rites over the body of Polyneikes, which had been cast forth to the birds and dogs. Of the sentiments which Sophokles puts into her mouth as explaining her motives and justifying her actions, all that we need to say here is that they belong seemingly rather to the Eastern than the Western world, and may be a genuine portion of the Persian myth which Herodotos has clothed in a Greek garb in the story of the Seven Conspirators. But the dismal cave in which she is left to die seems but the horrid den into which the Paṇis sought to entice Saramâ, and in which they shut up the beautiful cattle of the dawn. It is the cave of night into which the evening must sink and where she must die before the day can again dawn in the east. Nor can we well fail to notice the many instances in which those who mourn for mythical heroes taken away put an end to their own lives by hanging. It is thus that Haimon ends his misery when he finds himself too late to save Antigonê; it is thus that Iokastê hides her shame from the sight of the world; it is thus that Althaia and Kleopatra hasten away from life which without Meleagros is not worth the living for. The death of these beings is the victory of Echidna and Ahi, the throttling or strangling snake; and the tradition unconsciously preserved may have determined the mode in which these luckless beings must die.

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[1] *Il.* iv. 384, *et seq.*

Alkmaiôn and Eriphylê.

Nor may we forget that after the death of Amphiaraos the fortunes of his house run parallel with those of the house of Agamemnon after his return from Ilion. In obedience to his father's command Alkmaion slays his mother Eriphylê, and the awful Erinys, the avenger of blood, pursues him with the unrelenting pertinacity of the gadfly sent by Hêrê to torment the heifer Iô. Go where he will, she is there to torture him by day and scare him by night; and not until he has surrendered to Phoibos the precious necklace of Harmonia or Kadmos, and found out a spot to dwell in on which the sun had never looked at the time when Eriphylê met her doom, can Alkmaion have any rest. Such a refuge was furnished by the Oiniadai, islands which had grown up at the mouth of the river Achelôos from the deposits brought down by the stream to the sea. Here he marries Kallirhoe the daughter of the river god, who causes his death at the hands of the sons of Phegeus by insisting on his fetching her the necklace of Eriphylê. But Kallirhoe is, like Leda and Lêtô, the mother of twin sons, and she prays that they may at once grow into mature manhood and become the avengers of their father, as Hyllos is avenged by the Herakleids of a later generation.

Orestes and Klytaimnêstra.

This is substantially the story of Orestes, who slays Klytaimnêstra for murdering her husband Agamemnon as Eriphylê had brought about the death of Amphiaraos, and who is therefore chased, like Alkmaion, from land to land by the Erinyes of his mother, until at last he comes to Athens, the dawn city, and is there by the casting vote of Athênê herself acquitted in the court of Areiopagos. Of this myth there were, as we might expect, many variations: and among these we may notice the story which speaks of him and his friend Pylades as slaying Helen when Menelaos refused to rescue them from the angry Argives, and lastly, the legend that Orestes himself, like Eurydikê, died from the bite of a snake, the throttling serpent of Vedic mythology.

CHAPTER IV.

THE FIRE.

SECTION I.—AGNI.

Light and heat.

WHEN the old Vedic faith had been long overlaid by an elaborate sacerdotal ceremonialism, Agni still remained, as it had been from the first, a name for light or heat as pervading all things or as concentrated in the flame of fire. In the Satapatha-Brâhmana, Svetaketu tells king Janaka that he sacrifices to two heats in one another which are ever shining and filling the world with their splendour. When the king asks how this may be, the answer is, "Âditya (the sun) is heat: to him do I sacrifice in the evening in the fire (Agni). Agni is heat: to him do I sacrifice in the morning in the sun (Âditya)." When to Somasushma, who says that he sacrifices to light in light, the king puts the same question, the Brahman replies, "Âditya is light; to him do I sacrifice in the evening in Agni. Agni is light; to him do I sacrifice in the morning in Âditya."[1]

The majesty of Agni.

Thus Agni, like Indra, is sometimes addressed as the one great god who makes all things, sometimes as the light which fills the heavens, sometimes as the blazing lightning, or as the clear flame of earthly fire. The poets pass from one application of the word to another with perfect ease, as conscious that in each case they are using a mere name which may denote similar qualities in many objects. There is no rivalry or antagonism between these deities.[2] Agni is greatest, Varuṇa is greatest, and Indra is greatest; but when the one is so described, the others are for the time unnoticed, or else are placed in a subordinate position. Thus Agni is said to be the creator, who knows all that exists, to comprehend all other gods within himself, as the circumference of a wheel embraces its spokes;[3] and not unfrequently Indra is said to be Agni, and Agni is said to be Indra, while both alike are Skambha, the supporter of the universe.[1]

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[1] Max Müller, *Sanskrit Lit.* 421. Professor Müller traces the name to the root contained in the Greek ὠκύς, the Lat. agilis, the idea first impressed on men being that of its quick movement. —*Hibbert Lectures*, p. 206.

[2] Professor Max Müller, making this remark, adds, "This is a most important feature in the religion of the Veda, and has never been taken into consideration by those who have written on the history of ancient polytheism."—*Sanskr. Lit.* 546.

[3] Muir, *Principal Deities of R. V.* 570.

Physical attributes of Agni.

Hence the character of the god, as we might expect, is almost wholly physical. The blessings which his worshippers pray for are commonly temporal, and very rarely is he asked, like Varuṇa, to forgive sin. In the earlier hymns, he is generally addressed as the fire which to mortal men is an indispensable boon: in the more developed ceremonialism of later times he is chiefly concerned with the ordering of the sacrifice. As bearing up the offerings on the flames which mount to the sky, he stands in the place of Hermes as the messenger between gods and men. Like Phoibos and Indra, he is full of a secret wisdom. He is the tongue (of fire) through which gods and men receive each their share of the victims offered on the altar. Nay, so clearly is his mythical character still understood, that, although he is sometimes the originator of all things, at others he is said to have been kindled by Manu (man), and the expression at once carries us to the legends of Prometheus, Hermes, and Phorôneus, who is himself the Vedic god of fire Bhuranyu. The very sticks which Manu rubbed together are with his ten fingers called the parents of Agni, who is said to have destroyed them, as Oidipous and Perseus, Cyrus and Romulus are said to have destroyed their fathers. The hymns describe simply the phenomena of fire, which disappears or dies with a hiss or scream when it touches the water, even as the sun's orb is extinguished when it plunges into the seething bosom of the ocean.

"O Agni, thou from whom, as a new-born male, undying flames proceed, the brilliant smoke-god goes towards the sky, for as messenger thou art sent to the gods.

"Thou, whose power spreads over the earth in a moment when thou hast grasped food with thy jaws—like a dashing army thy blast goes forth; with thy lambent flame thou seemest to tear up the grass.

"Him alone, the ever youthful Agni, men groom, like a horse in the evening and at dawn; they bed him as a stranger in his couch; the light of Agni, the worshipped male, is lighted.

"Thy appearance is fair to behold, thou bright-faced Agni, when like gold thou shinest at hand; thy brightness comes like the lightning of heaven; thou showest splendour like the bright sun."[2]

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[1] Although in a multitude of passages Agni is spoken of in terms which can be predicated only of a supreme deity, this, it has been well said, proves no more than that "all the divinities are of the same igneous nature, and that Agni who in his lowest manifestation is ordinary earthly flame, in his highest is identical with Varuṇa himself, is the Asura, the ultimate source of all light, heat, life, and energy."—Brown, *Religion of Zoroaster*, § 31.

[2] *R. V.* vii. 3; Max Müller, *Sanskr. Lit.* 567.

"Adorable and excellent Agni, emit the moving and graceful smoke.

"The flames of Agni are luminous, powerful, fearful, and not to be trusted:"[1]

phrases which bring before us at once the capriciousness and sullenness of Meleagros and Achilleus. Like Indra, Agni is also Vritrahan.

"I extol the greatness of that showerer of rain whom men celebrate as the slayer of Vritra: the Agni, Vaiśwánara, slew the stealer of the waters."[2]

Like Indra, again, and the later Krishna, he is "the lover of the maidens, the husband of the wives."[3] He is "black-backed" and "many-limbed;" "his hair is flame," and "he it is whom the two sticks have engendered, like a new-born babe."

"Thou art laid hold of with difficulty," the poet truly says, "like the young of tortuously twining snakes, thou who art a consumer of many forests as a beast is of fodder."[4]

The infant Agni.

As the infant Hermes soon reaches his full strength, so the flames of Agni, who, puny at his birth, is kept alive by clarified butter, roar after a little while like the waves of the sea. But Agni consumes that which Hermes is constrained to leave untasted, and scathes the forest with his tongue, shearing off the hair of the earth as with a razor.

Agni the Psychopompos.

As the special guardian and regulator of sacrifices, Agni assumes the character of the Hellenic Hestia, and almost attains the majesty of the Latin Vesta. He is the lord and protector of every house, and the father, mother, brother, and son of every one of the worshippers.[5] He is the keeper of hidden treasures, and all blessings proceed from him as the giver. He is Vasu, the lord of light.[6] During life he shields men from harm, and at death he becomes the Psychopompos, as conveying the "unborn part" of the dead to the unseen world.[1]

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[1] H. H. Wilson, *Rig Veda S.* vol. i. pp. 102–104.

[2] *Ib.* ii. 158. [3] *Ib.* i. 180.

[4] *Ib.* iii. 253.

[5] Muir, *Principal Deities of R. V.* 569.

[6] Of the existence of the root *vas*, to shine, there can be, of course, no doubt. It is sufficiently shown by its derivatives φαος, φαίνω, φημί, φήμη, for, fatum, &c. Hence Professor Max Müller naturally refers to this root the Sanskrit vasar, Lat. ver (for vesr), the Greek εἴαρ, ἔαρ, ἦρ, the spring-time, and other words denoting the *year*, which seem to be akin to it. It is thus the shining gleaming time when nature displays herself in her beauty: but in Mr. Peile's judgment the meaning is nevertheless very uncertain. "There are three distinct roots," he remarks, "of the same form VAS. . . but none gives a satisfactory meaning; the best perhaps is that which means to clothe, so that spring should be the reclothing of nature; but this may be thought fanciful."—*Introd. to Gr. and Lat. Etymology*, 89. Meanwhile we have the facts that other names for one season of the year have been used to denote the year itself. "Man erinnere sich nur an sarad, herbst, Pers. sâl, jahr: varshâh, regenzeit, oder prâvrish im Veda, dann varsha, jahr; hima, winter, im bimus, zwei wintrig. *i.e.* zweijährig." Thus also, Professor Müller adds, we have the modified form vat in Skr. samvat, as well as in vatsa, vatsara, and samvatsara, and in the Greek, ἔτος, Ϝέτος, the year; thus too the Sanskrit parat for para-vat, in the previous year, explains the Greek πέρ-

The tongues of Agni.

But in every phase of his character the appellative force of his name remains discernible; nor are there wanting plain assertions that Agni is but one of many titles for the One Great Cause of all things.

"They call (him) Indra, Mitra, Varuṇa, Agni; then he is the well-winged heavenly Garutmat: that which is One, the wise call it many ways: they call it Agni, Yama, Mâtariśvan."[2] In India, however, as in the western world, there was a constant tendency to convert names into persons, and then to frame for them a mythical history in accordance with their meaning. Thus two of the ever-flickering tongues of the black-pathed Agni were called Kali, the black, and Karali, the terrific; and these became names of Durga, the wife of Siva, who was developed out of Agni; and a bloody sacrificial worship was the result.[3]

Agni and Hephaistos.

Like Ushas and Eôs, Agni never grows old. He is emphatically the youngest of all the gods, not as being the latest born, but as never losing his strength and might; and in this name Yavishtha, which is never given to any other Vedic god, we may recognise the Hellenic Hephaistos.[4] But the name Agni is nowhere found in the west as

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υσ-ι for *πέρ-υτ-ι*. This form *vat* or *ut* he traces back to a time preceding the dispersion of the Aryan tribes; the term *ἐνιαυτὸς* answering to sa*m*vat, may, he thinks, be later. In all this the idea certainly seems to be that of brilliance, and so of freshness, passing into that of youth: and thus, Professor Müller adds, we have the Greek *Ϝιταλός*, the Latin vitulus, meaning literally a yearling, as bimus and trimus would denote creatures two or three years old. Hence vitulus would answer precisely to *χίμαιρα* as a winterling, *i.e.* one winter old. Lastly, he remarks, "der Sa*m*vatsara, das Jahr oder die Jahres-sonne, aus dem Schoosse der Wasser geboren wird," a myth which only repeats the story of the birth of Aphroditê and every other dawn-goddess.

[1] Brown, *Religion of Zoroaster*, § 30.

[2] *R. V.* i. 164, 46; Max Müller, *Sanskr. Lit.* 567.

[3] Muir, *Sanskr. Texts*, part iv. p. 365, 425. For the worship of Kali by the Thugs as the goddess of darkness and death, see Tylor, *Primitive Culture*, ii. 385.

[4] Professor Max Müller thinks that this identification must be regarded as scarcely open to doubt. The name Hephaistos, he says, became the subject of myths in the West, precisely because it is not in strict analogy with the Sanskrit yavishtha, the superlative of yuvah, Lat. juvenis, young. The kindred form yavan, found also in Zend, yields yâvyâ, the name of the Greek Hêbê. The only difficulty is presented by the change of the Sanskrit v into the Greek *β*; but this change is seen in the Greek *σφὸς* for the Sanskrit svas. To the objection that the Sanskrit yavishtha ought to be represented by the Greek Hephistos, he replies that the Zend form stâvaesta represents the Sanskrit sthavistha, and thus from the analogous yâvaesta we should reach Hephaistos. Thus, with the exception of Agni, all the names of the fire and the fire-god were carried away by the Western Aryans: and we have Prometheus answering to Pramantha, Phorôneus to Bhuranyu, and the Latin Vulcanus to the Skr. ulkah, a firebrand, a word used in connection with the flames or sparks of Agni. Mr. Brown (*Great Dionysiak Myth*) contents himself with asserting that Hephistos is a Semitic and not an Aryan deity. His lameness and his skill in working metals furnish assuredly no warrant for such a conclusion; and as

the name of any deity. In the Greek dialects the word itself seems to have been lost, while the Latin ignis, with which it is identical, is merely a name for fire; nor are any myths associated with the Lithuanian Agni, the Slavonic Ogon, beyond that of his being sprung from Svarog, the heaven.[1]

SECTION II.—PHORÔNEUS AND HESTIA.

The Wind and the Fire.

The myth of Hermes brings before us one of the many modes in which men were supposed to have become first possessed of the boon of fire. But although Hermes is there said to have been the first to bestow this gift upon mankind, it is simply as supplying or kindling the materials, not as being himself the fire. The hymn-writer is careful to distinguish between the two. He is the fire-giver because he rubs the branches of the forest trees together till they burst into a flame: but the wood thus kindled and the meat which is roasted are devoured not by himself but by the flames. Hermes remains hungry, although he is represented as longing for the food whose savour fills his nostrils. Nothing can show more clearly that we are dealing simply with the wind or with air in motion, in other words, with the bellows not with the fire. Hence with a keen sense of the meaning of the myth, Shelley, in his translation of the line, speaks of Hermes as supplying to men "matches, tinderbox, and steel" for the kindling of the flame.

The Argive Phorôneus.

Another discoverer or bestower of fire is the Argive Phorôneus, who represents the Vedic fire-god Bhuranyu, and whose name is thus seen to be another form of the Greek Pûr, the Teutonic feuer and fire. Phorôneus is thus the fire itself, and as such he dwelt on the Astu Phorônikon of Argos,—in other words, he is the Argive Hestia with its holy flame of everlasting fire.[2] In this aspect he was naturally represented as the first of men and the father of all who are subject to death; and as such, he is also described, in accordance with the myth of the Askingas, as springing from an ash-tree.[3] To Phorôneus himself more than one wife is assigned. In one version he is the husband of Kerdo, the clever or winsome, a name pointing to the influence of fire on the comfort and the arts of life; in another of

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Mr. Brown refers us to no Semitic form of the name, we are not justified in surrendering the Aryan interpretation of the word.

[1] The worship of Ogon, Mr. Ralston tells us (*Songs of the Russian people*, 85), was connected with that of the domestic hearth, of which the stove has taken the place.

[2] Preller, *Gr. Myth.* ii. 37.

[3] *Ib.* Melia, of course, becomes a nymph, and is said to be wedded to Inachos, who thus becomes the father of Phorôneus.

Telodikê, a word which indicates the judicial powers of the Greek Hestia and the Latin Vestia. For the same reason, he is also wedded to Peitho, persuasion. Among his children are Pelasgos, Iasos, and Agenor, of whom a later tradition said that after their father's death they divided the kingdom of Argos among themselves. He is thus described as the father of the Pelasgic race, in contrast with Deukalion, who is the progenitor of the Hellenic tribes. But it is unnecessary to enter the ethnological labyrinth from which it seems as impossible to gather fruit as from the barren sea. It is enough to say that Agenor, in this Argive myth, is a brother of Eurôpê, while in that of the Phoinikian land he is her father, and that Argos and Phoinikia are alike the glistening regions of the purple dawn. The phrase that Eurôpê, the broad-spreading morning light, is the daughter of Phorôneus, corresponds precisely with the myth which makes Hephaistos cleave the head of Zeus to allow the dawn to leap forth in its full splendour. But from fire comes smoke and vapour, and Phorôneus is thus the father of Niobê, the rain-cloud, who weeps herself to death on Mount Sipylos.

Hestia.

As gathering to one centre the Argives, who had thus far dwelt scattered without a notion of social order and law, Phorôneus discharges the functions of Hestia. Nay, his Astu is Hestia, the inviolable fire on the sacred hearth which may not be moved but stands fast for ever.[1] But no great accretion of myths was possible in the case either of Phorôneus or of Hestia. The legend, such as it is, belongs to that class of transparent stories among which the myths of Endymiôn, Narkissos, Daphnê, Sarpêdôn, and Memnôn are among the most conspicuous; and the beneficial influence of her cultus is perhaps most strongly marked by the almost complete absence of folk-lore in connexion with her name. She is so clearly the fire on the hearth, the symbol and the pledge of kindliness and good faith, of law and order, of wealth and fair dealing, that it was impossible to lose sight of her attributes or to forget their origin; and except under these conditions there can be no full developement of mythology. Of no other deity perhaps was the worship so nearly an unmixed blessing. Falsehood and treachery, fickleness and insincerity, were to her things utterly hateful. Her purity could brook no uncleanness; her youth could know no decay, and thus her sacred dwelling became the centre of influences which breathed some life into a society prone to become more and more heartless and selfish. From the horrible devil-worship of Artemis Orthia, or Tauropola, we may turn to the redeeming cultus of Hestia and Asklêpios,—the shrines of the one being the stronghold of generosity and sympathy, the temples of the other being devoted to those works of mercy, which we are disposed to regard as the exclusive products of Christianity.[1]

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[1] The names Astu and Hestia are both referred by Preller to the Sanskrit vas, to dwell, the cognate Greek forms being ἕζω and ἵζω, thus connecting together the Latin Vesta and sedes, a permanent habitation. But on the other hand it is urged that the name Hestia may more reasonably be referred to the root vas, to shine, which has yielded Vasu as a name for Agni, as well as many names for the year. (See note [6], p. 420). Hestia and Vesta would thus denote the glistening flame, and would be akin to the names for the hot wind, Euros and Auster, αὐστηρός.—Peile, *Introduction to Greek and Latin Etymology*, 77.

The sacred fire.

Hestia in the common legend is the eldest daughter of Kronos and Rheia, and is wooed both by Phoibos and Poseidôn; but their suit is vain. Hestia makes a solemn vow that she will never be a bride, and as her reward she receives honour and glory both among gods and among men. As the pure maiden, she is to have her home in the inmost part of every dwelling, and at every sacrifice offered to Zeus and the other deities she is to preside and to receive the first invocation and the first share. As apart from her there can be no surety for truth, peace, and justice, each town, city, and state must have its own Prytaneion, with its central hearth, uniting the citizens in a common faith and in common interests. Here the suppliant should obtain at the least the boon of a fair trial, here should all compacts, whether between states or private men, receive their most solemn sanction; and when it became necessary to lighten the pressure of population at home by sending forth some of the citizens into new countries, from this hearth should the sacred fire be taken as the link which was to bind together the new home with the old. This fire should never be extinguished; but if by chance such calamity should befall, it was to be lit again, not from common flame but as Hermes kindled fire, by friction, or drawn by burning-glasses from the sun itself. Hands unclean might not touch her altar, and the guardians of her sacred fire should be pure and chaste as herself. All this is so transparent that we cannot be said to have entered here on the domain of mythology; and even the great hearth of the Universe is but an extension to the whole Kosmos of the idea which regarded Hestia as the very foundation of human society.

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[1] The temples of Asklêpios were practically large hospitals, where something like the aid of Christian charity was extended to the sick and afflicted by physicians whose knowledge raised them far above the empirics and spell-mutterers of the Middle Ages.

SECTION III.—HEPHAISTOS AND LOKI.

The maimed Hephaistos.

In Hephaistos, the ever-young,[1] we see an image of fire, not as the symbol and pledge of faith and honour, of law and equity, but like Agni, dark and stunted in its first beginnings but able to do wonders in its power over earths and metals. He is the mighty workman who, at the prayer of Thetis, forges for Achilleus the irresistible armour in which he is to avenge the death of Patrôklos, as Regin the smith of Hialprek the king of Denmark fashions a new sword for Sigurd which is brought to him by his mother Hjordis. But in spite of all his power he himself is subject to great weakness, the result, according to one version, of his mother's harshness, in another, of the cruelty of Zeus. The former relates that Hêrê was so horrified by his deformity and limping gait that she cast him forth from Olympos, and left him to find a refuge with the Ocean nymphs Thetis and Eurynomê. The other tells how when once he was taking his mother's part in one of her quarrels with her husband, Zeus, indignant at his interference, seized him by the leg and hurled him out of heaven. Throughout the livelong day he continued to fall, and as the sun went down he lay stunned on the soil of Lemnos, where the Sintians took him up and tended him in his weakness.[2] The myth also ran that he had no father, as Athênê has no mother, and that he was the child of Hêrê alone, who in like manner is called the solitary parent of Typhon. The mystery of his birth perplexed Hephaistos: and the stratagem in which he discovered it reappears in the Norse story of the Master Smith, who, like Hephaistos, possesses a chair from which none can rise against the owner's will. In the one case it is Hêrê, in the other it is the devil who is thus entrapped, but in both the device is successful.

The forge of Hephaistos.

The Olympian dwelling of Hephaistos is a palace gleaming with the splendour of a thousand stars. At his huge anvils mighty bellows keep up a stream of air of their own accord; and giant forms, Brontês, Steropês, Pyrakmon (the thunders, lightnings and flames) aid him in his labours. With him dwells his wife, who in the Iliad, as we have seen, is Charis, in the Odyssey Aphroditê. In its reference to Hephaistos the lay of Demodokos which relates the faithlessness of Aphroditê is worthy of note chiefly as it attributes to him the powers of Daidalos. The thin chains which, catching the eye scarcely more than spiders' webs, entrap Arês and Aphroditê in a network from which there is no escape, at once suggest a comparison with the tortuous labyrinth made for Pasiphaê in the land of Minôs.

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[1] See note [4], p. 421.

[2] The tradition which assigns this incident as the cause of his lameness refers probably to the weakened powers of fire when either materials or draught fail it. The Vedic hymn speaks of Agni as clothed or hindered by smoke only at his birth; but with a feeling not less true to the phenomena of fire, the poets of the *Iliad* represent him as always halting, and so furnishing the gods with a source of inextinguishable laughter, as they see him puffing and panting in his ministrations as the cup-bearer. The golden supports which hold him up as he walks are the glittering flames which curl upward beneath the volumes of smoke which rise above them.

Hephaistos and Athênê.

In our Homeric poems no children of Hephaistos are mentioned. In Apollodoros we have the strange story which makes him and Athênê the parents of Erichthonios, and the legend which represents him as the father of the robber Periphêtês, who is slain by Theseus—myths transparent enough to render any detailed explanation superfluous. The Christian missionaries converted Hephaistos into a demon, and thus he became the limping devil known in Berkshire tradition as Wayland the Smith.

The Latin Vulcan.

Of the Latin Vulcan little more needs to be said than that he too is a god of fire, whose name also denotes his office, for it points to the Sanskrit ulka, a firebrand, and to the kindred words fulgur and fulmen, names for the flashing lightning.[1] Like most other Latin gods, he has in strictness of speech no mythology; but it pleased the later Roman taste to attribute to him all that Greek legends related of Hephaistos.

The fire-god Loki.

The name Loki, like that of the Latin Vulcanus, denotes the light or blaze of fire, and in such phrases as Locke dricker vand, Loki drinks water, described the phenomena of the sun drinking when its light streams in shafts from the cloud-rifts to the earth or the waters beneath. The word thus carries us to the old verb *liuhan*, the Latin lucere, to shine, and to Logi as its earlier form, the modern German lohe, glow; but as the Greek tradition referred the name Oidipous to the two words οἶδα and οἰδέω, to know and to swell, so a supposed connexion with the verb lukan, to shut or lock, substituted the name Loki for Logi, and modified his character accordingly.[2] He thus becomes the being who holds the keys of the prison-house, like the malignant Grendel in Beowulf, or the English fire-demon Grant mentioned by Gervase of Tilbury, a name connected with the Old Norse grind, a grating, and the modern German grenz, a boundary.

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[1] In the Gaelic Lay of Magnus, the smith or forging god appears under the name Balcan, his son being the sailor. This looks as if the Latin name had been borrowed. In this story the twelve ruddy daughters of the King of Light marry the twelve foster-brothers of Magnus the hero—the months of the year.—Campbell, iii. 347; Gubernatis, *Zoological Mythology*, i. 326.

[2] Grimm, *D. M.* 221.

At no time, however, did Loki exhibit the features of the Semitic devil or the Iranian Ahriman. Like Hephaistos, a god of the fire, he resembles him also in his halting gait and in the uncouth figure which provokes the laughter of the gods; and if we are not told that like him Loki was hurled out of heaven, yet we see him bound for his evil deeds, and, like Prometheus, he shall be set free, we are told, at the end of the world, and shall hurry in the form of a wolf to swallow the moon, as the deliverance of Prometheus is to be followed by the overthrow of his tormentor. Hence the Norse phrase, "Loki er or bôndum," answering to the expression, "Der Teufel ist frei gelassen," the devil is loose.[1]

Loki the thief.

The last day of the week bore, in Grimm's opinion, the name of this deity.[2] In place of our Saturday we have the Old Norse laugardagr, the Swedish lögerdag, the Danish löverdag, a word which at a later period was held to mean the day appointed for bathing or washing, but which was more probably used at first in the original sense of brightness attached to Loki's name. When, however, this meaning gave way before the darker sense extracted from the verb lukan, to shut or imprison, Luki became known as Sætere, the thief who sits in ambush. The Christian missionaries were not slow to point out the resemblance of this word to the Semitic Satan and the Latin Saturnus, who were equally described as malignant demons; and thus the notions grew up that the name of the last day of the week was imported from the old mythology of Italy, or that the Teutonic god was also the agricultural deity of the Latin tribes.

SECTION IV.—PROMETHEUS.

The Hesiodic ages.

Another and in some versions a very different account of fire is given in the myths of Prometheus. In the Hesiodic Theogony Prometheus is a son of the Titan Iapetos, his brothers being Epimetheus, Atlas, and Menoitios. But even of these the Hesiodic account cannot easily be reconciled with that of the Odyssey. In the latter, Atlas (Skambha) is the guardian and keeper of the pillars which hold up the heaven above the earth, and he knows all the depths of the sea.[3] In the former he is condemned by Zeus to support the heaven on his head and hands,[1] while Menoitios undergoes a punishment corresponding to that of Sisyphos or Ixîon, and with his father Iapetos is consigned to the abyss of Tartaros. In short, if we put aside the assertion that in some way or other Prometheus was a giver of the boon of fire to men, the story is told with a singular variety of inconsistent details. Nothing can be more clear and emphatic than the narrative in which Æschylos asserts the utter and hopeless savagery of mankind before Prometheus came to their aid. They had no settled homes, no notion of marriage or of the duties which bind the members of a family together; they burrowed in the ground like the digger Indians, and contented themselves with food not much better than that of the insect-eating Bushmen, because they knew nothing about fire, and how far it might raise them above the beasts of the field. This wretched state was their original condition, not one to which they had fallen from a higher and a better one, and it was from mere compassion to their utter helplessness that Prometheus stole fire from the house of Zeus, and hiding it in a ferule, imparted it to men, teaching them at the same time how to cook their food and build houses. With this notion the narrative of the Hesiodic Theogony is in complete antagonism. In this legend the existence of man upon earth began with a golden age, during which the earth yielded her fruits of her own accord, and in which plagues and sicknesses were unknown. They were subject indeed to the doom of death; but they died as though they were merely going to sleep, and became the righteous demons who, wandering like the Erinyes everywhere through the air, watch the ways and works of men, to uphold the righteous and overturn the wicked. The second is the silver age, the men of which incurred the wrath of Zeus, and were hidden by him beneath the earth for impiously withholding the honours due to the immortal gods. Still when they die they are reckoned among the blessed, and are not without honours themselves.[2] The brazen age which followed exhibits a race of men who ate no corn and had hearts of adamant, and whose hands sprung from their vast shoulders. These were the workers in brass (for men had not yet needed or come to know the use of iron), and their weapons were used to their own destruction. Like the men sprung from the dragon's teeth in the Theban and Argonautic myths, they fought with and slaughtered each other, and went down without a name to the gloomy underworld of Hades. But it must not be forgotten that the Hesiodic poet knows of no transitional periods. The old age does not fade away insensibly into the new. It is completely swept off, and the new takes its place as virtually a new creation. Thus the earth becomes the possession of a series of degenerating inhabitants, the race of the poet's own day being the worst of all. These are the men of the iron age, who know no peace by day and by night, and for whom, although some good may yet be mingled with the evil, the poet anticipates nothing but an increasing misery which at the last will become unbearable. Good faith and kindly dealing will in the end vanish from the face of the earth, until Aidôs and Nemesis (reverence and righteousness) will wrap their shining garments around their radiant forms, and soar away into the heights never pierced by the eye of man.

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[1] The root of the two myths of Loki and Prometheus is thus precisely the same. In each case the benefactor of man is a being as subtle as he is wise, and as such he is expelled from the family of the gods. The vulture of Prometheus is in the case of Loki replaced by a serpent whose venom trickles down upon his face.—Tylor, *Primitive Culture*, i. 329.

[2] Grimm, *D. M.* ii. 227. For some further remarks on week-day names and the system of week-days, see Max Müller, *Selected Essays*, ii. 460, *et seq.*

[3] *Odyss.* i. 52; Grote, *Hist. Gr.* i. 101.

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[1] Hesiod, *Theog.* 516.

[2] The portions thus allotted to the departed of the golden and silver races tended to foster and develope that idea of a moral conflict between good and evil which first took distinct shape on Iranian soil. The evil spirits are there the malignant powers of darkness who represent both in name and in attributes the gloomy antagonist of the sun-god Indra. The Hesiodic myth coincides completely with this sentiment, while it extends it. Here the spirits of the men belonging to the golden age are the good demons, these demons being generically different from the blessed gods of Olympos: but it was easy to assign to the departed souls of the silver age a lower, or even a positively malignant, character. They are not called Daimones by the Hesiodic poet, but they have a recognised position and dignity in the realm of the air. There was no reason, therefore, why they should not be represented by others as evil demons; and this step which, as Grote remarks, was taken by Empedokles and Xenokrates, led to that systematic distinction of which the Christian teachers availed themselves for the overthrow or rather the transformation of the system itself. It only remained for them to insist on

The Heroic age.

Such is the purely ethical legend by which the Hesiodic poet accounts for the present condition of mankind—a state not only opposed to the legends of Hermes, Prometheus, and Phorôneus, but also to all the associations which had taken the strongest hold on the popular mind. The stories recited by bards or rhapsodists told them of a time when men walked the earth who were the children of immortal mothers, whose joys and sorrows were alike beyond those of men now living, who had done great deeds and committed great crimes, but who nevertheless held open converse with the flashing-eyed goddess of the dawn, and for whom the fire-god forged irresistible weapons and impenetrable armour. In the conviction of the Hesiodic as of our Homeric poets, the heroes of this magnificent but chequered age were utterly different from the miserable race which had followed them, nor could they be identified with the beings of the three races who had gone before them. It was, however, impossible even for a poet, who probably preferred his ethical maxims to the story of the wrath of Achilleus or the avenging of Helen, to

the reality of the evil demons thus brought into existence, and then, as the gods themselves are in the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* and elsewhere called demons, to include all together in the one class of malignant devils: and at once the victory of the new creed was insured. The old mythology was not killed, but it took a different shape, and, losing all its ancient beauty, acquired new powers of mischief and corruption.—Grote, *Hist. Greece*, i. 96, &c.

pass them by in contemptuous silence. They must therefore be placed by themselves in a position which breaks the ethical order of the primeval ages;[1] and thus the poet contents himself with saying that many of them slew each other at Thebes fighting for the apples or the cows of Oidipous, while others met their doom at Troy. All these were placed by Zeus in a region far away from the undying gods and beyond the bounds of the earth, where Kronos is their king, and where the teeming soil produces yearly its triple harvests in the islands of the blessed by the deep eddying ocean.

The Prometheus of Æschylos.

In contrast with this gloomier belief, the Promethean myth exhibits mankind in a scale ascending from the savage state in which they knew the use neither of fire nor of metals to that high civilisation in which Zeus fears that men may become like the gods in wisdom and thus share their power. For this myth, as related by Æschylos, knows nothing of a previous knowledge of fire, which, according to the Hesiodic version, Zeus took away from men in revenge for the cheat which left only the fat and bones of victims as the portion of the gods. This explanation, which is not altogether consistent with other passages in the Hesiodic Theogony, completely excludes the idea which lies at the very root of the Æschylean tradition, for Prometheus expressly speaks of men not as having lost high powers and the fruits of great results achieved by those powers, but as never having been awakened to the consciousness of the powers with which they were endowed. From the first, until he came to their aid, they were beings to whom sight and hearing were wholly useless, and for whom life presented only the confused shapes of a dream. The sunless caves, in which they lived like ants, were not wrought into shape by their hands. For them there were no distinctions of seasons, no knowledge of the rising and setting of the stars. For this state of unspeakable misery there was no remedy until men could be roused to a knowledge of their own powers and be placed in the conditions indispensable for their exercise—a result to be achieved only by bestowing on them the boon of fire. But this very idea involves the fact that till then fire was a thing unknown to men upon the earth. They might see it in the cloven thunderclouds, or tremble at the fiery streams hurled into the air from the heaving volcano, but to them fire was at the least a thing which they dared not approach with the thought of mastering and turning it to use. Some wiser being than they must therefore bring it to them in a form which shall deprive it of its terrors and make it the servant, not the destroyer, of man. That being is Prometheus, who, ascending to the palace of Zeus, fills a ferule with fire, and thus brings down the precious boon to the woe-begone children of men. Henceforth the task of raising them was practically stripped of its difficulty, and Prometheus was enabled to teach men how to cook and build, and where to find the riches stored up within the earth. From him came the knowledge of the movements of the heavens, and the changes of the seasons; by him men were taught to plough and reap, and to launch themselves in ships on the waters and spread their white wings to the breeze. From him they received skill in the discernment of herbs and roots for the healing of diseases under which they had groaned in hopeless suffering; and from him they learnt to understand the signs of the calm and troubled heavens, and the meanings of the muscular movements of victims slain in sacrifice.

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[1] It is noteworthy that the generations given in the *Theogony* of the Popol Vuh are interrupted after the third creation.—Max Müller, *Chips*, i. 335.

The punishment of Prometheus.

It was impossible for the poet to show more clearly that Prometheus was the friend who bestowed on man, originally a creature more feeble and helpless than any of the brute beasts, all that can make life valuable. Of any earlier condition in which men lived, as in the golden or silver ages, or of any state better in any respect than the one in which he found them, the Prometheus of the great tragic poet knows nothing. Nor can we well lay too great a stress on this fact, because the version given by Æschylos not only makes the whole myth self-consistent, but is clearly the earlier form of the legend into which the Hesiodic poet introduced the vengeance taken by Zeus for the cheat put upon him. This story is really a mere patchwork; for according to it men, deprived of fire as a punishment, lose a thing on which much of their comfort may depend, but they are not deprived of the crafty wisdom in which Prometheus had been their teacher. In short, they are as far as ever from that state of unawakened powers which is of the very essence of the story in the tragedy of Æschylos. But there were two things which Æschylos felt it needful to explain. The very mode in which Prometheus became possessed of the priceless treasure implied that he was acting in opposition to the will of Zeus, or at the least without his knowledge, while it showed that he had access to the gleaming palace of the father of the gods. How then came it about that Prometheus should be able thus to enter Olympos, and why should he seek to conceal the deed which he had resolved to do? These questions the poet answered by a reference to other myths with which Prometheus was connected. This friend of man was himself either a Titan or the son of the Titan Iapetos; and when his gigantic kinsfolk rose in rebellion against Zeus, Prometheus played the part of Michael in the great war waged within the courts of heaven. Finding that all good counsels were cast away on the brutal partisans of Kronos, Prometheus throws in the weight of his wisdom on the side of Zeus, and the result is that Kronos with his adherents is hurled, like Satan with the revolted angels, into the abyss of Tartaros or hell. Thus far Prometheus was a benefactor to Zeus without awakening either his jealousy or his wrath. Henceforth he might have remained for ever in the bright homes of Olympos had it not been for the injustice of which Zeus became guilty as soon as he found himself securely seated on the throne of heaven. To each of the deathless gods he assigned a place and function; of men alone he took no count, his heart's desire being to sweep the whole race from the earth and to create another. But it is clear that this resolution was formed not because men were already becoming too wise and too powerful, as the Hesiodic version would represent it, but because man was too mean and wretched a thing to be suffered to cumber the earth. Here Zeus expresses no fear, and Prometheus is opposed to him not because he is too severe upon enemies whom he dreads, but because he feels no pity for creatures whose wretchedness calls only for compassion. The mercy refused by Zeus is extended to them by Prometheus, who determines to raise them from their abject misery, and by stealing the fire converts the opposition of Zeus into a fierce longing for vengeance against the mighty being who had dared to thwart his will. The great heart whose pulses had beaten in sympathy with the griefs and wants of men shall itself be torn with an agony far surpassing their puny woes. In the sentence thus passed upon him it seems difficult not to discern a phrase or a sentiment in close analogy with those which are seen in the myths of Erinys or Atê. The awful being, who with sleepless eye wanders through the air to watch the deeds of men and exact a righteous penalty for the shedding of innocent blood, had been, or was, in the land of the Five Streams only the beautiful Saranyû or morning. But the natural phrase, "the dawn will find out the evil-doer," changes Saranyû in Hellas into the dread minister of divine vengeance; and it was necessary only to give a physical meaning to the phrase that the hearts of the enemies of Zeus shall be racked with pain, to furnish a starting-point for the myth which told how the vulture gnawed the heart of Prometheus as he lay bound to the frozen crags of Caucasus. But the visible vulture gnawing a bleeding heart would soon have finished its horrid task; the heart, therefore, must constantly grow, and thus the story ran that the portion consumed during the day was restored in the night, and the region of everlasting ice and storm was chosen as the place of torture presenting the most awful contrast with the sunlit halls of Olympos.

The cheating of Zeus.

The zeal of Prometheus on behalf of mankind is brought to its acme in the institutional legend which professed to account for the portion assigned to the gods in the distribution of victims slain in sacrifices. They have only the bones and the fat, while the meat and the entrails belong to men. This practice is ascribed strictly to the craft of Prometheus, who, in the great contest between gods and men in Mêkônê, divided an ox, and placing the meat under the stomach and the bones under the more inviting and auspicious fat, called on Zeus to make his choice. The god with great eagerness placed both hands on the fat, and was enraged on finding that it concealed only a heap of bones.[1] This insult, according to the Hesiodic Theogony, Zeus avenged by depriving men of fire—a sequel hopelessly at variance with the more genuine form of the myth as related by Æschylos.

Prometheus and Pandora.

But the name Prometheus[2] suggested to the Greeks a connexion with words springing from the same root with Metis and Medeia. It came, in short, to mean Forethought or Providence, and thus they were led to its antithesis Epimetheus, Afterthought, and to exalt the one by framing a story to illustrate the vanity of the other. This is as

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[1] The Hesiodic poet in relating this story makes use of one or two expressions which imply or assert that Zeus saw through the trick from the first, and that thus it was in fact no trick at all. When Zeus saw the two heaps laid out for his choice, he is made to say that the division is not fair. The poet adds that this was a sarcasm from a god whose wisdom was boundless; and in the same way, when he is summoned to choose, the poet says that he did so with his eyes open, γνῶ ῥ' οὐδ' ἠγνοίησε δόλον. The words are introduced simply to save the majesty of Zeus at the cost of complete inconsistency with the story. Had he thus seen through the trick, he would have defeated it, and would certainly have shown no feverish eagerness to lay his hands on the tempting heap of fat. But Prometheus succeeds in his scheme; in other words, Zeus is really outwitted. Grote sees clearly that the poet's reservation cannot be admitted.—*Hist. Greece*, i. 86. In one point, however, the Æschylean version is as singularly at variance with itself as in all others it is with the Hesiodic myth. These children of men, who are described as being unable either to see or hear, and as clustering together like ants in their sunless caves until they receive the boon of fire and the blessings which follow that gift, yet possess a knowledge of things to come, and see most clearly what is to be the course and the close of their lives, προδέρκεσθαι μόρον, *before* Prometheus brings down for them the heavenly fire. This power he takes away from them, substituting blind hopes or dreams in its place; and when he has added to this benefit the gift of the fire, he then instructs them in divination, thus supplying in a measure the very knowledge which he had wished to take away, and of which he had in fact deprived them. The contradiction could not be more complete.

[2] It has been connected by Dr. Kuhn with the Sanskrit Pramantha or churn used for kindling fire with dried pieces of wood. The wood thus has reference not to his wisdom but to his giving of the fire; and it was in this case a mere resemblance of sound which led the Greeks to explain the name as denoting forethought. Hence Epimetheus is strictly the result of a false etymology; and the process which brought him into existence is illustrated by the language of Pindar (*Pyth.* v. 25), who assigns to Epimetheus a daughter Prophasis, Excuse, the offspring of after-thought.—Grote, *Hist. Gr.* i. 102.

BOOK II.

manifestly implied by the story of Pandora as the overreaching of Zeus is patent in the institutional myth of the sacrifices. Prometheus is the wise and cautious counsellor, whose advice, if followed, will assuredly mitigate an evil or prevent a catastrophe. As such, he had bidden men, and more especially his brother Epimetheus, to be on their guard against any gifts which might be offered to them by Zeus, as their acceptance would be followed only by pain and misery. But it was impossible thus to defeat the schemes of Zeus or avert the doom of man. No sooner had Zeus been tricked in the matter of the sacrificial victims than he bade the fire-god Hephaistos mould of clay the figure of a maiden,[1] into which Athênê the dawn-goddess breathed the breath of life, clothing her with silver raiment, while Hermes gave her the mind of a dog, to cozen, deceive, and ruin those with whom she might come in contact. The maiden, thus arrayed, is brought to Epimetheus, and presented to him under the name Pandora, the gift of all the gods.[2] Thus was woman brought to man; and the poet of the Theogony only adds that through woman man was speedily plunged into woe irremediable. The author of the Works and Days gives the reasons in detail. In the keeping of Epimetheus was a fatal jar, whose cover could not be lifted without grievous consequences to mankind. Pandora of course raises the lid, and a thousand evils are let loose. Thus far men had been plagued by no diseases: now the air was filled with the seeds of sickness which everywhere produced their baneful fruit; and the only possible alleviation of their woe was rendered impossible by the shutting up of Hope, which alone remained a prisoner within the cask when Pandora in her terror hastily replaced the cover.[3] Here manifestly we have an account of the origin of evil which is altogether at variance with the true Promethean legend. The disaster thus caused by Pandora occurs long after the theft of the fire from Olympos, and at a time when Prometheus was paying the penalty for his offence. But in the version given by Æschylos Prometheus mentions, as one of his reasons for wishing to bestow on men the boon of fire, the crowd of diseases and plagues which they were unable either to mitigate or to cure. The reconciliation of these two myths, thus sprung from two different lines of thought, is an impossibility. But the Hesiodic legend is indeed inconsistent throughout. The mere comparison instituted between Prometheus and Epimetheus, the fore-thinker and the after-thinker, implies that there must be some advantage in the one, some loss in the other, if the contrast is to have any force. But in the Theogony and the Works and Days there is no more to be said in behalf of one than of the other. The provident and the improvident are alike outwitted and punished; and the gain, if any there be, is decidedly to the man who does not see the coming evils as they cast their shadows before them.

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[1] In the Finnish epic of Wäinämöinen, the smith is Ilmarinen, who makes, not for others, but for himself, a wife of gold and silver whom he brings to life after vast trouble. He finds, however, that that side of his body which has touched the golden Bride is very cold in the morning. Hence he is willing to turn her over to Wäinämöinen, who, not much relishing the gift, advises him to take it to some place where gold is in more request.

[2] In another and a more probable tradition Pandora is an epithet of Gaia, the bountiful earth, lavish of her gifts to all her children: it would thus answer to the phrase δώτωρ ἐάων.

[3] The opinion that Hope was left a prisoner out of mercy to men seems untenable. The genuineness of the line in which Zeus bids Pandora replace the lid is very doubtful, while the whole legend assuredly represents Zeus as inexorably hostile to men, and hence as most unlikely to interfere in their behalf. In Grote's opinion the point is one which does not admit of question. Pandora, he says, does not in Hesiod "bring with her the cask. . . . The case is analogous to that of the closed bag of unfavourable winds which Æolus gives into the hands of Odysseus, and which the guilty companions of the latter force open, to the entire ruin of his hopes. . . . The diseases and evils are inoperative so long as they remain shut up in the cask: the same mischief-making which lets them out to their calamitous work takes care that Hope shall still continue a powerless prisoner in the inside."—*Hist. Gr.* i. 104; Tylor, *Primitive Culture*, i. 319.

Prometheus and Deukalion.

Putting aside these myths as the result of a mistaken etymology, we see in Prometheus simply another Phoroneus, the giver of fire, and, by consequence, of the blessings which spring from the knowledge of fire. As wakening the senses of men, as providing them with the appliances and comforts of life, as teaching them how to plough and build, to cross the seas and search the mines, he is practically the creator as well as the preserver of men; and the creative function thus assigned to him is brought out still more in the story of his son Deukalion, in whose days the great flood of waters overwhelms the whole of Hellas. By his father's advice Deukalion builds an ark, in which with his wife Pyrrha he floats for nine days and nights until the vessel rested on the summits of Parnassos.[1] When descending from the ark with Pyrrha (a name denoting redness, whether of the soil, or, as other names in the myth render far more probable, of the early morning), he offers his first sacrifice. Hermes is sent to grant them any one thing which they may choose. The prayer of Deukalion reflects the spirit of Prometheus; and he beseeches Zeus to restore mankind, now that the race has been swept away, as his father had entreated him to stay his hand when first he resolved to destroy them. The answer, whether given by Zeus or by Theseus, is that they must cast the bones of their mother behind them as they go upon their way; and the wisdom of Prometheus, which had warned them of the coming deluge, now teaches them that their common parent must be the Earth, and that her bones were to be seen in the rocks and stones strewn around them. These, accordingly, they cast backwards over their heads; and from those which Deukalion hurls spring up men, from those cast by Pyrrha women.[1]

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[1] For other versions of this Flood see pp. 226, 327. In all these deluges only the righteous, or those who have a consecrated character, are saved. The men of Delphoi are the ministers of the light-god Phoibos: hence wolves, by the same equivocation which led to the confounding of the tail of light, Lykosoura (Lykabas), with that of the wolf, led them to the heights of Parnassos, where, of course, the city of Lykoreia, or Mountain of Light, is founded. Megaros, again, who is saved by following the high-soaring cranes, is a son of Zeus and a Sithnian nymph, or, in other words, a child of the waters, akin to the morning deities Athênê, Artemis, and Aphroditê.—Paus. i. 40, 1.

Prometheus and Iô.

But Prometheus is one of those beings over whom tortures and death have no lasting hold. Memnôn, Sarpêdôn, and Adônis may all die, but they must rise again to more than their ancient splendour; and thus Prometheus must be delivered from his long torments by one of those bright heroes whose nature he shares. The Promethean legend thus becomes intermingled with that of Iô as a parent of Heraklês, for only beings like Heraklês, Phoibos, or Asklêpios may achieve such deliverances. Since, again, the sufferings of Prometheus have been caused by his resisting the will of Zeus, it follows that his rescue must involve the humiliation of Zeus; and thus the indomitable son of Iapetos is represented as using language which seems to point distinctly to the Norse belief in Ragnarok, the Twilight of the gods, when the long day of the deities of Asgard shall be quenched in endless night.[2] Nor are Iô and Heraklês the only names denoting the brilliance of the morning or the sun, which are associated with the name of Prometheus. The whole legend teems with a transparent mythical history in its very names, if we confine ourselves to these alone. Deukalion and Pyrrha are the parents of Protogeneia, who, being wedded to Zeus, becomes the mother of Aethlios, whose wife, Kalyke, is the mother of Endymiôn, the husband of Asterodia, who bears him fifty children. Translating these words into English, we have simply the assertions that the clear purple tints usher in the early dawn, the mother of the struggling sun, from whose union with the earth springs the wearied sun of evening, who, plunging into the western waters, is wedded to the tranquil night moving among the stars who are her children.

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[1] This myth, in Professor Max Müller's opinion, "owes its origin to a mere pun on λαὸς and λᾶας."—*Chips, &c.*, ii. 12. The temptation so to assign it is great; but it seems unlikely that the same equivocation should run through the language of other tribes, among whom the story is found, as among the Macusi Indians of South America, who believe that the stones were changed into men, and the Tamanaks of Orinoko, who hold that a pair of human beings cast behind them the fruit of a certain palm, and out of the kernels sprang men and women.

[2] It may be doubted whether this idea is anything more than an inference conceived by the mind of Æschylos; for no other mention of the downfall of the Olympian hierarchy seems to be found in any other Greek writer. The notion, which agrees well with the gloomy climate of the North, was not likely to fasten on the imagination of Hellenic tribes in their sunnier home.

SECTION V.—THE LIGHTNING.

The Titans.

With the gift of fire Prometheus imparted to man the power of interpreting the fiery lightnings which flash across the sky and seem to pierce the very bowels of the earth. These lightnings are the mighty fires in which the invincible weapons and arms are welded for beings like Phoibos, Heraklês, or Achilleus; or they are themselves the awful thunderbolts forged by Hephaistos, the fire-god, and his ministers for Zeus himself. These ministers are the gigantic Titans, some of whom are thus compelled to do service to the god against whom they had rebelled; while others, like Typhôeus and Enkelados, are bound on fiery couches beneath huge mountains, through which they vomit forth streams of molten fire. Thus, among the myths related of these beings, we find some which refer to the manifestations of fire in the heaven, while others exhibit the working of the same forces upon the earth or under it. When we reach the Hesiodic or Orphic theogonies, these myths have been modified and woven together in a highly elaborate system. It is true that even here we find the poets, or mythographers, working more or less in unconscious fidelity to the old mythical phrases, which had mainly furnished them with their materials. Thus when the Orphic poet desired to go further back than the point to which the Hesiodic theogony traces the generation of the Kosmos, he traced the universe to the great mundane egg produced by Chronos, time, out of Chaos and Aithêr,—a symbol answering to the mighty mixing-bowl of the Platonic demiourgos, and akin to all the circular, oval, or boat-shaped emblems of fertility which have been associated with the signs of the male-powers in nature. But the artificial character of these theogonies can neither be ignored nor explained away; nor can it be denied, that the deliberate process of manufacture which they have undergone deprives them in great part of any mythological value, while it frees us from the necessity of going through their tedious details, or of adhering invariably to their order. Thus, if we take the story whether of the gigantic Polyphêmos or of the Kyklôpes among whom he is reckoned, we are not bound to go through the cumbrous genealogy of Ouraniones, Titans, and Gigantes with which the theogonies are overloaded. It is enough to say that when Argês, Steropês, and Brontês are spoken of as Kyklôpes, these are manifestly the dazzling and scorching flashes which plough up the storm-clad heavens. But although it is possible to trace the affinity between these Kyklôpes and the beings to whom the poets of the Iliad and the Odyssey give the same name, the latter exhibit nevertheless features very different from the former.[1] The Kyklôps of the Odyssey has nothing to do with fire; he is the son of Poseidôn and the nymph Thoôsa; in other words, he is emphatically the child of the waters, and of the waters only—the huge mists which wrap the earth in a dark shroud. Instead of forging armour, he feeds his flock of sheep and goats on the rough hill-side. These herds answer to the cattle of Helios in every respect except their brilliance. The flocks of the Kyklôps are the rough and misshapen vapours on which no sunshine sheds its glory, while the Kyklôps himself is the oppressive and blackening mist, through which glares the ghastly eye of the shrouded sun. This terrible being may be seen drawn with wonderful fidelity to the spirit of the old myth in Turner's picture of the overthrow of the troops sent by Cambyses to the shrine of the Libyan Ammon; and they who see the one-eyed monster glaring down on the devoted army, where the painter was probably utterly unaware that he was doing anything more than representing the simoom of the desert, will recognise at once the unconscious accuracy with which the modern painter conveys the old Homeric conception of Polyphêmos. In this picture, as in the storms of the desert, the sun becomes the one great eye of an enormous monster, who devours every living thing that crosses his path, as Polyphêmos devoured the comrades of Odysseus.[2] The blinding of this monster is the natural sequel when his mere brute force is pitted against the craft of his adversary.[1] In his seeming insignificance and his despised estate, in his wayworn mien and his many sorrows, Odysseus takes the place of the Boots or Cinderella of Teutonic folk-lore; and as the giant is manifestly the enemy of the bright being whose splendours are for the time hidden beneath a veil, so it is the representative of the sun himself who pierces out his eye; and thus Odysseus, Boots, and Jack the Giant Killer alike overcome and escape from the enemy, although they may each be said to escape with the skin of their teeth.

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[1] According to Mr. Brown, the metal-working Kyklôpes are Semitic, while the name describes them as circle-builders. It is, of course, possible that the name Kyklôps may simply represent the Semitic Khouk-lobh "Rulers of the flame, or fire-worshippers," these Khouk-lobh being builders of those gigantic works which are hence supposed to be called Cyclopean. But the giants with whom Odysseus was here brought into contact were not builders at all; and assuredly the Greek name could not have been given to them as a race of circle-builders. The word Kyklôps ought rather to mean one with a round face than with a round eye in the midst of his face: but one or other of these meanings the word must have, if it be Greek at all.

[2] The sun, thus glaring through the storm-cloud, may be regarded not merely as the eye but as the whole face of some horrible monster; and the name Kyklôps agrees etymologically with the latter meaning better than with the other. The word no more means of necessity a being with one eye in the middle of his forehead, than Glaukôpis, as an epithet of Athênê, implies that she had only a grey eye. This name really denotes the blinding splendour of her countenance; and thus the Kyklôps became a being not with an eye in the middle of his head, but with a round face. In this case, as it so happens, either description

The Kyklôpes.

Polyphêmos then is the Kyklôps,[2] in his aspect as a shepherd feeding his vast flocks on the mountain-sides; but from the mighty vapours through which his great eye glares may dart at any moment the forked streams of lightning; and thus the Kyklôpes are connected with the fire-convulsed heaven, and with Hephaistos the lord of the awful flames. These, with the Hekatoncheires, or hundred-handed monsters, are the true Gigantes, the earth-born children of Ouranos, whom he thrusts down into the nether abyss, like the pent-up fires of a volcano. But the Titans still remained free. Whatever may be the names of these beings, they are clearly the mighty forces which carry on the stupendous changes wrought from time to time in the physical world. Of the titles given to them by mythographers, many doubtless, like the abstract conceptions of Themis and Mnemosynê, are artificial additions, and may be the manufacture of the mythographers themselves. Others, as Krios and Hyperion, denote simply might or supremacy, and as such might become the names of Helios, Phoibos, or other kindred beings. Between these beings and their father a second war is waged, in which Gaia enables her children to mutilate Ouranos, from whose blood spring the Erinyes, so fearful on Hellenic soil, so beautiful in the land of the five streams, and Aphroditê, the dawn goddess, who may be terrible as well as lovely. The Kyklôpes are now delivered from their prison-house, and Kronos becomes the supreme king; but time can only swallow the things which he has made, and vomit them forth again. The thing which hath been, shall be, and there is nothing new under the sun. But it was as impossible that the Kyklôpes could continue the allies of

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is equally true to the phenomena of nature. Even if the notion of the round face was suggested before the Greek myth-makers reached the idea of the one eye in the centre of the forehead, we can see at once how readily the latter notion may be derived from the sight of the black storm-cloud, as it suffers the sun to glare dimly through its mysterious shadows.

[1] The story and attributes of Polyphêmos with a thousand others were transferred to the devil, when the Christian missionaries had converted all the ancient gods into demons. See ch. x. of this book, section 8.

[2] Sayce, *Introduction to the Science of Language*, ii. 263.

any monarch of heaven, as that the same fountain should send forth sweet water and bitter; and again they are thrust down into the depths from which they had been rescued, once more to be avenged when the Titans, led on by Zeus, waged a third war of elements, in which Kronos is hurled from his throne, and the child born in the Diktaian (or Light) cave reigns in his stead. But when the Kyklôpes are once more set free, Zeus avails himself of their might to crush the Titans; and finally the Kyklôpes themselves are slain by Phoibos in vengeance for the death of Asklêpios the Healer and the Saviour. These several contests are not distinguished from each by any peculiar features; and the writers of the theogonies simply heap together mountains of words almost as vast as the rocks hurled by the hands of the giants, as if conscious of the barrenness of their theme, and of its lack of interest as compared with myths springing from phrases which, though they may denote the phenomena of nature, strike a responsive chord in the human heart. It is, in fact, the old story of the struggle between Indra and Vritra, regarded from a point of view which removes it altogether from the region of human sympathies.[1]

Schamir and Sassafras.

Thus, then, the myth of the Kyklôpes brings before us in close connexion the two images of the cloud and the lightning. This connexion may be traced through a vast number of stories, in many cases but slightly resembling each other, yet all adhering to the original ideas of mist and fire. In these the lightning becomes an arrow capable of piercing the mountain-side or the huge storm-cloud, and displaying for a moment marvellous treasures of jewels and gold. The effects produced by this arrow or spear are sometimes good, sometimes disastrous. It may scorch and paralyse, or in times of drought, when the waters are pent up in the cloud, it may cleave the vapours and call the dead earth to life again with the streams let loose upon her parched surface. But the cloud might assume the form not only of sheep and cattle, as in the Vedic hymns and in the Thrinakian legend, but of birds, as of swans or eagles; and as the clouds carry the lightning with them until the time comes for using the mighty weapons, so the bird carries a stone capable of splitting the hardest substance. Finally the stone becomes a worm, and thus we have the framework of a large family of stories which, if they have their origin among Aryan tribes, have been extended far beyond the limits of that race. In the many versions devised by Hebrew tradition for a legend gained through their contact with Iranian tribes, the cloud is in each case a bird, the lightning being either a stone or a worm.[1] Thus Benaiah, the son of Jehoiada, discovers the wonder-working pebble Schamir, by watching a moor-hen, which, finding a piece of glass laid over her nest, flies away, and fetching a worm, splits the cover; or Solomon obtains it in the form of a stone from the raven, of whom he has been informed by the demon Sackar. In similar stories told by Ælian and Pliny of the woodpecker or the hoopoe, the instrument by which the bird gets at her young is a grass; and thus we reach the family of plants whose power of splitting rocks has won for them the name of Saxifrage, or Sassafras. This grass or plant will either reveal treasures, as in the blinding glare of the electric fluid, or will restore life, as in the effects of lightning in setting free the waters on a parched-up soil. Thus the story of Glaukos and Polyidos, of the Three Snake Leaves, and of Rama and Luxman, is repeated in Fouqué's Sir Elidoc, where the young Amyot is watching the corpse of a woman as Glaukos watches that of Polyidos. This mysterious herb becomes the German Luckflower, the possessor of which is enabled to go down into the rocks which gape to receive him, and to fill his pockets with the glittering treasures of which the beautiful queen of this hidden palace bids him take his fill, warning him only not to forget the best. This warning is, of course, understood by the peasant as a charge to select the most precious stones, and leaving the flower behind him, he finds, as the rocks come together with a crash, that the mountain is closed to him for ever. This flower is sometimes inclosed in a staff, which is obviously only another form of the lightning-spear, as in the tale of the luckless shepherd of Ilsenstein, who, forgetting to take the staff as he leaves the cave, is himself cloven by the closing rocks. In all these cases the flower or plant, as the talismanic spell, is more precious than the hid treasures; and unless the treasure-seeker keeps it by him he is lost. It is, in short, the flower, sometimes blue, sometimes yellow or red (as the hues vary of the lightning flashes), which exclaims in feeble piteous tone, "Forget me not," but its little cry is unheeded.

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[1] In short, these theogonies are the result, in part, of a backward process, which led the mythographer back to the mundane egg, and, in part, of that systematic rearrangement of current myths, which might be carried out in any way most congenial to the worker.

Ahmed and Tanhäuser.

In the story of Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves the flower itself has disappeared, but the spell still lies in its name; for sesame is the name of a well-known Eastern plant (*Sesamum orientale*); so that probably, in the original form of the Persian tale absorbed into the Arabian Nights, a flower was employed to give admission to the mountain.[2] In the story of Allah-ud-deen, the same verbal talisman is employed by the African magician, when he has kindled a fire from which rises a dense smoke and vapour, and the instantaneous effect, as of the lightning, is the discovery of a way into the depths of the earth. In the tale of Ahmed and the Peri Banou, the Schamir or Sassafras is again an arrow which, when shot by the hand of the prince, travels so far as to become invisible, as the lightnings shine from the east and give light to the uttermost west. Following its course, he comes to a great mountain, and finds the arrow just where an opening in the rocks shows him a door by which he descends into a place of unimaginable splendour. Here he is greeted by the queen of this magnificent domain, who calls him by his name, and having convinced him of her knowledge of all his actions by recounting incidents of his past life, offers herself to him as his bride. With her he dwells in happiness and luxury, until, driven by a yearning to see his home and his father once more, he beseeches the benignant being to suffer him to go, and at length obtains his wish after promising, like true Thomas in the myth of Ercildoune, that he will soon return. This beautiful Peri with her vast treasures and her marvellous wisdom is but a reflexion of the wise Kirkê and Medeia, or of the more tender Kalypso, who woos the brave Odysseus in her glistening cave, until she is compelled to let the man of many sorrows go on his way to his wife Penelopê. She is, in short, the Venus of the Horselberg or Ercildoune (the hill of Ursula and her eleven thousand Virgins), for the names are the same, and the prince Ahmed is Tanhaüser, or Thomas the Rimer, wooed and won by the Elfland queen.

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[1] *Curious Myths*, second series, "Schamir."

[2] In Slavonic tradition, the Sassafras of the thunder-god Perkunas is a golden

The greedy Alcalde.

It is obvious that for the name of the flower which is to open the cave or the treasure-house might be substituted any magical formula, while the lightning-flash might be represented by the lighting of a miraculous taper, the extinguishing of which is followed by a loud crashing noise. With these modifications the myth at once assumes the form of the Spanish legend of the Moor's Legacy, as related by Washington Irving. In this delightful tale we have all the usual incidents of features—the buried treasures—the incantation which has "such virtue that the strongest bolts and bars, nay, the adamantine rock itself, will yield before it"—the wonderful taper by whose light alone the incantation can be read—the opening of the secret places of the earth while the taper continues to burn—the crash with which the gates close when the light is gone. All these features are so skilfully fitted into the modern Alhambra legend, as fairly to hide

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key, with which he unlocks the earth, brings to light "its hidden treasures, its restrained waters, its captive founts of light."—Ralston, *Songs of the Russian People*, 96.

the origin of the story, until we apply the right key to the lock. No sooner is this done than the myth is as clearly revealed as the treasure of the robbers' cave on pronouncing the word "Sesame." Of the real meaning of the tale, Irving doubtless knew nothing; but he has preserved it as faithfully as the hymn-writer adhered to the spirit of the myth of Hermes. "The scroll was produced" (the sassafras or sesame), "the yellow waxen taper lighted" (the flash of the yellow lightning), "the earth trembled and the pavement opened with a thundering sound." While the taper burns, the Moor and the water-carrier load the panniers of their ass with costly treasures; but when they have satisfied themselves, the costliest still remain untouched, and the greedy Alcalde, having in vain prayed them to bring up these also, descends with his griping retainers still lower into the vault. "No sooner did the Moor behold them fairly earthed, than he extinguished the yellow taper" (the darkness closes in after the flash of lightning), "the pavement closed with the usual crash, and the three worthies remained buried in its womb." Doubtless, when reduced to their primitive elements, these tales may seem poor and monotonous enough; but the marvellous powers of growth which these germs possess have seldom been more clearly exhibited than in the folk-lore which has yielded the legends of the Forty Thieves, the Peri Banou, Allah-ud-deen, and the Legacy of the Moor, with the German stories of Simeli Mountain and the Glass Coffin.[1]

Mediæval spells.

Once more, the light flashing from the dim and dusky storm-cloud becomes the Hand of Glory, which, taken from a dead man, aids the mediæval treasure-seeker in his forbidden search, whether in the depths of the earth or after his neighbour's goods; nor have we far to seek in much older writings for the very same image without its repulsive transformation. The hand of glory is the red light of Jupiter, with which he smites the sacred citadels;[2] and with this we may compare the myth of the golden hand of Indra Savitâr.

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[1] In this story the office of Schamir is discharged by a goat, suggesting a comparison with the Aigis of Athênê (see p. 250). The beast thrusts his horns with such force that, like the lightning, it splits the rocks open and the Tailor descends through the opening into the hidden chamber, where the maiden sleeps in the Glass Coffin.

[2] Horace, *Od.* i. 2.

CHAPTER V.

THE WINDS.

SECTION I.—VAYU AND THE MARUTS.

Vayu and Favonius.

THE god of the bright heaven, who is known as Dyu, Indra, and Agni, is also called Vayu, a name denoting, it would seem, simply the gentler movements of the air, which are expressed by the sweet pipings of the Greek Pan and the soft breathings of the Latin Favonius. As such, he comes early in the morning to chase away the demons, and the Dawns weave for him golden raiment.[1] He is drawn by the Nirjuts, and has Indra for his charioteer.[2] With some he was, along with Agni and Sûrya, supreme among the deities. "There are only three deities, according to the Nairuktas (etymologists): Agni whose place is on earth; Vayu or Indra whose place is in the atmosphere; and Sûrya whose place is in the sky."[3]

Boreas and the Maruts.

The blustering rage of the Greek Boreas and the more violent moods of Hermes are represented by the crowd of Maruts, or storm-winds, who attend on Indra and aid him in his struggle with his great enemy Vritra. Of these beings it is enough to say, that the language used in describing their functions is, if possible, more transparent than that of the poem known as the Homeric Hymn to Hermes. They overturn trees and destroy forests, they roar like lions and are as swift as thought, they shake the mountains and are clothed with rain. They are borne on tawny-coloured horses; they are brothers, "of whom no one is the elder, no one the younger." They are born self-luminous with the spotted deer, the spears, the daggers, the glittering ornaments.[4] These spears and daggers are the lightnings, and the spotted deer are seen in the spotted lynxes who play round Phoibos as he pipes to the flocks of Admêtos.[5] The worshipper hears the cracking of their whips in their hands as they go upon their way. After the mightiest exploits they assume again, "according to their wont the form of new-born babes,"[1] a phrase which exhibits the germ, and more than the germ, of the myth of Hermes returning like a child to his cradle after tearing up the forests. Their voice is louder than that of Stentor.

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[1] Muir, *Sanskrit Texts*, part iv. p. 337.

[2] H. H. Wilson, *R. V. S.* iii. 209; Muir, *Sanskr. Texts*, iv. 3, 7.

[3] Muir, *Skr. Texts*, part iv. p. 57.

[4] Max Müller, *Rig Veda Sanhita*, i. 59.

[5] Eurip. *Alk.* 579.

"Whither now?" asks the poet. "On what errand of yours are you going, in heaven not on earth? Where are your cows sporting? From the shout of the Maruts over the whole space of the earth men reeled forward."[2]

"They make the rocks to tremble; they tear asunder the kings of the forest," like Hermes in his rage.

"Lances gleam, Maruts, upon your shoulders, anklets on your feet, golden cuirasses on your breasts, and pure (waters shine) on your chariots: lightnings blazing with fire glow in your hands, and golden tiaras are towering on your heads."[3]

In the traditions of Northern Europe these furious Maruts become the fearful Ogres, who come tearing along in their ships (the clouds), while the wind roars and growls after them, and who, after desperate conflicts, are vanquished by Shortshanks in the Norse tale.[4] The ogre of this story carries with him "a great thick iron club," which sends the earth and stones flying five yards in the air at each stroke.

The Crushers, or Grinders.

But pre-eminently, as the name denotes, the Maruts are the crushers or grinders; and thus, as made to share in the deadly strife between Indra and Vritra, they assume an exclusively warlike character. The history of the root which furnishes this name has been already traced,[5] and has linked together the Greek war-god Arês, the gigantic Aloadai and Moliones, the Latin Mars and Mors, and the Teutonic Thor Miölnir. They are the children of Rudra, worshipped as the destroyer and reproducer, for these functions were blended by the same association of ideas which gave birth to the long series of correlative deities in Aryan mythology.

"Adorned with armlets, the Maruts have shone like the skies with their stars; they have glittered like showers from the clouds, at the time when the prolific Rudra generated you, Maruts, with jewels on your breasts, from the shining udder of Prisni."[6]

Rudra.

Among the monstrous overgrowths of wild fancies in the later Hindu literature we find some of the more prominent attributes of the cognate Greek deity ascribed to Rudra in his character as Father of the Winds. Like the Asvins and Agni, like Proteus, Phoibos, and the other fish-gods, Rudra can change his form at will.

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[1] Max Müller, *R. V. S.* i. 3.

[2] *Ib.* 65.

[3] H. H. Wilson, *R. V. S.* vol. ii. p. 333.

[4] The Slavonic god of the winds is called Stribog.—Ralston, *Songs of the Russian People*, 102.

[5] P. 16.

[6] *R. V.* ii. 34, 2; Muir, *Skr. Texts*, part iv. p. 260.

"Father of the Maruts, may thy felicity extend to us: exclude us not from the light of the sun.

"Thou, Rudra, art the chiefest of beings in glory. Thou, wielder of the thunderbolt, art the mightiest of the mighty.

"Where, Rudra, is thy joy-dispensing hand? Firm with strong limbs, assuming many forms, he shines with golden ornaments."[1]

Like Hermes, Rudra is worshipped as the robber, the cheat, the deceiver, the Master Thief.[2] The mocking laughter of the wind as it passes on after wreaking its fury could not fail to suggest the same ideas in the most distant lands. As we might expect, Rudra, like Siva, whose gracious name was a mere euphemism to deprecate his deadly wrath, at length eclipses Indra, as Indra had put Dyaus and Varuṇa into the background, and he becomes associated most closely with that phallic worship which seemingly found but little favour in the true Vedic age.[3]

SECTION II.—HERMES.

Hindu and Greek myths of the wind.

The character of the more gentle Vayu, who comes with the blush of early morning, carries us to the strange legend of Hermes; and we have to see how the phrases which yielded but a slight harvest of myth in the East grew up in the West into stories enriched by an exquisite fancy, while they remained free from the cumbrous and repulsive extravagances of later Hindu mythology, and how true to the spirit of the old mythical speech and thought is the legend of that son of Zeus, who was born early in the morning in a cave of the Kyllenian hill, who at noon played softly and sweetly on his harp, and who at eventide stole away the cattle of Phoibos.[4]

The story of Hermes.

Rising from his cradle (so the story runs), the babe stepped forth from the cave, and found a tortoise feeding on the grass. Joyously seizing his prize, he pierced out its life with a borer, and drilling holes in the shell, framed a lyre with reed canes, a bull's hide, and seven sheep-gut cords. Then striking the strings he called forth sounds of wonderful sweetness, as he sang of the loves of Zeus in the beautiful home of his mother Maia, the daughter of Atlas. But soon he laid down his harp in his cradle, for the craving of hunger was upon him, and as the sun went down with his chariot and horses to the stream of Ocean,[1] the child hastened to the shadowy mountains of Pieria, where the cattle of the gods feed in their large pastures. Taking fifty of the herd, he drove them away, sending them hither and thither, so that none could tell by what path they had really gone, and on his own feet he bound branches of tamarisk and myrtle. Passing along the plains of Onchestos, he charged an old man who was at work in his vineyard to forget the things which it might not be convenient to remember.

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[1] H. H. Wilson, *R. V. S.* ii. 289.

[2] Muir, *Sanskr. Texts*, part iv. p. 341.

[3] Dr. Muir fully admits the scantiness of the evidence on which the negative conclusion rests.—*Sanskr. Texts*, iv. p. 348.

[4] *Hymn to Hermes*, 17, 18. The sudden growth of Hermes, followed by an equally rapid return to his infantile shape and strength, explains the story of the Fisherman and the Jin in the *Arabian Nights*. This tale is substantially the same as Grimm's story of the Spirit in the Bottle. The bottle in the one case, the jar in the other, represents the cradle to which Hermes comes back after striding like a giant over heaths and hills, as well as the cave of Aiolos and the bag of winds which he places in the hands of Odysseus.

The theft of the cattle.

Hastening onwards with the cattle, he reached the banks of Alpheios, as the moon rose up in the sky. There he brought together a heap of wood, and, kindling the first flame that shone upon the earth, he slew two of the cows, and stretching their hides on the rock, cut up the flesh into twelve portions.[2] But sorely though his hunger pressed him, he touched not the savoury food, and hurling his sandals into the river, he broke up the blazing pile, and scattered the ashes all night long beneath the bright light of the moon. Early in the morning he reached Kyllênê, neither god nor man having spied him on the road; and passing through the bolt-hole of the cave like a mist or a soft autumn breeze,[3] he lay down in his cradle, playing among the clothes with one hand, while he held his lyre in the other. To the warning of his mother, who told him that Phoibos would take a fearful vengeance, and bade him begone as born to be the plague of gods and men,[4] Hermes simply answered that he meant to be the equal of Phoibos, and that if this right were refused to him, he would go and sack his wealthy house at Pytho.

The covenant of Hermes and Phoibos.

Meanwhile, Phoibos, hastening to Onchestos in search of his cattle, had asked the old vinedresser to say who had taken them. But the words of Hermes still rang in the old man's ears, and he could remember only that he had seen cows and a babe following them with a staff in his hand. Knowing now who had stolen them,[1] Phoibos hastened on to Pylos, and there stood amazed at the confused tracks which the beasts had left behind them. Hurrying onwards to Kyllênê, Apollôn caught the child in his cradle, and taxed him with the theft. "How can it be that I have stolen the cows?" said the babe, "I who can but sleep and suck and play with the clothes of my cradle. I was born but yesterday, and my feet are tender, and the ground is hard. I have not taken your cattle, and I know nothing of cows but their name." But as he spoke he winked slily with his eyes, and a long low whistle came from his lips. Smiling in spite of his anger, Phoibos saw that the craft of Hermes would set many a herdsman grieving, and that he had won the right to be called the prince of robbers and the Master Thief for ever. Then seizing the child he was bearing him away when a loud noise made him let go his hold; but at length both appeared before the judgment-seat of Zeus, and the babe, who spoke of himself as a most truthful person, said that he must be guiltless, as he knew not even what sort of things cows were. The plea was not admitted, and the nod of Zeus warned Hermes that his command to restore the oxen was not to be disobeyed. So on the banks of Alpheios he showed the lost cattle to Phoibos, who, dismayed at the signs of recent slaughter, again seized the babe in his anger. In great fear Hermes bethought him of his lyre, and striking its chords wakened sounds most soft and soothing as he sang of the old time when the gods were born and the world was young. As he listened to the beautiful harmony, Phoibos, angry no more, longed only to learn whence the child had this wondrous power, and to gain for himself this marvellous gift of song. At once Hermes granted his prayer. "Take my lyre," he said, "which to those who can use it deftly will discourse of all sweet things, but will babble nonsense and moan strangely to all who know not how to draw forth its speech." So the strife between them was ended, and Phoibos placed in the hand of Hermes his three-leafed rod of wealth and happiness, and gave him charge over all his cattle.[2] Then touching the tortoise-lyre, Apollôn called forth its sweet music, and Hermes, taking courage, prayed that to him also might be granted the secret wisdom of Phoibos; but Apollôn said, "This alone may not be. None but myself may know the hidden counsels of Zeus; but other things there are which mortal men may never learn, and these things the Thriai shall teach thee, who dwell far down in the clifts of Parnassos. Other honours too are in store for thee. Thou shalt be the guardian of all flocks and herds, the messenger of the gods, and the guide of the dead to the dark land of Hades." Thus was the compact between them made, and Phoibos became the lord of the sweet-voiced lyre, and Hermes for his part sware that no harm should come to the holy home of Apollôn at Delphoi. But to men Hermes brings no great help, for he has a way of cheating them through the dusky hours of night.

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[1] *Hymn to Hermes*, 67. I have striven to adhere with scrupulous care to the imagery of the hymn, avoiding the introduction of any notions not warranted by actual expressions in the poem.

[2] Hermes is thus especially connected with the ordering of burnt sacrifices. But this we have seen to be the especial attribute or function of Agni.

[3] In other words, the great giant has reduced himself almost to nothing. This is the story of the Fisherman and the Jin in the *Arabian Nights*, of the Spirit in the Bottle in Grimm's German stories, of the devil in the purse of the Master Smith, and again in the story of the Lad and the Devil (Dasent), and the Gaelic tale of The Soldier.—Campbell, ii. 279.

[4] With this we may compare the prognostications of the mother of the Shifty Lad, in the Scottish version of the myth.

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[1] *Hymn to Hermes*, 214–5. Nothing could show more clearly than these words that the myth pointed to a physical phenomenon with which Phoibos was already familiar. Had the story been told by one who meant to speak of any human child, he would never have represented Apollôn as knowing who the thief was before his name was mentioned or the clue to his hiding-place furnished. The poet might indeed have said that the child had stolen the cows many times already: but the statement would not have agreed well with his special object in relating the myth—viz. to account for the alliance between Phoibos and Hermes.

[2] Thus Hermes becomes in the German story the Little Farmer who cheats the greedy townsmen with the

The meaning of the covenant.

It is obvious that the legend, as thus related in the hymn, cannot be understood until we have traced to their source the mythical facts that Hermes was born in the morning, that from him come the gifts of music and song, that he reached his full strength at midday, that although he could kindle flame he could not eat the food which the fire devoured, and that he could at will lie like a child in his cradle or terrify gods and men with his sudden blasts.[1] The mystery is certainly not solved if we hold that "the general types of Hermes and Apollôn, coupled with the present fact that no thief ever approached the rich and seemingly accessible treasures of Delphi, engender a string of expository incidents, cast into a quasi-historical form, and detailing how it happened that Hermes had bound himself by especial convention to respect the Delphian temple."[2] The immunity of the Pythian shrine from theft and plunder cannot have originated the general types of the two gods, and it is precisely with these types that we are now concerned. If a convention should be made at all, why should it be with Hermes rather than with any other god? If it be answered that Hermes was the prince and patron of thieves, we have then to ask why this should be his character and whence the notion came. The mere pointing out of a contrast does not explain the origin of that contrast; and it is a principle capable of universal application that "invention cannot absolutely create; it

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sight of his flocks in the water. "There happened to be a fine blue sky with plenty of fleecy clouds over it, which were mirrored in the water and looked like little lambs. The farmers called one to another, 'Look there, we can see the sheep already on the ground below the water.'"

[1] *Hymn to Hermes*, 296. This line contains, perhaps, the only really coarse expression in the whole poem; and the reference to the action of wind in its sudden outburst at once makes it both innocent and graphic.

[2] Grote, *History of Greece*, part i. ch. i.

can only work on what it finds already provided to hand."[1] On the other hand, it is manifestly useless to explain as a jest the relations between Hermes and Apollôn, until we have shown why these particular relations should be invested with a ludicrous character.[2] It is more than strange that Colonel Mure should suppose that he had touched the real point at issue by asserting that in order to accommodate the dispute "on terms honourable to each party" "an elegant expedient suggested itself" in the invention of the lyre by Hermes, and the transference of this instrument, which could not fail to lay Apollôn under a heavy debt of gratitude to the donor.[3] This leaves altogether out of sight the fact that Phoibos imparted to Hermes such secrets as it was lawful for him to disclose, and in no way explains why Hermes should invent the lyre and Phoibos be possessed of a hidden wisdom. To say that "Hermes in his capacity of god is gifted from the first moment of his existence with divine power and energy," and that "as a member of the Hellenic pantheon he is subjected to the natural drawbacks of humanity, and hence at his birth to those of infancy," is partly to misrepresent the myth and partly to say of him that which may be said just as well of Apollôn, or Dionysos, or Aphroditê. Hermes, it is true, is represented as a babe at his birth in the morning: but it is ludicrous to speak of natural human drawbacks for a child who can leave his cradle when a few hours old, and exert the strength of a giant at his will. If, again, Apollôn at his birth was bathed by the nymphs in pure water and wrapped in a soft and spotless robe, he yet became very soon the Chrysâôr whose invincible sword must win him the victory over all his enemies.

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[1] Gladstone, *Homer and the Homeric Age*, ii. 9.

[2] Mure, *History of Greek Literature*, ii. 340. No wish to disparage the great learning of Colonel Mure or to depreciate his services in the important subject to which he devoted himself must be inferred from the expression of a conviction that he was incapable of analysing fairly any mythical narrative, the truth being that he knew nothing of the nature of myths in general. Thus in the present case he seems to have a fixed idea that his work is done when he says that the whole *Hymn to Hermes* is designed as a burlesque, that the absurdity is intended to lie in the contrast "between the Herculean exploits of the divine urchin and his baby form and habits," and that the supernatural element of the story "alone gives point and seasoning to an otherwise palpable extravagance." There is not an expression throughout the whole hymn which implies any consciousness of extravagance or burlesque or absurdity on the part of the poet, who evidently writes in all possible seriousness. But with Colonel Mure almost all mythical incidents resolve themselves into the mere extravagances of a disordered or ill-regulated fancy. The hundred-headed narcissus, whose fragrance made earth and heaven smile, and which tempted Persephonê to leave her companions in the fields of Enna, he is content to put aside as "a monstrous hyperbole." In point of fact, the poet chose the narcissus because its name denotes the deadly languor and lethargy which comes over the earth in autumn, and which is expressed more fully in the myth of Narkissos, the counterpart of Endymiôn. (See page 280.) It is not, however, accurate to speak of the "baby habits" of Hermes. His childish ways are confined to the time which he spends in his cradle. As soon as he leaves it, he begins to move with giant strides, and nothing of the child remains about him. Colonel Mure adds that "as the patron deity of cunning and intrigue, he is at once qualified to compete with and to surpass even Apollo, hitherto considered as unrivalled in these arts." There is not the slightest ground for thinking that Apollôn was at any time connected with the notion of cunning and intrigue, and still less for supposing that he was regarded as the embodiment or ideal of those qualities until the questionable honour was transferred to Hermes. It is, in fact, impossible to determine whether the myth of Phoibos has the priority of time over that of Hermes, and therefore we cannot say how the former was regarded before the latter furnished the notion of the Master Thief.

[3] *Crit. Hist. Gr. Lit.* ii. 344.

The rivalry between Hermes and Phoibos.

We are thus beating the air until we discover the groundwork or source of the ideas which led to the notion of contrast and rivalry between the two gods. Far from concerning ourselves in the first place with the mode devised for their reconciliation, it is this very rivalry and antagonism for which we have to account. If the legend in its Greek form fails to carry us to the source of the idea, we must necessarily look elsewhere: and we shall not search the hymns of the Veda in vain. "The divine greyhound Saramâ," says Dr. Mommsen,[1] "who guards for the lord of heaven the golden herd of stars and sunbeams, and for him collects the nourishing rain-clouds of heaven for the milking, and who moreover faithfully conducts the pious dead into the world of the blessed, becomes in the hands of the Greeks the son of Saramâ, Sarameyas, or Hermeias." In the Vedic Saramâ Dr. Kuhn finds a name identical with the Teutonic *storm* and the Greek Hormê. Although neither of these statements accords strictly with the Vedic passages which speak of Saramâ and Sarameya, the controversy which has turned upon these names may perhaps be compared to the battle of the knights for the sides of the silvered and brazened shield in the old tale.

Hermes the god of the moving air.

Confining our view strictly to the Veda, we find no divine greyhound Saramâ. The beautiful being known by this name is the Greek Helenê, the words "being phonetically identical, not only in every consonant and vowel, but even in their accent;"[2] and both are traced to the root *Sar*, to go or to creep. When the cows of Indra are stolen by the Paṇis, Saramâ is the first to spy out the clift in which they were hidden, and the first to hear their lowings. The cows which she thus recovers Indra reconquers from the Paṇis, who have striven with all their powers to corrupt the fidelity of Saramâ.

"What kind of man is Indra?" they ask, "he as whose messenger thou comest from afar? Let us make thee our sister, do not go away again: we will give thee part of the cows, O darling."

Saramâ, then, as going, like Ushas, before Indra, is the Dawn, and Sarameya or Hermeias is the Dawn-child. Into the conception of the former, Professor Max Müller rightly asserts that the idea of storm never entered; and the passages in which mention is made of Sarameya lead him also to exclude this notion from the character of Hermes. With him, then, Hermes is "the god of twilight, who betrays his equivocal nature by stealing, though only in fun, the herds of Apollôn, but restoring them without the violent combat that is waged for the same herds in India between Indra the bright god and Vala the robber. In India the dawn brings the light, in Greece the twilight is itself supposed to have stolen it, or to hold back the light, and Hermes the twilight surrenders the booty when challenged by the sun-god Apollo."[1] This view explains at most only two or three of the traits which make up the character of the Hellenic Hermes; it does not show us how the functions of the twilight could be carried on through the live-long night;[2] still less does it account for the radical idea of sound connected with Hermes as contrasted with the light which is the chief characteristic of Apollôn. Yet Professor Max Müller himself supplies the clue which may lead us through the labyrinth when he tells us that Hermes is born in the morning, "as Sarameya would be the son of the twilight, or, it may be, the first breeze of the dawn."[3] The idea which lies at the root of the Vedic Saramâ and Sarameya is that of brightness; the idea which furnishes the groundwork for the myth of Hermes is essentially that of sound. There is nothing to bewilder us in this fact. Both ideas are equally involved in the root *Sar*, which expressed only motion; and the degree of difference discernible between the Vedic Saramâ and the Greek Hermes is at the worst precisely that which we should expect from the disintegrating process brought about by a partial or complete forgetfulness of the original meaning of words. That the tales of one nation are not borrowed directly from the legends of another, the whole course of philological science tends, as we have seen, more and more to prove. Names which are mere attributes in one mythology are attached to distinct persons in another. The title Arjuni, which in the Veda is a transparent epithet of the dawn, becomes in the West Argennos, known only as a favourite of Agamemnon; and the mysterious Varuṇa of the Hindu is very inadequately represented by the Hellenic Ouranos. The Greek Charites and the Latin Gratiæ are in name identical with the Sanskrit Harits: Erinys is Saranyu, and Helen is Saramâ. But the Greek did not get his Charis from the Harit of the Brahman; the western poets did not receive their Helen from Vedic bards: the Hellenic Hermes did not owe his parentage to Sarameya. Carrying with them an earlier form of those names from the common home of the race, the Greek developed his own myths as the Vedic rishis developed theirs. The common element insured resemblance, while it rendered absolute agreement impossible, and an indefinite divergence in detail inevitable. If the myth so developed is found to contradict the essential idea of a less developed Sanskrit phrase, there would be good cause for perplexity; but here there is no such contrariety. The idea of the dawn is associated with that of the breeze almost as much as with that of light; and although the idea of Saramâ excludes the bare notion of storm, it does not exclude the thought of the whispering airs of morning tide. The action of Hermes in the Homeric hymn cannot be consistently explained by a mere reference to storms; and the Saramâ, whose child he is, is unmistakeably the Dawn who peers about after the bright cows which have been stolen by the night and hidden in its secret caves. With this being the Hellenic Hermes retains all the affinity which from the general results of Comparative Mythology we should expect him to exhibit. We may with Professor Max Müller lay stress on the facts that "he loves Hersê, the dew, and Aglauros, her sister; among his sons is Kephalos, the head of the day. He is the herald of gods; so is the twilight: so was Saramâ the messenger of Indra. He is the spy of the night, νυκτὸς ὀπωπητήρ; he sends sleep and dreams; the bird of the morning, the cock, stands by his side. Lastly, he is the guide of travellers, and particularly of the souls who travel on their last journey: he is the Psychopompos."[1] And yet the single idea of light fails utterly to explain or to account for the origin of the series of incidents narrated in the Homeric hymn. Throughout this singularly beautiful poem the leading idea is that of air in motion, or wind, varying in degree from the soft breath of a summer breeze to the rage of the groaning hurricane. His silence in the morning, his soft harping at midday, the huge strides with which in the evening he hurries after the cattle of Phoibos, the crashing of the forest branches until they burst into flame, the sacrifice which Hermes prepares, but of which he cannot taste though grievously pressed by hunger, the wearied steps with which he returns to sleep in his cradle, the long low whistle with which he slily closes his reply to the charge of theft, the loud blast which makes Apollôn let go his hold, the soft music by which the babe assuages his wrath, the longing of Hermes to learn the secret wisdom of the sun-god, are all traits exquisitely beautiful if told of the wind, but with absolutely no meaning if applied to the light or the dawn.

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[1] *History of Rome*, i. 18.

[2] Max Müller, *Lectures on Language*, second series, 471.

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[1] *Lect. on Lang.* second series, 475.

[2] *Hymn to Hermes*, 141.

[3] *Lect. on Lang.* second series, 473.

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[1] *Lect. on Lang.* second series, 476.

Transparent clearness of the myth.

Analysed with reference to the idea of air in motion, the whole story becomes self-luminous. Like the fire which at its first kindling steps out with the strength of a horse from its prison, the wind may freshen to a gale before it be an hour old, and sweep before it the mighty clouds big with the rain that is to refresh the earth. Where it cannot throw down it can penetrate. It pries unseen into holes and crannies, it sweeps round dark corners, it plunges into glens and caves; and when the folk come out to see the mischief that it has done, they hear its mocking laughter as it hastens on its way. These few phrases lay bare the whole framework of the Homeric legend, and account for the not ill-natured slyness and love of practical jokes which enter into the character of Hermes.[1] The babe leaves the cradle before he is an hour old. The breath of the breeze is at first soft and harmonious as the sounds which he summons from his tortoise-lyre. But his strength grows rapidly, and he lays aside his harp to set out on a plundering expedition. With mighty strides he hastens from the heights of Kyllênê until he drives from their pastures the cattle of Apollôn, obliterating the foot-tracks after the fashion of the autumn-winds, which cover the roads with leaves and mire.[2] In his course he sees an old man working in his vineyard, and, like a catspaw on the surface of the sea, he whispers in his ear a warning of which but half the sound is caught before the breeze has passed away. All the night long the wind roared, or, as the poet says, Hermes toiled till the branches of the trees, rubbing against each other, burst into a flame; and so men praise Hermes, like Prometheus, Phoroneus, and Bhuranyu, as the giver of the kindliest boon—fire.[3] The flames, fanned by the wind, consume the sacrifice; but the wind, though hungry, cannot eat of it,[4] and when the morning has come he returns to his mother's cave, passing through the opening of the bolt like the sigh of a summer breeze or mist on a hillside.[5] The wind is tired of blowing, or, in other words, the feet of Hermes patter almost noiselessly over the floor,[6] till he lies down to sleep in his cradle which he had left but a few hours ago. The sun rises and finds to his discomfiture that the herds are gone. He too sees the hedger of Onchestos, who thinks, but is not sure,[7] that he had seen a babe driving cows before him. The sun hastens on his way, sorely perplexed at the confused foot-tracks covered with mud and strewn with leaves, just as if the oaks had taken to walking on their heads.[1] But when he charges the child with the theft, the defence is grounded on his tender age. Can the breeze of a day old, breathing as softly as a babe new born, be guilty of so much mischief? Its proper home is the summer land;[2] why should it stride wantonly over bleak hills and bare heaths? But, with an instinct singularly true, Hermes is represented as closing his defence with a long whistle,[3] which sounds very much like mockery and tends perhaps to heighten the scepticism of Apollôn. The latter seizes the child, who with a loud blast makes him suddenly let go, and then appeals against his unkind treatment to his father (the sky).[4] Zeus refuses to accept his plea of infancy; but when Hermes brings back the cows, the suspicions of Apollôn are again roused, and, dreading his angry looks, the child strikes his tortoise-lyre and wakens sounds so soft and tender[5] that the hardest-hearted man cannot choose but listen. Never on the heights of Olympos, where winds perhaps blow strong as they commonly do on mountain summits, had Phoibos heard a strain so soothing.[6] Like the pleasant murmur of a breeze in the palm-groves of the south, it filled his heart with a strange yearning,[7] carrying him back to the days when the world was young and all the bright gods kept holiday, and he longed for the glorious gift of music[8] which made the life of Hermes a joy on the earth. His prayer is at once granted. The wind grudges not his music to the sun; he seeks only to know the secrets which his own eyes cannot penetrate,[9] for Phoibos sits in the high heaven by the side of Zeus, knowing the inmost mind of his father, and his keen glance can pierce the depths of the green sea. This wisdom the sun may not impart. The wind may not vex the pure ether or break in upon the eternal repose of the ocean depths. Still there are other honours in store for him, many and great. He shall be the guardian of the bright clouds; his song shall cheer the sons of men and lessen the sum of human suffering; his breath shall waft the dead to the world unseen, and when he wills he may get wisdom by holding converse with the hoary sisters far down the cliffs of Parnassos, as the wind may be heard mysteriously whispering in hidden glens and unfathomable caves. The compact is ratified by the oath that the wind shall do no hurt to the home of the sun, who declares in his turn that he loves nothing so well as the fresh breeze of heaven.[10] True to the last to the spirit of the myth, the poet adds that his friendship for man is not equal to his love for the sun. The wind has a way of doing men mischief while they sleep.

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[1] Hor. *Od.* i. 10.

[2] *Hymn to Hermes*, 75.

[3] *Ib.* 110.

[4] *Ib.* 131.

[5] *Ib.* 147.

[6] *Ib.* 149.

[7] *Ib.* 208.

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[1] *Hymn to Hermes*, 349.

[2] *Ib.* 267-8.

[3] *Ib.* 280.

[4] *Ib.* 312.

[5] *Ib.* 419.

[6] *Ib.* 445, 450.

[7] *Ib.* 422.

[8] *Ib.* 457.

[9] *Ib.* 472, 532.

[10] *Ib.* 525.

Humour of the myth.

The idea which has explained every incident of the hymn accounts also for the humour which runs through it. It is a humour depending not upon the contrast between the puny form and the mighty exploits of Hermes or on the supernatural element which in Colonel Mure's belief alone gives point to what would otherwise be mere extravagance. It is the result of an exquisitely faithful noting of outward phenomena, and, as such, it was not the invention of the Homeric or post-Homeric poets, but a part of the rich inheritance which gave them likewise the chief features in the characters of Achilleus, Meleagros, Odysseus, and other mythical heroes. For those who have eyes to see it, nature has her comedy not less than her sad and mournful tragedy. If some have seen in the death of the ambitious or grasping man, cut off in the midst of his schemes, an irony which would excite a smile if the subject were less awful, we may enter into the laughter of Hermes, as he pries into nooks and crannies, or uproots forests, or tears down, as the pastime of an hour, fabrics raised with the toil of many years. The idea of the sun as bringing forth rich harvests from the earth in many lands, and passing from one to the other with an imperturbable indifference, may suggest the notion of a selfish sensuality which may run into broad burlesque.[1] On these grounds we should expect to find a ludicrous side to the stories told of Zeus, Heraklês, and Hermes as representing the sky, the sun, and the wind; but in each case the humour, whether coarse or refined, was involved in the very truthfulness of the conception, although this conception was worked out with an unconscious fidelity which is indeed astonishing. The burlesque with which the adventures of Heraklês may easily be invested, arose from no intention of disparaging the hero's greatness. The Greek spoke as the needs of his subject required him to speak; and the sly humour which marks the theft of Hermes in Pieria no more detracts from the dignity of Hermes, than the "frolicsome and irregular"[2] exploits of Samson degraded the Jewish hero in the estimation of his countrymen. Even if the hymn-writer had failed to identify Hermes with the winds of heaven as confidently as, when he spoke of Selênê watching over Endymiôn, he must have felt that he was speaking really of the moon and the sun, this would prove only that the original conception of the myth led him unconsciously to handle all his materials in strict accordance with the leading idea. That the meaning of the myth of Hermes had not been so far forgotten, will perhaps be generally conceded.

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[1] Hence, while Heraklês is a good-humoured glutton in the Alkêstis of Euripides, he becomes the Valiant Little Tailor of the German story, who succeeds in all his exploits by sheer force of boasting.

[2] Stanley, *Lectures on the Jewish Church.*

Hermes, the messenger and the thief.

The idea of sound, which underlies all the incidents of the Homeric hymn, explains most of the attributes and inventions ascribed to Hermes. The soft music of the breeze would at once make him the author of the harp or lyre. As driving the clouds across the blue fields of heaven, he would be the messenger of Apollôn, and this office would soon be merged in that of the herald of Zeus and all the gods. As such again, he would be skilled in the use of words, and he would be employed in tasks where eloquence was needed. Thus he appears before Priam in the time of his anguish, not in his divine character, but as one of the servants of Achilleus, and, by the force of his words alone, persuades the old man to go and beg the body of Hektor.[1] So too he wins the assent of Hades to the return of Persephonê from the under world.[2] Hermes thus became associated with all that calls for wisdom, tact, and skill in the intercourse between man and man, and thus he is exhibited at once as a cunning thief, and as the presiding god of wealth.[3] It is possible, however, or likely, that in later times, the functions of Hermes were largely multiplied by a confusion between words, the fruitful source of secondary myths. If such words as ἑρμηνεία and ἑρμηνεύειν, to interpret, are to be traced to the name Hermes, there are others, as ἕρμα, a prop, ἕρμακες, heaps of stones, ἑρματίζειν, to ballast a ship, which clearly can have nothing to do with it. Yet on the strength of these words Hermes becomes a god of boundaries, the guardian of gymnasia, and lastly the patron of gymnastic games; and his statues were thus placed at the entrance of the Agora.[4] The cause of this confusion M. Bréal finds in the

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[1] *Il.* xxiv. 400.

[2] *Hymn to Dêmêtêr*, 335.

[3] πλουτοδότης· παλιγκάπηλος. Orph. xxviii. The so-called Orphic hymns, as we have seen, string together all the epithets which the conceptions or inferences of poets and mythographers had accumulated during a long series of ages. Among these the epithet Trismegistos, the "ter maximus Hermes" of Ausonius, has degenerated into the supposed Saracenic idol Termagant.—Grimm, *D. M.* 137.

[4] Hermes Agoraios. We are thus brought to the later developements which connected him in some degree with traffic and merchandise. Of this notion not a trace can be found in the so-called Homeric *Hymn to Hermes*, which must be regarded as of the first importance for all who wish to determine the character of the god: and it is, to say the least, extremely difficult to discern even the germ of this idea in the *Iliad* or *Odyssey*. The Latin god Mercurius is, it is true, simply a god of traffickers (merx, mercari): but he possessed not a single attribute in common with the Hellenic Hermes; and the Fetiales persistently refused to admit their identity, in spite of the fashion which attached the Greek myths to Latin deities with which they had nothing to do. The Hellenic Hermes is a harper, a thief, a guide, or a messenger—but not a merchant. Whatever honours he may have apart from his inherent powers of song and mischief are bestowed on him by Phoibos.

With Hermes Agoraios we might be

word ἑρμίδιον or ἑρμάδιον, commonly taken to signify a small statue of Hermes, but which might also mean a small prop or stay. This word ἕρμα M. Bréal connects with the Greek εἵργω or ἕρκος; and the Latin arcere, erctum, may in the same way have led to the identification of the Latin Ercules or Herculus, the god of boundaries, with the Greek Heraklês. The word ἕρμαιον, as denoting a god-send or treasure-trove, may belong to either the one root or the other.[1]

Hermes and the Charites.

The office of Hermes connects him necessarily with many legends, and especially with those of Prometheus, Iô, Paris, and Deukalion; but it is more noteworthy that "as the Dawn in the Veda is brought by the bright Harits, so Hermes is called the leader of the Charites."[2] His worship, we are told, was instituted first in Arkadia, and thence transferred to Athens.[3] That it may have been so is possible; but in the absence of all historical evidence we cannot affirm it as fact: and no argument can be based on traditions concerned with such names as Athens, Arkadia, Ortygia, or Eleusis. If Hermes be the son of the twilight, or the first breeze of the morning, his worship would as certainly begin in Arkadia (the glistening land), or at Athens (the home of the Dawn), and his first temple be built by Lykâôn (the gleaming), as the worship of Phoibos would spring up in the brilliant Dêlos, or by the banks of the golden Xanthos in the far-off Lykia or land of light, whence Sarpêdôn came to the help of Hektor. The reasons have been already given,[4] which seem to warrant the conclusion that historical inferences based on names which, although applied afterwards to real cities or countries, come from the mythical cloudland, can be likened only to castles built in the air.

Hermes the herald.

The staff or rod which Hermes received from Phoibos, and which connects this myth with the special emblem of Vishnu,[5] was regarded as denoting his heraldic office. It was, however, always endowed with magic properties, and had the power even of raising the dead.[6] The fillets of this staff sometimes gave place to serpents; and the golden sandals, which in the Iliad and Odyssey bear him through the air more swiftly than the wind, were at length, probably from the needs of the sculptor and the painter, fitted with wings, and the Orphic

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naturally disposed to compare Apollon Aguieus, whose image, like that of Hermes, was a block of stone. But Mr. Brown (*Great Dionysiak Myth*, i. 358) thinks that we have here a verbal error, and that the name of the god was Aguios, the limbless, the *guia* referring especially to the *lower* limbs; and that thus the name would be peculiarly appropriate to a terminal statue.

[1] See M. Bréal's letter on this subject, inserted in Prof. Max Müller's *Lect. on Lang.* second series, 474.

[2] ἡγεμῶν Χαρίτων, Max Müller, *ib.* 473.

[3] Hygin. *Fab.* 225.

[4] See book i. ch. x.

[5] See p. 180.

[6] Virg. *Æn.* iv. 242.

hymn-writer salutes him accordingly as the god of the winged sandals.[1] In the legend of Medousa these sandals bear Perseus away from the pursuit of the angry Gorgons into the Hyperborean gardens and thence to the shores of Libya.

SECTION III.—ORPHEUS.

Points of difference between Orpheus and Hermes.

Of the myth of Orpheus it may also be said that it brings before us a being, in whom some attributes which belong to the light or the sun are blended with others which point as clearly to the wind. The charm of the harping of Hermes is fully admitted in the Homeric hymn, but its effect is simply the effect of exquisite music on those who have ears to hear and hearts to feel it. In the story of Orpheus the action becomes almost wholly mechanical. If his lyre has power over living beings, it has power also over stones, rocks, and trees. What then is Orpheus? Is he, like Hermes, the child of the dawn, or is he the sun-god himself joined for a little while with a beautiful bride whom he is to recover only to lose her again? There can be no doubt that this solar myth has been bodily imported into the legend of Orpheus, even if it does not constitute its essence. The name of his wife, Eurydikê, is one of the many names which denote the wide-spreading flush of the dawn; and this fair being is bitten by the serpent of night as she wanders close by the water which is fatal alike to Melusina and Undine, to the Lady of Geierstein and to the more ancient Bheki or frog-sun. But if his Helen is thus stolen away by the dark power, Orpheus must seek her as pertinaciously as the Achaians strive for the recovery of Helen or the Argonauts for that of the Golden Fleece. All night long he will wander through the regions of night, fearing no danger and daunted by no obstacles, if only his eyes may rest once more on her who was the delight of his life. At last he comes to the grim abode of the king of the dead, and at length obtains the boon that his wife may follow him to the land of the living, on the one condition that he is not to look back until she has fairly reached the earth. The promise is not kept; and when Orpheus, overcome by an irresistible yearning, turns round to gaze on the beautiful face of his bride, he sees her form vanish away like mist at the rising of the sun. This, it is obvious, is but another form of the myth which is seen in the stories of Phoibos and Daphnê, of Indra and Dahanâ, of Arethousa and Alpheios; and as such, it would be purely solar. But the legend as thus related is shorn of other features not less essential than these solar attributes. Orpheus is never without his harp. It is with this that he charms all things conscious or unconscious. With this he gathers together the bright herds of Helios and all the beasts of the field. As he draws forth its sweet sounds, the trees, the rocks, the streams, all hasten to hear him, or to follow him as he moves onwards on his journey. Only when Eurydikê is dead, are its delicious sounds silenced; but when at the gates of the palace of Hades the three-headed hound Kerberos growls savagely at him, its soft tones charm away his fury, and the same spell subdues the heart of the rugged king himself. It is thus only that he wins the desire of his heart; and when Eurydikê is torn from him the second time, the heavenly music is heard again no more. It is impossible to regard this part of the story as a solar myth, except on the supposition that Orpheus is but another form of Phoibos after he has become possessed of the lyre of Hermes. But the truth is that the myth of the Hellenic Hermes is not more essentially connected with the idea of sound than is that of Orpheus together with the long series of myths based on the same notion which are found scattered over almost all the world. In the opinion of Professor Max Müller "Orpheus is the same word as the Sanskrit Ribhu or Arbhu, which though it is best known as the name of the three Ribhus, was used in the Veda as an epithet of Indra, and a name for the Sun."[1] Mr. Kelly, following Dr. Kuhn, sees in the Ribhus the storm-winds which sweep trees and rocks in wild dance before them by the force of their magic song.[2] But even if the Sanskrit name can be applied only to the sun, this would only show that the name of Orpheus underwent in its journey to the west a modification similar to that of the name Hermes. It must, however, be noted that Orpheus acts only by means of his harp, which always rouses to motion. The action of Hermes is twofold, and when he is going forth on his plundering expedition he lays aside his lyre, which he resumes only when he comes back to lie down like a child in his cradle. Hence the lyre of Hermes only charms and soothes. Its sweet tones conquer the angry sun-god, and lull to sleep the all-seeing Argos of the hundred eyes, when Hermes seeks to deliver Iô from his ceaseless scrutiny. But among the Greek poets the idea which would connect Orpheus with the sun was wholly lost. In Pindar he is sent indeed by Apollôn to the gathering of the Argonauts, but this would point simply to a phrase which spoke of the sun as sending or bringing the morning breeze; and with the poet he is simply the harper and the father of songs.[1] In Æschylos he leads everything after him by the gladness with which his strain inspires them.[2] In Euripides he is the harper who compels the rocks to follow him,[3] while in speaking of him as the originator of sacred mysteries the poet transfers to him the idea which represents Hermes as obtaining mysterious wisdom in the hidden caves of the Thriai.[4] In the so-called Orphic Argonautika the harper is the son of Oiagros and Kalliopê, the latter name denoting simply the beauty of sound, even if the former be not a result of the onomatopœia which has produced such Greek words as εὐχή, γόος, and οἰμωγή. No sooner does he call on the divine ship which the heroes had vainly tried to move, than the Argo, charmed by the tones, glides gently into the sea.[5] The same tones wake the voyagers in Lemnos from the sensuous spell which makes Odysseus dread the land of the Lotos-eaters.[6] At the magic sound the Kyanean rocks parted asunder to make room for the speaking ship, and the Symplegades which had been dashed together in the fury of ages remained steadfast for evermore.[7] But it is singular that when it becomes needful to stupify the dragon which guards the golden fleece, the work is done not by the harp of Orpheus, but by the sleep-god Hypnos himself, whom Orpheus summons to lull the Vritra to slumber.[8]

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[1] *Hymn XXVIII.*

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[1] *Chips, &c.*, ii. 127. The converse of the story of Orpheus is found in the legend of Savitri as recounted in the Mahâbhârata. Here Savitri marries Satyavan, knowing that he must die within the year. When Yama comes for Satyavan, she insists on following him, and at last succeeds in winning back the life of her husband, with whom she reaches her home at the break of day.

[2] *Curiosities of Indo-European Folk-lore*, 17.

The Seirens.

The same irresistible spell belongs to the music of the Seirens, who are represented as meeting their doom, in one legend, by means of Orpheus, in another, through Odysseus. Whether these beings represent the Seirai, or belts of calms, which are so treacherous and fatal to mariners, or whether the name itself is found again in the Syrinx or pipe of the god Pan, and in the Latin susurrus,[9] the whisper of the breeze, is a point of no great importance, so long as we note the fact that none who listened to their song could be withheld from rushing under its influence to their own destruction. In the story of the Odyssey, Odysseus breaks the spell by filling his sailors' ears with wax, while he has himself stoutly tied to the mast of his ship. In the Orphic myth the divine harper counteracts their witchery by his own strain, and the Seirens throw themselves into the sea and are changed into rocks according to the doom which granted them life only until some one should sing more sweetly and powerfully than they.

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[1] *Pyth.* iv. 315.

[2] *Agam.* 1630.

[3] *Iphig. in Aul.* 1213.

[4] *Rhes.* 943; *Hymn to Hermes*, 552.

[5] *Argonaut.* 262.

[6] *Ib.* 480.

[7] *Ib.* 740.

[8] *Ib.* 1008.

[9] The name is more probably connected with the Latin Silanus.

The Piper of Hameln.

This mysterious spell belongs also to the Piper of Hameln, who, wroth at being cheated of his promised recompense for piping away into the Weser the rats which had plagued the city,[1] returns to take an unlooked-for vengeance. No sooner is a note of his music heard than there is throughout the town a sound of pattering feet, all the children of the town hurrying to listen to the strange melody. The musician goes before them to a hill rising above the Weser, and as they follow him into a cavern, the door in the mountain-side shuts fast, and their happy voices are heard no more. According to one version none were saved but a lame boy, who remained sad and cheerless because he could not see the beautiful land to which the piper had said that he was leading them. At Brandenburg the plague from which the piper delivers the people is a host of ants, whom he charms into the water. The promised payment is not made, and when he came again, all the pigs followed him into the lake—a touch borrowed probably from the narrative of the miracle at Gadara. In this myth there is a triple series of incidents. Failing to receive his recompense the second year for sweeping away a cloud of crickets, the piper takes away all their ships. In the third year all the children vanish as from Hameln, the unpaid toil of the piper having been this time expended in driving away a legion of rats.

The Erl-king.

The idea of music as charming away souls from earth is common to all these legends, and this notion is brought out more fully not only in Göthe's ballad of the Erlking, who charms the child to death in his father's arms, but also in superstitions still prevalent among certain classes of people in this country, who believe that the dying hear the sound of sweet music discoursing to them of the happy land far away.[2]

The idea of the shrubs and trees as moved by the harping of

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[1] This tale at once carries us to the Sminthian worship of Apollôn. Sminthos, it is said, was a Cretan word for a mouse, and certain it is that a mouse was placed at the foot of the statues of the sun-god in the temples where he was worshipped under this name. But the story accounted for this by saying that the mouse was endowed with the gift of prophecy, and was therefore put by the side of the deity who was possessed of the profound wisdom of Zeus himself. This in the opinion of Welcker is a mere inversion, which assigned to the mouse an attribute which had belonged exclusively to the god near whom it was placed; accordingly he refers the myth without hesitation to Apollôn as the deliverer from those plagues of mice which have been dreaded or hated as a terrible scourge, and which even now draw German peasants in crowds to the churches to fall on their knees and pray God to destroy the mice.—*Griechische Götterlehre*, i. 482. But the Hindu Ganesa, as well as the Hellenic Apollôn, is represented as crushing the mouse.—Gubernatis, *Zoological Mythology*, ii. 68.

[2] Gould, *Curious Myths*, second series, 160.

Orpheus has run out into strange forms. In some myths, the musician who compels all to dance at his will is endowed with the thievish ways of Hermes, although these again are attributed to an honest servant who at the end of three years receives three farthings as his recompense. In the German story of the Jew among the Thorns the servant gives these farthings to a dwarf who grants him three wishes in return. The first two wishes are, of course, for a weapon that shall strike down all it aims at, and a fiddle that shall make every one dance, while by the third he obtains the power of forcing every one to comply with any request that he may make. From this point the story turns more on the Homeric than on the Orphic myth. Strangely enough, Phoibos is here metamorphosed into the Jew, who is robbed not of cows but of a bird, and made to dance until his clothes are all torn to shreds. The appeal to a judge and the trial, with the shifty excuses, the dismissal of the plea, and the sentence, follow in their due order. But just as Hermes delivers himself by waking the sweet music of his lyre when Phoibos on discovering the skins of the slaughtered cattle is about to slay him, so the servant at the gallows makes his request to be allowed to play one more tune, when judge, hangman, accuser, and spectators all join in the magic dance. Another modern turn is given to the legend when the Jew is made to confess that he had stolen the money which he gave the honest servant, and is himself hanged in the servant's stead.[1]

The Jew among the thorns.

In a less developed form this story is the same as the legend of Arîon, who, though supposed to be the friend of the Corinthian tyrant Periandros, is still represented as a son of Poseidôn. In this case the musician's harp fails to win his life at the hands of the men who grudge him his wealth; but his wish seems to carry with it a power which they are not able to resist, while his playing brings to the side of the ship a dolphin who bears Arîon on his back to Corinth. In the trial which follows, the tables are turned on the sailors much as they are on the Jew in the German story, and Arîon recovers his harp which was to play an important part in many another Aryan myth.

The story of Arîon.

The German form of the myth has been traced into Iceland, where Sigurd's harp in the hands of Bosi makes chairs and tables, kings and courtiers, leap and reel, until all fall down from sheer weariness and Bosi makes off with his bride who was about to be

Inchanted harps and horns.

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[1] This marvellous piper reappears in Grimm's stories of the Wonderful Musician, of Roland who makes the witch dance against her will to a bewitched tune, and of the Valiant Tailor who thus conquers the Bear as Orpheus masters Kerberos.

given to some one else. The horn of Oberon in the romance of Huon of Bordeaux has the same powers, while it further becomes, like the Sangreal, a test of good and evil, for only those of blameless character dance when its strains are heard. Still more marvellous are the properties of the lyre of Glenkundie:

> He'd harpit a fish out o' saut water,
> Or water out o' a stane,
> Or milk out o' a maiden's breast
> That bairn had never nane.[1]

The harp of Wäinämöinen.

The instrument reappears in the pipe of the Irish Maurice Connor, which could waken the dead as well as stir the living; but Maurice is himself enticed by a mermaid, and vanishes with her beneath the waters. It is seen again in the magic lyre which the ghost of Zorayhayda gives to the Rose of the Alhambra in the charming legend related by Washington Irving, and which rouses the mad Philip V. from his would-be coffin to a sudden outburst of martial vehemence. In Slavonic stories the harp exhibits only the lulling qualities of the lyre of Hermes. It comes before us again in the story of Jack the Giant-Killer, in which the Giant, who in the unchristianised myth was Wuotan himself, possessed an inchanting harp, bags of gold and diamonds, and a hen which daily laid a golden egg. "The harp," says Mr. Gould, "is the wind, the bags are the clouds dropping the sparkling rain, and the golden egg, laid every morning by the red hen, is the dawn-produced Sun."[2] This magic lyre is further found where perhaps we should little look for it, in the grotesque myths of the Quiches of Guatemala. It is seen in its full might in the song of the Finnish Wäinämöinen, and in the wonderful effects produced by the chanting of the sons of Kalew on the woods, which burst instantly into flowers and fruit, before the song is ended. The close parallelism between the myth of Wäinämöinen and the legends of Hermes and Orpheus cannot be better given than in the words of Mr. Gould.

"Wäinämöinen went to a waterfall and killed a pike which swam below it. Of the bones of this fish he constructed a harp, just as Hermes made his lyre of the tortoiseshell. But he dropped this instrument into the sea, and thus it fell into the power of the sea-gods, which accounts for the music of the ocean on the beach. The hero then made another from the forest wood, and with it descended to Pohjola, the realm of darkness, in quest of the mystic Sampo, just as in the classic myth Orpheus went down to Hades to bring thence Eurydice. When in the realm of gloom perpetual, the Finn demigod struck his kantele and sent all the inhabitants of Pohjola to sleep, as Hermes when about to steal Iô made the eyes of Argos Panoptes close at the sound of his lyre. Then he ran off with the Sampo, and had nearly got it to the land of light when the dwellers in Pohjola awoke, and pursued and fought him for the ravished treasure, which, in the struggle, fell into the sea and was lost; again reminding us of the classic tale of Orpheus."[1]

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[1] Jamieson's *Scottish Ballads*, i. 98; Price, *Introd. to Warton's Hist. Eng. Poetry*, lxiv.

[2] *Curious Myths*, ii. 160.

Galdner the Singer.

Wuotan again in the Teutonic mythology is Galdner the singer: and in the Gudrunlied the time which it would take one to ride a thousand miles passed in a moment while any one listened to the singing of Hjarrandi. The christianised form of this myth, as the Legend of the Monk and the Bird, is well known to the readers of Longfellow and Archbishop Trench, and is noteworthy chiefly as inverting the parts, and making the bird charm the wearied and doubting man.

The Sibyl.

Still more remarkable is the connexion of this mystic harp in the legend of Gunâdhya with a myth which reproduces that of the Sibylline books offered in diminished quantities, but always at the same price, to the Roman king Tarquin. In the Eastern tale the part of Tarquin is played by King Sâtavâhana to whom Gunâdhya sends a poem of seven hundred thousand slokas written in his own blood. This poem the king rejects as being written in the Pisâcha dialect. Gunâdhya then burns a portion of the poem on the top of a mountain; but while it is being consumed, his song brings together all the beasts of the forest who weep for joy at the beauty of his tale. The king falls ill, and is told that he must eat game: but none is to be had, for all the beasts are listening to Gunâdhya. On hearing this news, the king hastens to the spot and buys the poem, or rather the seventh portion which now alone remained of the whole.[2] It is scarcely necessary to add that in this tale, as in that of Wäinämöinen, we have two stories which must be traced to a common source with the myths of Hermes, Orpheus, and the Sibyl,—in other words, to a story the framework of which had been put together before the separation of the Aryan tribes.[3]

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[1] *Curious Myths*, ii. 177.

[2] *Katha Sarit Sagara*, i. 8; Gould, *Curious Myths*, ii. 172.

[3] See p. 65, *et seq.*

SECTION IV.—PAN.

The song of the breeze in the reeds.

The harp of Orpheus and the lyre of Hermes are but other forms of the reed pipe of Pan. Of the real meaning of this name the Western poets were utterly unconscious. In the Homeric Hymn he is said to be so called because all the gods were cheered by his music.[1] Still through all the grotesque and uncouth details of the myth, which tells us of his goat's feet and horns, his noisy laughter and capricious action, the idea of wind is pre-eminent. It is the notion not so much of the soft and lulling strains of Hermes in his gentler mood, or of the irresistible power of the harp of Orpheus, as of the purifying breezes which blow gently or strong, for a long or a little while, waking the echoes now here now there, in defiance of all plan or system, and with a wantonness which baffles all human powers of calculation. To this idea the Homeric Hymn adheres with a singular fidelity, as it tells us how he wanders sometimes on the mountain summits, sometimes plunging into the thickets of the glen, sometimes by the stream side or up the towering crags, or singing among the reeds at eventide. So swift is his pace that the birds of the air cannot pass him by. With him play the water-maidens, and the patter of the nymphs' feet is heard as they join in his song by the side of the dark fountain.[2] Like Hermes again and Sarameya, he is the child of the dawn and the morning, and it is his wont to lie down at noontide in a slumber from which he takes it ill if he be rudely roused.[3] Of his parentage we have many stories, but the same notion underlies them all. Sometimes, as in the Homeric Hymn, he is the son of Hermes and of the nymph Dryops, sometimes of Hermes and Penelopê, sometimes of Penelopê and Odysseus; but Penelopê is the bride of the toiling sun, who is parted from her whether at morning or eventide, and to be her son is to be the child of Saramâ. Nor is the idea changed if he be spoken of as the son of heaven and earth (Ouranos and Gaia), or of air and water (Aithêr and a Nereid).

Pan, the purifying breeze.

Pan then is strictly the purifying breeze, the Sanskrit pavana,[4] a name which reappears in the Latin Favonius, and perhaps also in Faunus; and his real character, as the god of the gentler winds, is brought out most prominently in the story of his love for Pitys, and of the jealousy of the blustering Boreas, who hurled the maiden from a rock and changed her into a pine-tree. The myth explains itself. In

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[1] *Hymn to Pan*, 47.

[2] *Ib.* 7-20.

[3] Theok. vii. 107.

[4] Max Müller, *Chips*, ii. 159.

Professor Max Müller's words, "We need but walk with our eyes open along the cliffs of Bournemouth to see the meaning of that legend,"—the tale of Pitys, the "pine-tree wooed by Pan, the gentle wind, and struck down by jealous Boreas, the north wind." Of Boreas himself we need say but little. His true character was as little forgotten as that of Selênê, and thus the name remained comparatively barren. The Athenian was scarcely speaking in mythical language when he said that Boreas had aided his forefathers by scattering the fleets of Xerxes. The phrases were almost as transparent which spoke of him as a son of Astraios and Eôs, the star-god and the dawn, or as carrying off Oreithyia, the daughter of Erechtheus, the king of the dawn-city.

Pan and Syrinx.

Another myth made Pan the lover of the nymph Syrinx; but this is but a slight veil thrown over the phrase which spoke of the wind playing on its pipe of reeds by the river's bank; and the tale which related how Syrinx, flying from Pan, like Daphnê from Phoibos, was changed into a reed, is but another form of the story which made Pan the lover of the nymph Echo, just as the unrequited love of Echo for Narkissos is but the complement of the unrequited love of Selênê for Endymiôn.

SECTION V.—AMPHÎON AND ZETHOS.

The Theban Orpheus.

The same power of the wind which is signified by the harp of Orpheus is seen in the story of Amphîon, a being localised in the traditions of Thebes. But Amphîon is a twin-brother of Zethos, and the two are, in the words of Euripides, simply the Dioskouroi, riding on white horses, and thus fall into the ranks of the correlative deities of Hindu and Greek mythology. But the myth runs into many other legends, the fortunes of their mother Antiopê differing but little from those of Augê, Tyrô, Evadnê, or Korônis. The tale is told in many versions. One of these calls her a daughter of Nykteus, the brother of Lykos, another speaks of Lykos, as her husband; but this is only saying that Artemis Hekatê may be regarded as either the child of the darkness or the bride of the light. A third version makes her a daughter of the river Asôpos, a parentage which shows her affinity with Athênê, Aphroditê, and all other deities of the light and the dawn. Her children, like Oidipous, Têlephos, and many others, are exposed on their birth, and like them found and brought up by shepherds, among whom Antiopê herself is said to have long remained a captive, like Danaê in the house of Polydektes. We have now the same distinction of office or employment which marks the other twin-brothers of Greek myths. Zethos tends the flocks, while Amphîon receives from Hermes a harp which makes the stones not merely move but fix themselves in their proper places as he builds the walls of Thebes. The sequel of the history of Antiopê exhibits, like the myths of Tyrô, Inô, and other legends, the jealous second wife or step-mother, who is slain by Amphîon and Zethos, as Sidêrô is killed by Pelias and Neleus. Amphîon himself becomes the husband of Niobê, the mother who presumes to compare her children with the offspring of Zeus and Lêtô.

Zethos and Proknê.

In one tradition Zethos, the brother Amphîon, is the husband of Proknê, the daughter of the Athenian Pandion; and in this version the story ran that she killed her own child by mistake, when through envy of her fertility she proposed to slay the eldest son of her sister-in-law Niobe.[1] But in its more complete form the myth makes her a wife of Tereus, who is king either of the hill-country (Thrace) or of the Megarian Pegai. When her son Itys was born, Tereus cut out his wife's tongue and hid her away with her babe, and then married her sister Philomela, whom he deceived by saying that Proknê was dead. When the sisters discovered his guilt, Proknê killed her own child Itys, and served up his flesh as a meal for Tereus.[2] Tereus in his turn, learning what had been done, pursues the sisters as they fly from him, and he has almost seized them when they pray that they may be changed into birds. Tereus thus became a hoopoe, Proknê a swallow, and Philomêla a nightingale.[3] Hence it is that as the spring comes round, the bride mourns for her lost child with an inconsolable sorrow, as in the Megarian legend the living Proknê wept herself to death, like Niobê mourning for her sons and daughters. The story is easily taken to pieces. The transformation is the result of the same process which turned Lykâôn into a wolf, and Kallistô into a bear; and as Philomêla was a name for the nightingale, so the daughter of Pandion is said to have been changed into that bird. With the nightingale as a bird of spring the swallow is closely associated, and this fitting transformation was at once suggested for Proknê. But it becomes at the least possible that in its earlier shape the myth may have known only one wife of Tereus, who might be called either Proknê or Philomêla. Of these two names Proknê is apparently only another form of Prokris, who is also the daughter of an Athenian king; and thus the legend seems to explain itself, for as in Tantalos and Lykâôn we have the sun scorching up and destroying his children, so here the dew is represented as offering the limbs of her murdered child to her husband, the sun, as he dries up the dew-drops. The myth is thus only another version of the tale of Kephalos or Prokris. The name Philomêla, again, may denote one who loves the flocks, or one who loves apples; but we have already seen how the sheep or flocks of Helios become the apples of the Hesperides, and thus Philomêla is really the lover of the golden-tinted clouds, which greet the rising sun, and the name might well be given to either the dawn or the dew.

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[1] Preller, *Gr. Myth.* ii. 141.

[2] Gubernatis, *Zoological Mythology*, ii. 229.

[3] Another version reversed the doom of the sisters, and made Proknê the nightingale and Philomela the swallow.

Linos and Zephyros.

The mournful or dirge-like sound of the wind is signified by another Boiotian tradition, which related how the matrons and maidens mourned for Linos at the feast which was called Arnis because Linos had grown up among the lambs,—in other words, the dirge-like breeze had sprung up while the heaven was flecked with the fleecy clouds which, in the German popular stories, lured the rivals of Dummling to their destruction in the waters. The myth that Linos was torn to pieces by dogs points to the raging storm which may follow the morning breeze. Between these two in force would come Zephyros, the strong wind from the evening-land, the son of Astraios the starry heaven, and of Eôs who closes, as she had begun, the day. The wife of Zephyros is the Harpyia Podargê, the white-footed wind, Notos Argêstês, who drives before her the snowy vapours, and who is the mother of Xanthos and Balios, the immortal horses of Achilleus. But as the clouds seem to fly before Podargê or Zephyros, so the phenomenon of clouds coming up seemingly against the wind is indicated in the myth of the wind Kaikias, a name which seems to throw light on the story of Hercules and Cacus.

SECTION VI.—AIOLOS AND ARÊS.

The Guardian of the Winds.

In the Odyssey all the winds are placed by Zeus under the charge of Aiolos, who has the power of rousing or stilling them at his will. But beyond this fact the poem has nothing more to say of him than that he was the father of six sons and six daughters, and that he dwelt in an island which bore his name. With the mythology which grew up around the persons of his supposed descendants we are not here concerned. As a local or a tribal name, it has as much and as little value as that of Hellen, Ion, or Achaios. In itself the word is connected apparently with the names Aia and Aiêtês, and may denote the changeful and restless sky from which the winds are born. But the ingenuity of later mythographers was exercised in arranging or reconciling the pedigrees of the several children assigned to Aiolos, and their efforts were rewarded by complications which were relieved of intolerable weariness only by the mythical interest attaching to some of the many names thus grouped in a more or less arbitrary connexion. With them this association was valuable, chiefly as accounting for the historical distribution of certain Hellenic clans; and this supposed fact has been imported into the controversy respecting the date and composition of our Homeric poems, by some critics who hold that Homer was essentially an Aiolic poet, who wished to glorify his tribesmen over all the other members of the Hellenic race. It may be enough to say that there is no trace of such a feeling in either our Iliad or our Odyssey, which simply speak of Aiolos as a son of Hippotês and the steward of the winds of heaven.

The Storms.

But Hermes, Orpheus, Amphîon, and Pan, are not the only conceptions of the effects of air in motion to be found in Greek mythology. The Vedic Maruts are the winds, not as alternately soothing and furious, like the capricious action of Hermes, not as constraining everything to do their magic bidding, like the harping of Orpheus and Amphîon, nor yet as discoursing their plaintive music among the reeds, like the pipe of Pan; but simply in their force as the grinders or crushers of everything that comes in their way. These crushers are found in more than one set of mythical beings in Greek legends. They are the Moliones, or mill-men, or the Aktoridai, the pounders of grain, who have one body but two heads, four hands, and four feet,—who first undertake to aid Heraklês in his struggle with Augeias, and then turning against the hero are slain by him near Kleônai. These representatives of Thor Miölnir we see also in the Aloadai,[1] the sons of Iphimedousa, whose love for Poseidôn led her to roam along the sea-shore, pouring the salt water over her body.

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[1] The identity of the names Aloadai and Moliones must be determined by the answer to be given to the question, whether ἀλωή, a threshing-floor, can be traced back to the root *mal* which indubitably yields Molionê, μύλη, the Latin *mola*, our *mill* and *meal*. There is no proof that certain words may in Greek assume an initial μ which is merely euphonic: but there is abundant evidence that Greek words, which originally began with μ, occasionally drop it. This, Professor Max Müller admits, is a violent change, and it would seem physically unnecessary; but he adduces the analogies of μόσχος and ὄσχος, a tender shoot or branch, ἴα for μία in Homer, the Latin mola, and the Greek οὐλαί, meal, adding that "instead of our very word ἄλευρον, wheaten flour, another form, μάλευρον, is mentioned by Helladius."—*Lect. on Lang.* second series, 323. The same change is seen in μὲν as corresponding to the numeral ἕν.

The idea of the storm as crushing and pounding is seen in molnija, a name for lightning among the Slavonic tribes, and in Munja, the sister of Grom, the thunderer, in Serbian songs.—Max Müller, *ib.* 322. With these we may compare Menia and Fenia, the grinders of Frodi's quern.

The myth is transparent enough. They are as mighty in their infancy as Hermes. When they are nine years old, their bodies are nine cubits in breadth and twenty-seven in height—a rude yet not inapt image of the stormy wind heaping up in a few hours its vast masses of angry vapour. It was inevitable that the phenomena of storm should suggest their warfare with the gods, and that one version should represent them as successful, the other as vanquished. The storm-clouds scattered by the sun in his might are the Aloadai when defeated by Phoibos before their beards begin to be seen, in other words, before the expanding vapours have time to spread themselves over the sky. The same clouds in their triumph are the Aloadai when they bind Arês and keep him for months in chains, as the gigantic ranges of vapours may be seen sometimes keeping an almost motionless guard around the heaven, while the wind seems to chafe beneath, as in a prison from which it cannot get forth. The piling of the cumuli clouds in the skies is the heaping up of Ossa on Olympos and of Pelion on Ossa to scale the heavens, while their threat to make the sea dry land and the dry land sea is the savage fury of the storm when the earth and the air seem mingled in inextricable confusion. The daring of the giants goes even further. Ephialtes, like Ixiôn, seeks to win Hêrê while Otos follows Artemis, who, in the form of a stag, so runs between the brothers that they, aiming at her at the same time, kill each other, as the thunderclouds perish from their own discharges.[1]

Arês and Athênê.

Arês, the god imprisoned by the Aloadai, whose name he shares, represents like them the storm-wind raging through the sky. As the idea of calm yet keen intellect is inseparable from Athênê, so the character of Arês exhibits simply a blind force without foresight or judgment, and not unfrequently illustrates the poet's phrase that strength without counsel insures only its own destruction. Hence Arês and Athênê are open enemies. The pure dawn can have nothing in common with the cloud-laden and wind-oppressed atmosphere. He is then in no sense a god of war, unless war is taken as mere quarrelling and slaughtering for its own sake. Of the merits of contending parties he has neither knowledge nor care. Where the carcases are likely to lie thickest, thither like a vulture will he go;

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[1] "Otos and Ephialtes, the wind and the hurricane," *i.e.* the leaper. Max Müller, *Lect. on Lang.* second series.

[2] Professor Max Müller remarks, *ib.* 325, that "In *Ares*, Preller, without any thought of the relationship between *Ares* and the *Maruts*, discovered the personification of the sky as excited by storm." Athênê then, according to Preller, "als Göttin der reinen Luft und des Æthers die naturliche Feindin des Ares ist."—*Gr. Myth.* 202.

and thus he becomes pre-eminently fickle and treacherous,[1] the object of hatred and disgust to all the gods, except when, as in the lay of Demodokos, he is loved by Aphroditê. But this legend implies that the god has laid aside his fury, and so is entrapped in the coils cast round him by Hephaistos, an episode which merely repeats his imprisonment by the Aloadai. Like these, his body is of enormous size, and his roar, like the roar of a hurricane, is louder than the shouting of ten thousand men. But in spite of his strength, his life is little more than a series of disasters, for the storm-wind must soon be conquered by the powers of the bright heaven. Hence he is defeated by Heraklês when he seeks to defend his son Kyknos against that hero, and wounded by Diomêdês, who fights under the protection of Athênê. In the myth of Adonis he is the boar who smites the darling of Aphroditê, of whom he is jealous, as the storm-winds of autumn grudge to the dawn the light of the beautiful summer.[2]

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[1] ἀλλοπρόσαλλος.

[2] When Herodotos says that Arês was worshipped by Scythian tribes under the form of a sword, to which even human sacrifices were offered, we have to receive his statement with as much caution as the account given by him of the Arês worshipped by the Egyptians. That the deities were worshipped under this Hellenic name, no one will now maintain; and the judgment of Herodotos on a comparison of attributes would not be altogether trustworthy. The so-called Egyptian Arês has much more of the features of Dionysos. The Scythian sword belongs to another set of ideas. See ch. ii. sect. xii.

CHAPTER VI.

THE WATERS.

SECTION I.—THE DWELLERS IN THE SEA.

Proteus and Nereus.

Between Proteus, the child of Poseidôn, and Nereus, the son of Pontos, there is little distinction beyond that of name. Both dwell in the waters, and although the name of the latter points more especially to the sea as his abode, yet the power which, according to Apollodoros, he possesses of changing his form at will indicates his affinity to the cloud deities, unless it be taken as referring to the changing face of the ocean with its tossed and twisting waves. It must, however, be noted that, far from giving him this power, the Hesiodic Theogony seems to exclude it by denying to him the capricious fickleness of Proteus. He is called the old man, we are here told, because he is truthful and cannot lie, because he is trustworthy and kindly, because he forgets not law but knows all good counsels and just words—a singular contrast to the being who will yield only to the argument of force. Like Proteus, he is gifted with mysterious wisdom, and his advice guides Heraklês in the search for the apples (or flocks) of the Hesperides. His wife Doris is naturally the mother of a goodly offspring, fifty in number, like the children of Danaos, Aigyptos, Thestios, and Asterodia; but the ingenuity of later mythographers was scarcely equal to the task of inventing for all of them names of decent mythical semblance. Some few, as Amphitritê and Galateia, are genuine names for dwellers in the waters; but most of them, as Dynamenê, Pherousa, Proto, Kymodoke, Nesaia, Aktaia, are mere epithets denoting their power and strength, their office or their abode. Of Pontos himself, the father of Nereus, there is even less to be said. In the Hesiodic Theogony he is a son of Gaia alone, as Typhôeus springs only from Hêrê and Athênê has no mother. In the Iliad and Odyssey, Pontos is a mere name for the sea; and the phrases *πόντος ἁλὸς πολιῆς* and *θάλασσα πόντου* show that the poets were not altogether unconscious of its meaning and of its affinity with their word *πάτος*, a path. It is therefore a name applied to the sea by a people who, till they had seen the great water, had used it only of roadways on land. In the myth of Thaumas, the son of Pontos and the father of Iris and the Harpyiai, we are again carried back to the phenomena of the heavens; the latter being the greedy storm-clouds stretching out their crooked claws for their prey, the former the rainbow joining the heavens and the earth with its path of light.

Glaukos.

Another son of Poseidôn, whose home is also in the waters, is the Boiotian Glaukos, the builder of the divine ship Argô and its helmsman. After the fight of Iasôn with the Tyrrhenians, Glaukos sinks into the sea, and thenceforth is endowed with many of the attributes of Nereus. Like him, he is continually roaming, and yearly he visits all the coasts and islands of Hellas; like him, he is full of wisdom, and his words may be implicitly trusted.

Naiads and Nereids.

The domain in which these deities dwell is thickly peopled. Their subjects and companions are the nymphs, whose name, as denoting simply water, belongs of right to no beings who live on dry land, or in caves or trees.[1] The classification of the nymphs as Oreads, Dryads, or others, is therefore in strictness an impossible one; and the word Naiad, usually confined to the nymphs of the fresh waters, is as general a term as the name Nymph itself. Nor is there any reason beyond that of mere usage why the Nereides should not be called Naiads as well as Nymphs. But the tendency was to multiply classes: and seldom perhaps has the imagination of man been exercised on a more beautiful or harmless subject than the nature and tasks of these beautiful beings who comfort Prometheus in his awful agony and with Thetis cheer Achilleus when his heart is riven with grief for his friend Patroklos. For the most part, indeed, they remain mere names; but their radiant forms are needed to fill up the background of those magnificent scenes in which the career of the short-lived and suffering sun is brought to a close. And beyond this, they answered a good purpose by filling the whole earth with a joyous and unfailing life. If it be said that to the Greek this earth was his mother, and that he cared not to rise above it, yet it was better that his thoughts should be where they were, than that he should make vain profession of a higher faith at the cost of peopling whole worlds with beings malignant as they were powerful. The effect of Christian teaching would necessarily invest the Hellenic nymphs with some portion of this malignity, and as they would still be objects of worship to the unconverted, that worship would become constantly more and more superstitious; and superstition, although its nature remains unchanged, is stripped of half its horrors when its objects are beings whose nature is wholly genial. This comparatively wholesome influence the idea of nymphs inhabiting every portion of the world exercised on the Hellenic mind. Each fountain and lake, each river and marsh, each well, tree, hill, and vale had its guardian, whose presence was a blessing, not a curse. As dwelling in the deep running waters, the nymphs who in name answer precisely to the Vedic Apsaras, or movers in the waters, have in some measure the wisdom of Nereus, Glaukos, and of Proteus; hence the soothsayer, as he uttered the oracles of the god, was sometimes said to be filled with their spirit. They guarded the flocks and fostered the sacredness of home, while on the sick they exercised the beneficent art and skill of Asklêpios.

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[1] νύμφη answers precisely to the Latin lympha, and thus the Latin lymphaticus corresponds to the Greek νυμφόληπτος.

Swan-Maidens and Apsaras.

These kindly beings must, however, be distinguished from the Swan-maidens and other creatures of Aryan mythology, whose nature is more akin to the clouds and vapours. The lakes on which these maidens are seen to swim are the blue seas of heaven, in which may be seen beautiful or repulsive forms, the daughters of Phorkys, Gorgons, Harpies, Kentaurs, Titans, Graiai, Phaiakians. Nor can it be said that Thetis, though called a Nereid, is in all points like the companions among whom she dwells. She lives, indeed, in the sea; but she has been brought up by Hêrê the queen of the high heaven, and like the Telchînes and Kourêtes, like Proteus and Glaukos, she can change her form at will, and Peleus obtains her as his bride only when he has treated her as Aristaios treats the guardian of the ocean herds. She belongs thus partly to the sea, and in part to the upper air, and thus the story of her life runs through not a little of the mythical history of the Greeks. When Dionysos flies from Lykourgos, and Hephaistos is hurled down from Olympos, it is Thetis who gives them a refuge; and if she is married to a mortal man, it is only because at the suggestion, it is said, of Hêrê, she refuses to become the bride of Zeus, or as others would have it, because it was fated that her child should be mightier than his father—a myth which can be only solar in its character. In yet another version she plays the part of Aphroditê to Anchises in the Homeric Hymn, and wins Peleus as her husband by promising that his son shall be the most renowned of all the heroes. The story of her wedding carries us far away from her native element, and when, as in the Iliad, she preserves the body of Patroklos from decay, she appears rather in the character of the dawn-goddess who keeps off all unseemly things from the slain Hektor. Nor is she seen in her true character as a Nereid, before the last sad scene, when, rising from the sea with her attendant nymphs, she bathes the body of her dead son, and wraps it in a robe of spotless white, in which the same nymphs folded the infant Chrysâôr.

Triton and Amphitritê.

But as the sea-goddess thus puts on some of the qualities and is invested with some of the functions which might seem to belong exclusively to the powers of the heavens and the light, so the latter are all connected more or less closely with the waters, and the nymphs might not unnaturally see their kinsfolk in Athênê Tritogeneia; in Daphnê, the child of the Peneian stream; in Phoibos Apollôn her lover, and in Aphroditê Anadyomenê herself. All these, indeed, whatever may be their destiny, are at their rising the offspring of Tritos (Triton), the lord of the waters. The Triton of Hellenic mythology, who dwells in his golden palace in the lowest depths of the sea, rides on the billows which are his snow-crested horses. This god of the waters is reflected in Amphitritê, the wife of Poseidôn in some versions, who is present at the birth of Phoibos in Delos. In the Odyssey she is simply the sea, purple-faced and loud-sounding.

The Seirens.

Another aspect of the great deep is presented in the Seirens, who by their beautiful singing lure mariners to their ruin. As basking among the rocks in the sunlit waters, they may represent, as some have supposed, the belts (Seirai) of deceitful calms against which the sailor must be ever on his guard, lest he suffer them to draw his ship to sandbanks or quicksands. But apart from the beautiful passage in the Odyssey, which tells us how their song rose with a strange power through the still air when the god had lulled the waves to sleep, the mythology of these beings is almost wholly artificial. They are children of Acheron and Steropê, of Phorkos, Melpomenê, and others; and names were devised for them in accordance with their parentage. In form they were half women, half fishes, and thus are akin to Echidna and Melusina; and their doom was that they should live only until some one should escape their toils. Hence by some mythographers they are said to have flung themselves into the sea and to have been changed into rocks, when Odysseus had effected his escape, while others ascribe their defeat to Orpheus.[1] Other versions gave them wings, and again deprived them of them, for aiding or refusing to aid Dêmêtêr in her search for Persephonê.

Skylla and Charybdis.

Nor are there wanting mythical beings who work their will among storm-beaten rocks and awful whirlpools. Among the former dwells Skylla, and in the latter the more terrible Charybdis. These creatures the Odyssey places on two rocks, distant about an arrow's flight from each other, and between these the ship of Odysseus must pass. If he goes near the one whose smooth scarped sides run up into a covering of everlasting cloud, he will lose six of his men as a prey to the six mouths which Skylla will open to engulf them. But better thus to sacrifice a few to this monster with six outstretching necks and twelve shapeless feet, as she shoots out her hungry hands from her dismal dens, than to have the ships knocked to pieces in the whirlpool where Charybdis thrice in the day drinks in the waters of the sea, and thrice spouts them forth again. The peril may seem to be less. The sides of the rock beneath which she dwells are not so rugged, and on it blooms a large wild fig-tree,[1] with dense foliage; but no ship that ever came within reach of the whirling eddies ever saw the light again. In other words, Skylla is the one who tears her prey, while Charybdis swallows them; the one is the boiling surf beating against a precipitous and iron-bound coast, the other the treacherous back-currents of a gulf full of hidden rocks. The name Krataiis also given to her in the Odyssey denotes simply her irresistible power. This horrid being is put to death in many ways. In one version she is slain by Heraklês, and brought to life again by her father Phorkys as he burns her body. In another she is a beautiful princess, who is loved by Zeus, and who, being robbed of her children by the jealous Hêrê, hides herself in a dismal cavern, and is there changed into a terrific goblin which preys upon little children. This Skylla, who is called a daughter of Lamia the devourer, is in fact the hobgoblin of modern tales, and was manifestly used by nurses in the days of Euripides much as nurses may use such names now to quiet or frighten their charges.[2] In another version she refuses her love to the sea-god Glaukos, who betakes himself to Kirkê; but Kirkê, instead of aiding him to win her, threw some herbs into the well where Skylla bathed and changed her into the form of Echidna. It is needless to cite other legends which are much to the same effect.

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[1] See page 461.

The Megarian Skylla.

The Megarian tradition brings before us another Skylla, who is probably only another form of the being beloved by Glaukos or Triton. Here the beautiful maiden gives her love to the Cretan Minos, who is besieging Megara to revenge the death of Androgeôs, and in order to become his wife she steals the purple lock on the head of her father Nisos, on which depended her own life and the safety of the city. But she reaps no good from her treachery. In one story she is tied to the stern of the ship of Minos and drowned in the Saronic gulf; in another she throws herself into the water, as Minos sails away, and is turned into a bird, while her father, who has been changed into an eagle, swoops down after her into the sea.

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[1] Preller here suspects a play between the words *ἐρινεὸς* and *ἐρινύς*.

[2] *τίς τ' οὔνομα τὸ ἐπονείδιστον βροτοῖς οὐκ οἶδε Λαμίας τῆς Λιβυστικῆς γένος*; quoted from Euripides by Diodoros xx. 41.—Preller, *Gr. Myth.* i. 484.

SECTION II.—THE LORD OF THE WATERS.

Zeus Poseidôn.

Over all these beings of the world of waters Poseidôn is in the later mythology exalted as the supreme king. In its Greek form his name, like that of Indra, has been supposed to exhibit him as the god of moisture, the rain-bringer, who makes the thirsty earth drink and yield her fruits.[1] Hence in some myths he is the friend and guardian of Dionysos, and the lover of Dêmêtêr, who becomes the mother of Despoina and the horse Orion; and although he can descend to the depths of the sea and there dwell, yet he can appear at will on Olympos, and his power is exercised scarcely less in the heavens than in the depths beneath. Like Zeus, he is the gatherer of the clouds, and he can let loose the winds from their prison-house. But his empire was not well defined, and thus the myths relating to him turn chiefly on his contests with other deities, even with some towards whom he is generally friendly. In the dispute with Zeus for Aigina, Poseidôn had been successful, and the island retained one of the many names denoting spots where the waves break. His power and his dwelling were in like manner seen at Aigai and at Helikê, spots where the billows curl and dash upon the shore.[2] But in the city on the banks of Kephisos he encounters a mightier rival; and here he fails to give his name to it, although in one version he shows his power and his beneficence by striking his trident into the rock of the Akropolis and causing the waters to leap forth. In her turn Athênê produces the olive, and this is adjudged to be the better gift for men. Poseidôn here acts in strict accordance with the meaning of his name; but it is not easy to see on what grounds the claims of Athênê are allowed precedence, and hence we may suppose that the more genuine form of this myth is to be found in the other version which makes Poseidôn call forth from the earth not a well but a horse. But the fact of this antagonism with the Aryan gods of Hellas is a fact which cannot be lightly passed over. There must be a reason for it; and we are at once justified in asking whether the strife between Poseidôn and Athênê may not be the strife which followed the introduction of the Dionysiak ritual into Boiotia. The name cannot with any plausibility be referred to an Aryan root. The attempts to connect it with Potamos and Posis are failures, because beyond doubt Poseidôn was not, as this would show him to be, a god of fresh-water streams and rivers: nor can it with sufficient reason be connected with the root contained in such words as Potis, Potnia, Potent, and others denoting power. As then we have here a name which we cannot explain by a comparison with any Greek words, and for which we find no equivalent in the language or the traditions of any cognate tribes,—when the character of the person named is not self-consistent,—when the stories told of him point to disputes and struggles for the establishment of his power, and when, lastly, these traditions seem to indicate the East as the birthplace of his worship, we are at the least free to see what may be said for the notion that the god in question is not a Greek or an Aryan but a Semitic deity.

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[1] "Sein Name drückt die flussige Natur im weitesten Umfange aus. Die älteren Formen sind das dorische Ποσίδης und Ποσείδης (daher das Fest Ποσείδεια und Ποσιδήιον), woraus weiterhin Ποσειδάων, Ποσειδῶν, dor. Ποτιδάν, Ποτειδάν, æol. Ποτίδαν, Ποτείδαν, geworden ist. Die Wurzel ist dieselbe wie in den Wörtern πότος, ποτίζω, ποταμός."—Preller, *Gr. Myth.* i. 443.

[2] "*Ægæ* und Helikê bedeuten eigentlich das Meer oder die Meeresküste, wo sich die Wogen brechen."—Preller, *Gr. Myth.* i. 443. Thus the name Helikon would denote the upward curling or spouting of the water when the soil is dinted by the hoof of Pêgasos.

Poseidôn and Athênê.

On the explanation which sees in Poseidôn simply the definite article prefixed to the Phenician Sidon, I do not venture to pronounce judgment.[1] But it is of more importance to note that the two chief epithets applied to him denote far more a god of the solid earth than a lord of the waters. The being who is Ennosigaios, the Earth-shaker, must clearly be worshipped in a country of earthquakes; and he who is Gaiêochos can only be the keeper or guardian of the world. But when in the eyes of the Greeks he became a sea-god, the images associated with his name received explanations in harmony with the spirit not of Semitic but of Aryan mythology. He would now become the tamer of the horse in a new sense. As the rays of the sun became the Harits and Rohits, his gleaming steeds, so the curling waves with their white crests would be the flowing-maned horses of the sea-king. Thus he ascends his chariot at Aigai, and his steeds with golden hair streaming from their shoulders speed across the waters. Round him play the monsters of the deep, and the sea in her gladness makes a path for her lord.[1] In the myth which traces the name of the [Ægean] Aigaian sea to the goat,[2] which is said to have sprung from its surface, we have a story which might have made Poseidôn the goatherd, whose goats leap from rock to rock as the waves toss to and fro in the sea. But it failed to take root, probably because such names as Aigialos, the shore where the sea breaks, retained their meaning too clearly. There was nothing to prevent the other association, and thus the story was that Poseidôn bestowed on man the horse, and by teaching them how to tame and use it fostered the art of war and the love of strife. Thus the verdict of the gods in his contest with Athênê receives its full justification. His defeat is followed by a plague of waters which burst over the land when he is worsted by Athênê, or by the drying up of the rivers when Hêrê refuses to let him be king in Argos. In Corinth there is a compromise. Helios remains master of the Akropolis which greets him on his rising, while Poseidôn is lord of the Isthmus.[3] In Delos and at Delphi he failed to carry his point, and he was content to give up his rights over the former in exchange for a temple on the island of Kalaureia, and over the latter for a sanctuary on the cape of Tainaron, while at Naxos he was defeated by the kindred god Dionysos.

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[1] Mr. Brown, in his monograph on "Poseidôn," explains Sidon (the fishing station) as the On or Aun of the ship, the Aun being the mundane egg, Oön, from which all things proceed. But the connexion of Poseidôn with the horse has to be accounted for not less than his connexion with the ship. Mr. Brown's remarks on these points seem not altogether clear. If the same Phenician word signified both bull and ship, this might explain the association of the bull with Poseidôn in the mind of the Greek, while it might also point to the importation of the new deity across the sea.

It is plain that we have here a struggle between the Aryan gods of the land and a stranger who seeks to thrust himself in among them. The Aryan deities are those who possess the wide heaven; and from these Poseidôn in the Iliad is carefully distinguished. His children, the gigantic Aloadai, fail in their attempts to storm the abodes of the ethereal gods.

Poseidôn and the Telchines.

Of the process which assigned to him a definite place in the later theogonies it is scarcely necessary to speak. Like Zeus, Poseidôn had been Kronidês, and when this name had been made to yield a mythical personality, he became also a son of Kronos, and was swallowed by him, like the other children of Rhea. A truer feeling is seen in the myth which makes the Telchînes, the mystic dancers of the sky, guardians of his infancy.[4] Like Zeus, again, he must fight against the Titans, and when after their defeat the triple division is made between the Kronid brothers, Poseidôn must be made to own allegiance to Zeus,—an admission which is followed by no great harmony. He can retort the angry words of Zeus, and he plots with Hêrê and Athênê to bind him.

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[1] *Il.* xiii. 23–30.

[2] τὸ μὲν Αἰγαῖον πέλαγος οἱ μὲν ἀπὸ τῆς περὶ Κάνας αἰγὸς ἐπώνυμον γεγονέναι φασίν, οἱ δὲ ἀπὸ τῆς Κορυστίας τῆς Αἰγαίης ὀνομαζομένμς· Sch. Apollon. i. 11. 65.—Preller, *Gr. Myth.* i. 445.

[3] The earlier identity of Poseidôn with Zeus is attested by the name Zenoposeidon. Preller, *Gr. Myth.* i. 452.

[4] Diod. v. 55.

Poseidôn the Bondman.

The myth which makes Poseidôn and Phoibos together build the walls of Ilion for Laomedôn belongs to the earlier stage in the growth of the myth, during which he is still the king of the upper air, and therefore may be represented, like the Delian god and the heroes who share his nature, as toiling for the benefit of mean and ungrateful man.[1] For at the hands of Laomedôn he receives no better recompense than that which Eurystheus accords to Heraklês; and hence the wrath of Poseidôn against Ilion and its people burns as fiercely as that of Hêrê. The monster which he brings up from the sea to punish Laomedôn is the huge storm-cloud, which appears in the Cretan legend as the bull sent by Poseidôn to be sacrificed by Minos, who instead of so dealing with it hides it among his own cattle, the fitting punishment for thus allowing the dark vapours to mingle with the bright clouds being that the love of Pasiphaê is given to the monster, and thus is born the dreadful Minotauros. Lastly, his union with Amphitritê carries us to the Vedic god Trita, who reigns over the water and the sea. In the Assyrian mythology he had been the husband of the fish-goddess Derketo, whom the Greeks called Atergatis, the mother of Sammuramit or Semiramis.

Melikertes.

Among other mythical inhabitants of the sea are Inô, the daughter of Kadmos and Harmonia, and her child Melikertes. Their earthly history belongs to the myth of the Golden Fleece; but when on failing to bring about the death of Phrixos she plunges, like Endymiôn, into the sea, she is the antithesis of Aphroditê Anadyomênê. With her change of abode her nature seemingly becomes more genial. She is the pitying nymph who hastens to the help of Odysseus as he is tossed on the stormy waters after the breaking up of his raft; and thus she is especially the white goddess whose light tints the sky or crests the waves. In his new home her son Melikertes, we are told, becomes Palaimon,[2] or, as some would have it, Glaukos. The few stories related of him are as significant as his name. The latter is clearly that of the Semitic Melkarth, and thus the sacrifices of children in his honour, and the horrid nature of his cultus generally, are at once explained. It becomes, therefore, the more probable that Kadmos is but a Greek form of the Semitic Kedem, the east; and without going further we have a sufficient warrant for the assertion that the influence of the Assyrian or Semitic religion and mythology on that of the Greek world was far more direct and important than any that came from Egypt.

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[1] As the builder, Poseidôn has the name Asphaliaios.

[2] Regarded as an Aryan word, this name might denote the wrestler; but there can be no doubt here that we have merely an assimilation of Semitic to the nearest Greek sounds. Palaimon is the Semitic Baal-hamon.—Brown, *Great Dionysiak Myth.*

The ocean stream.

In his later and more definite functions as the god of the waters, Poseidôn is still the lord only of the troubled sea:[1] and there remains a being far more ancient and more majestic, the tranquil Okeanos, whose slow and deep-rolling stream no storm can ever ruffle. He dwells in the far west, where are the sources of all things. From him flow all rivers and all the tossing floods, all fountains and all wells.[2] Nay, he is himself the spring of all existence,[3] whether to the gods or to men.[4] He is therefore with Têthys his wife the guardian of Hêrê, while Zeus is busy warring with the Titans. His children are recounted in numbers which denote infinity; and the Hesiodic Theogony which calls him a son of Ouranos and Gaia gives him three thousand daughters who dwell in the lakes and fountains of the earth, and three thousand sons who inhabit the murmuring streams,[5] and seems also to point dimly to the source of the Ocean itself.[6]

SECTION III.—THE RIVERS AND FOUNTAINS.

Danaos and Aigyptos.

If in the legend of Danaos and Aigyptos with their fifty sons and fifty daughters we put aside the name Belos and possibly that of Aigyptos as not less distinctly foreign than the Semitic Melikertes, Kadmos, and Agênor in the Boiotian mythology, there remains in the whole list of names on either side scarcely a name which is not purely Greek or Aryan. Doubtless when at a comparatively late time the myths were systematically arranged, this singular story was dovetailed into the cycle of stories which began with the love of Zeus for the Inachian Iô; and when Iô was further identified with Isis, a wide door was opened for the introduction of purely foreign elements into myths of strictly Aryan origin. Nor would it be prudent to deny that for such identifications there may not, in some cases, have been at the least a plausible ground. Iô was the horned maiden, and her calf-child was Epaphos; but the Egyptian worshipped Apis, and had

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[1] The Latin Neptunus is (if we regard the name as Aryan, and therefore as akin to the Greek νίπτω, νέφος, νεφέλη, L. nebula, &c.) the god only of the cloud as the source of moisture and water, and therefore not a god of the sea at all, although Virgil chose to gather round him all the myths which were attached to the Hellenised Poseidôn; but Mr. Isaac Taylor (*Etruscan Researches*, 139) identifies it with the Etruscan Nethunus, for which he claims a solar character.

[2] *Il.* xxi. 195.

[3] *Il.* xiv. 246.

[4] *Il.* xiv. 301.

[5] Hes. *Theog.* 365, &c. The name Okeanos is referred by some to the same root with the Latin aqua (cf. acer, ὠκύς), the short syllable being represented by Acheron and Acheloos, the long by Axios, Axe, Exe, Esk, Usk, and other forms. See also p. 199.

[6] Hes. *Theog.* 282.

Isis as his horned maiden. There was nothing here which might not have grown up independently in Egypt and in Greece: nor is any hypothesis of borrowing needed to account for the similarity of myths suggested by the horns of the new moon. The mischief began with the notion that the whole Greek mythology not merely exhibited certain points of likeness or contact with that of Semitic or other alien tribes, but was directly borrowed from it; and when for this portentous fact no evidence was demanded or furnished beyond the impudent assertions of Egyptian priests, there was obviously no limit and no difficulty in making any one Greek god the counterpart of a deity in the mythology of Egypt. Hence, speaking generally, we are fully justified in sweeping away all such statements as groundless fabrications. Nay more, when Herodotos tells us that Danaos and Lynkeus were natives of Chemmis, and that the Egyptians trace from them the genealogy of Perseus, the periodical appearance of whose gigantic slipper caused infinite joy in Egypt, we cannot be sure that his informers even knew the names which the historian puts into their mouths. In all probability, the points of likeness were supplied by Herodotos himself, although doubtless the Egyptians said all that they could to strengthen his fixed idea that Egypt was the source of the mythology and religion, the art and science of Greece; nor does the appearance of a solitary sandal lead us necessarily to suppose that the being who wore it was in any way akin to the Argive hero who receives two sandals from the Ocean nymphs.

Their sons and daughters.

Hence it is possible or likely that the names Belos and Aigyptos may have been late importations into a purely native myth, while the wanderings of Danaos and Aigyptos with their sons and daughters have just as much and as little value as the pilgrimage of Iô. In the form thus assigned to it, the legend runs that Libya, the daughter ot Epaphos the calf-child of Iô, became the bride of Poseidôn and the mother of Agenor and Belos. Of these the former is placed in Phoinikia, and takes his place in the purely solar myth of Têlephassa, Kadmos, and Eurôpê: the latter remains in Libya, and marrying Anchirrhoê (the mighty stream), a daughter of the Nile, becomes the father of the twins Danaos and Aigyptos, whose lives exhibit not much more harmony and concord than those of many other pairs of twins in Aryan story These sons of Belos marry many wives, and while Aigyptos has fifty sons, Danaos has fifty daughters, numbers which must be compared with the fifty daughters of Nereus or the fifty children of Endymiôn and Asterodia. The action of the story begins with the tyranny of Aigyptos and his sons over Danaos and his daughters. By the aid of Athênê, Danaos builds a fifty-oared vessel, and departing with his children, comes first to the Rhodian Lindos, then to Argos, where they disembark near Lernai during a time of terrible drought caused by the wrath of. Poseidôn. He at once sends his daughters to seek for water; and Amymonê (the blameless), chancing to hit a Satyr while aiming at a stag, is rescued from his hot pursuit by Poseidôn whose bride she becomes and who calls up for her the never-failing fountain of Lernai. But Aigyptos and his sons waste little time in following them. At first they exhibit all their old vehemence and ferocity, but presently changing their tone, they make proposals to marry, each, one of the fifty Danaides.[1] The proffer is accepted in apparent friendship; but on the day of the wedding Danaos places a dagger in the hands of each maiden, and charges her to smite her husband before the day again breaks upon the earth. His bidding is obeyed by all except Hypermnestra (the overloving or gentle), who prefers to be thought weak and wavering rather than to be a murderess. All the others cut off the heads of the sons of Aigyptos, and bury them in the marshland of Lernai, while they placed their bodies at the gates of the city. From this crime they were purified by Athênê and Hermes at the bidding of Zeus, who thus showed his approval of their deed. Nevertheless, the story grew up that in the world of the dead the guilty daughters of Danaos were condemned to pour water everlastingly into sieves.

Hypermnestra and Lynkeus.

Danaos had now to find husbands for his eight and forty daughters, Hypermnestra being still married to Lynkeus and Amymonê to Poseidôn. This he found no easy task, but at length he succeeded through the device afterwards adopted, we are told, by Kleisthenes. There were, however, versions which spoke of them as all slain by Lynkeus, who also put Danaos himself to death. There is little that is noteworthy in the rest of the legend, unless it be the way in which he became chief in the land where the people were after him called Danaoi. The dispute for supremacy between himself and Gelanor is referred to the people, and the decision is to be given on the following day, when, before the appointed hour, a wolf rushed in upon the herd feeding before the gates and pulled down the leader. The wolf was, of course, the minister of the Lykian Apollôn; the stricken herd were the subjects of the native king, and the smitten ox was the king himself. The interpretation was obvious, and Gelanor had to give way to Danaos.

Origin of the myth.

What is the meaning and origin of this strange tale? With an ingenuity which must go far towards producing conviction, Preller answers this question by a reference to the physical geography of Argolis. Not much, he thinks, can be done by referring the name Danaos to the root *da*, to burn, which we find in Ahanâ, Dahanâ, and Daphnê,[1] as denoting the dry and waterless nature of the Argive soil. This dryness, he remarks, is only superficial, the whole territory being rich in wells or fountains which, it must be specially noted, are in the myth assigned as the works of Danaos, who causes them to be dug. These springs were the object of a special veneration, and the fifty daughters of Danaos are thus the representatives of the many Argive wells or springs, and belong strictly to the ranks of water-nymphs.[2] In the summer these springs may fail. Still later even the beds of the larger streams, as of the Inachos or the Kephisos, may be left dry, while in the rainy portion of the year these Charadrai or Cheimarrhoi, winter flowing streams, come down with great force and overflow their banks. Thus the myth resolves itself into phrases which described originally these alternations of flood and drought. The downward rush of the winter torrents is the wild pursuit of the sons of Aigyptos, who threaten to overwhelm the Danaides, or nymphs of the fountains; but as their strength begins to fail, they offer themselves as their husbands, and are taken at their word. But the time for vengeance has come; the waters of the torrents fail more and more, until their stream is even more scanty than that of the springs. In other words, they are slain by their wives, who draw or cut off the waters from their sources. These sources are the heads of the rivers, and thus it is said that the Danaides cut off their husbands' heads. A precise parallel to this myth is furnished by the Arkadian tale, which speaks of Skephros (the droughty) as slandering or reviling Leimon (the moist or watery being), and as presently slain by Leimon, who in his turn is killed by Artemis. If in place of the latter we substitute the Danaides, and for the former the sons of Aigyptos, we have at once the Argive tradition. The meaning becomes still more obvious when we mark the fact that the Danaides threw the heads into the marsh-grounds of Lernai (in other words, that there the sources of the waters were preserved according to the promise of Poseidôn that that fountain should never fail), while the bodies of the sons of Aigyptos, the dry beds of the rivers, were exposed in the sight of all the people. It may therefore well be doubted whether the name Aigyptos itself be not a word which may in its earlier form have shown its affinity with Aigai, Aigaion, Aigialos, Aigaia, and other names denoting simply the breaking or dashing of water against the shores of the sea or the banks of a river.[1]

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[1] With this number we may compare the fifty daughters of Daksha in Hindu mythology, and of Thestios, and the fifty sons of Pallas and Priam.

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[1] The objection on the score of the quantity of the first syllable, which in Danaos is short, while in Daphnê and δανὰ ξύλα, wood easily inflammable, it is long, is perhaps one on which too much stress should not be laid.

[2] If the name Danaos itself denotes water, it must be identified with Tanais, Don, Donau, Tyne, Teign, Tone, and other forms of the Celtic and Slavonic words for a running stream.

The Lyrkeios.

But one of the Danaides refused or failed to slay her husband. The name of this son of Aigyptos is Lynkeus, a myth to which Pausanias furnishes a clue by giving its other form Lyrkeios. But Lyrkeios was the name given to the river Inachos in the earlier portion of its course, and thus this story would simply mean that although the other streams were quite dried up, the waters of the Lyrkeios did not wholly fail.[2]

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[1] Preller thinks that when the idea of a foreign origin for Aigyptos and Danaos was once suggested, the Nile with its yearly inundations and shrinkings presented an obvious point of comparison with the Cheimarrhoi or winter-torrents of the Peloponnesos.—*Gr. Myth.* ii. 47.

[2] The head of Lynkeus (Lyrkeios), the one stream which is not dried up, answers to the neck of the Lernaian Hydra. So long as streams were supplied from the main source, Heraklês had still to struggle with the Hydra. His victory was not achieved until he had severed this neck which Hypermnestra refused to touch. The heads of the slain sons of Aigyptos are the heads which Heraklês hewed off from the Hydra's neck : and thus this labour of Heraklês resolves itself into the struggle of the sun with the streams of the earth, the conquest of which is of course the setting in of thorough drought.

CHAPTER VII.

THE CLOUDS.

SECTION I.—THE CHILDREN OF THE MIST.

Phrixos and Hellê.

THE name Nephelê stands almost at the beginning of that series of mythical narratives which stretch down to a time even later than the alleged period of the return of the Herakleids. She is the mother of the children whose disappearance led to the long searching of the Argonautai for the Golden Fleece, to be followed by the disappearance of Helen and then of the children of Heraklês; each with its astonishing train of marvellous incidents which, when closely viewed, are found more or less to repeat each other under a different colouring, and with names sometimes only slightly disguised, sometimes even unchanged. But Nephelê herself is strictly the representative of the mist or the cloud, and as such she becomes the wife of Athamas, a being on whose nature some light is thrown by the fact that he is the brother of Sisyphos, the sun condemned, like Ixîon, to an endless and a fruitless toil.[1] In this aspect, the myth resolves itself into a series of transparent phrases. The statement that Athamas married Nephelê at the bidding of Hêrê is merely the assertion that the wedding of the sun with the clouds, of Heraklês with Iolê, is brought to pass in the sight of the blue heaven. From this union spring two children, Phrixos and Hellê, whose names and attributes are purely atmospheric. It is true that a mistaken etymology led some of the old mythographers to connect the name of Phrixos with the roasting of corn in order to kill the seed, as an explanation of the anger of Athamas and his crime; but we have to mark the sequel of the tale, in which it is of the very essence of the story that Phrixos reaches Kolchis safely on the back of the ram, while Hellê falls off and is drowned. That the name of this ill-fated maiden is the same as that of the Helloi, or Selloi, or Hellênes, and that the latter are the children of Helios, will probably be disputed by none. Hellê then is the bright clear air as illuminated by the rays of the sun; and she is carried away from the western Thessaly to the far eastern land. But before the dawn can come the evening light must die out utterly, and hence it was inevitable that Hellê should meet her doom in the broad-flowing Hellespontos, the path which bears her name. What then is her brother but the air of ether in itself, and not merely as lit up by the splendour of the sun? It was impossible, then, that the frigid Phrixos could feel the weariness which conquered his sister. Her force might fail, but his arms would cling only the more closely round the neck of the ram, until at last, as the first blush of light was wakened in the eastern sky, he reaches the home of the Kolchian king.

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[1] The name Athamas is indubitably the Semitic Tammuz, which Mr. Brown further identifies with the Akkadian Dumuzi, the Only Son, the solitary Sun-god, Melkarth, who goes forth to hunt alone.—*Great Dionysiak Myth*, ii. 293; *The Unicorn*, 59.

Athamas and Inô.

Not less clear are the other incidents of the legend. Athamas has been wedded to Nephelê; but he is no more at ease than is Iasôn with Medeia, and the Kadmeian Inô plays in this tale the part of the Corinthian Glaukê. Finding that her husband's love has been given to another, Nephelê vanishes away. The morning mist retreats to Niflheim, its cloud-home, leaving her children in the hands of Inô Leukothea, the gleaming heaven. Hence between her and the children of the mist there is an enmity as natural as that which exists between Arês and Athênê, and this enmity is as naturally signified in the drought or famine which she brings upon the land. It is, in fact, the same plague with which the Sphinx tormented the men of Thebes and Ahi scourged the worshippers of Indra. When consulted as to the cause of all this misery, the Delphian priestess answers that the children of Athamas must be sacrificed, or in other words that the crime of Tantalos and Lykaôn must be committed again. Inô seeks to bring the doom on the children of Nephelê, who now sends the golden-fleeced ram to bear them away to Kolchis. But the curse works on still; and the madness of Heraklês falls on Athamas, who carries out the sentence of the Pythia by slaying his son Learchos. The drought has reached its height; and Inô, with her other child, Melikertes, casts herself into the sea. Left alone, Athamas now asks whither he must go and where he may find a home: and the answer is that he must make his abode where wild beasts receive him hospitably. This welcome he finds in a spot where wolves, having torn some sheep, leave for him the untasted banquet. The beasts must needs be wolves, and the country of which he thus becomes the lord is the Aleian plain, through which the lonely Bellerophôn wandered in the closing days of his life.

SECTION II.—THE CLOUD-LAND.

The Phaiakians.

Nephelê then is the mist of morning tide, which vanishes, like Daphnê and Arethousa, when the sun becomes Chrysâôr. The myths of the earth under its many names bring the clouds before us in other forms, as the Kourêtês, who weave their mystic dances round the infant Zeus; the Idaian Daktyls, who impart to the harp of Orpheus its irresistible power; and the marvellous Telchînes, who can change their forms at will.[1] But the cloud-land in all its magnificence and imperial array is displayed not so much in these isolated stories as in the great Phaiakian legend of the Odyssey. It may be safely said that there is scarcely a single detail in this marvellous narrative which fails to show the nature and the origin of the subjects of Alkinoös. We may, if we please, regard them as a people settled historically in the island known to us as Korkyra or Corfu; and with Preller or other writers we may lay stress on the fact that they are altogether a people of ships and of the sea, living far away from mortal men near the western Okeanos; but no one who wishes really to get at the truth of facts can thus convince himself that he has solved the problem. Whether Scheria be or be not the Mediterranean Korkyra, the meaning of most of the names occurring in the myth is beyond all doubt; and we have simply to follow the poet as he tells the tale, how long ago they had dwelt in the broad Hypereia, near to the rude and gigantic Kyklôpes, who were mightier than they and did them sore harm, until Nausithoös led them away to Scheria, and there built them a city and planted them vineyards and raised temples to the gods.[2] Here we have no sooner recalled to mind the nature of the Kyklôpes as the storm-cloud which clings to, or keeps its flocks, on the rough mountain-side, than the whole story becomes transparent. The broad Hypereia is the upper region, where dwell also the Hyperboreans in their beautiful gardens. Nay, we may safely say that the Phaiakians are the Hyperboreans who have been driven from their early home by the black vapours between whom and themselves there can be no friendship. From these malignant foes they can but fly to Scheria, their fixed abode,[3] where these rugged shepherds[4] cannot trouble them.

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[1] See p. 480. The name Phaiax contains the root *pha*, which denotes light and sound of all degrees, as in Gr. φαίνω, φάος, φαιός, φημί, L. fari, fatum.

[2] *Od.* vi. 1, &c.

[3] Of the word Scheria Preller says that it denotes simply the firm land. *Gr. Myth.* i. 492. It would thus be akin to ξηρός.

[4] The ἀνέρες ἀλφησταὶ here spoken of are clearly the Kyklôpes and none others.

The palace of Alkinoös.

This new home then is that ideal land far away in the west, over which is spread the soft beauty of an everlasting twilight, unsullied by unseemly mists and murky vapours, where the radiant processions which gladden the eyes of mortal men only when the heavens are clear are ever passing through the streets and along the flower-clad hills. On this beautiful conception the imagination of the poet might feed, and find there an inexhaustible banquet; and we need only mark the several images which he has chosen to see how faithfully he adheres (and it may be unconsciously) to the phenomena of cloud-land. He who has seen in the eastern or western sky as lit up by the rising or setting sun the cloud-capped towers and gorgeous temples catching the light on their burnished faces, can well feel whence came the surpassing and everlasting glory of the palace and the gardens of Alkinoös. In those marvellous scenes which more than all other painters Turner delighted to transfer to paper or canvas, we may see the walls and chambers of that splendid dwelling gleaming with the lustre of the sun or the moon, the brazen walls with their purple bands and stringcourses, the golden doors, and steps of silver. Nay, who has not watched the varying forms and half convinced himself that the unsubstantial figures before him are the shapes of men and beasts who people that shadowy kingdom? Who has not seen there the dogs of gold and silver who guard the house of Alkinoös and on whom old age and death can never lay a finger—the golden youths standing around the inmost shrine with torches in their hands, whose light never dies out—the busy maidens plying their golden distaffs as their fingers run along the filmy threads spread on the bare ground of the unfading ether? Who does not understand the poet at once when he says that their marvellous skill came from Athênê, the goddess of the dawn? And who does not see that in the gardens of this beautiful palace must bloom trees laden always with golden fruits, that here the soft west wind brings new blossoms before the old have ripened, that here fountains send their crystal streams to freshen the meadows which laugh beneath the radiant heaven? It is certainly possible that in this description the poet may have introduced some features in the art or civilisation of his own day; but the magnificent imagination even of a Spanish beggar has never dreamed of a home so splendid as that of the Scherian chieftain, and assuredly golden statues and doors, silver stairs and brazen walls formed no part of the possessions of any king of the east or the west from the days of the Homeric poets to our own. In truth, there is nothing of the earth in this exquisite picture. In the Phaiakian land sorrow and trouble are things unknown. The house of Alkinoös is the house of feasting, where the dancers are never weary, and the harp is never silent.

The fleets of Alkinoös.

But the poet carries us to the true Phaiakian domain, when he makes Alkinoös say that though his people are not good boxers or wrestlers, none can outrun them on land or rival their skill on shipboard; and we may well suppose that some consciousness of the meaning of his tale must have been present to the mind of the bard as he recounted the wonders of the Phaiakian ships. These mysterious vessels have neither helmsmen nor rudders, rigging nor tackling; but they know the thoughts and the minds of men. There is not a city nor a cornfield throughout the wide earth which they fail to visit, as they traverse the sea veiled in mist and cloud; and in this their ceaseless voyaging they dread no disaster.[1] No bark of that goodly fleet has ever been stranded or wrecked, for so the gods have ordained for the blameless leaders and guides of all across the sounding seas. Far in the distance only looms a danger of which the wise Nausithoös has dimly warned the king; and whence can the peril come but from Poseidôn, whose huge and ungentle offspring drove them from their ancient heritage? But whether the sea-god will really be able to fulfil his threat and sink the gallant Phaiakian bark, is a matter which Alkinoös is content to leave to the disposal of God. So in the light of a sun which has not yet gone down dwell the happy Phaiakian people; but their beautiful ships are seen not only by Achaian eyes. The old Teutonic poet also beheld Skidbladnir, the magic bark of Freya; the Icelander saw the good ship Ellide, as the wish-breeze bore them along to their destination. Nor were these the only vessels endowed with the power and wisdom of the Phaiakian ships. The divine Argo can speak the language of men, and guide its crew to the land which they seek; but at this point the story of the speaking vessel becomes mingled with images which belong to another set of myths. The Argo contains within itself all the warriors of the Achaian land, and Skidbladnir, which can carry all the Æsir, may yet be folded up like a mist and carried in the hand like a garment. One question only remains. If the ships of Alkinoös have neither helm, nor rudder, nor rigging, what can these ships be but the Phaiakians themselves, as they sail at will through the blue seas of heaven, not on the watery deep which couches beneath?[1] Their very name points to the twilight land, and when the ship brings Odysseus back to his own island, it comes like the gleaming star ushering Eôs, the early born.[2]

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[1] In the Norse story of Big Bird Dan the ship has become an iron boat; but still "it sails of itself, if you only say, Boat, boat, go on. In that boat there is an iron club, and that club you must lift a little when you see the ship [which is bearing away the dawn-maiden] straight ahead of you, and then they'll get such a rattling fair breeze, they'll forget to look at you." In short, each time that the club (of the Maruts) is raised, the fiercer will be the storm. The old myth is still further apparent in the concluding direction. "When you've got to land, you've no need to bother yourself at all about the boat; first turn it about and shove it off and say, Boat, boat, go back home."

The Phaiakians and Odysseus.

As the Kyklôpes are the natural enemies of the Phaiakians, so the latter have a natural friendship and love for the bright beings who gladden them with their light. When the heavens are veiled with the murky storm-vapours, the lovely Phaiakians may still be thought of as comforting the bright hero in his sorrow: and hence the sympathy which by the agency of the dawn-goddess Athênê is kindled in the heart of the pure Nausikaâ for the stranger whom she finds on the sea-shore wearied almost unto death. This man of many griefs is not indeed what he seems; and the real nature of the being whom they thus befriend breaks out from time to time beneath the poor disguise which for the present he is content to wear. No sooner has Odysseus cleansed his face, than the soft locks flow down over his shoulders with the hue of the hyacinth flower, and his form gleams like a golden statue;[3] and the same air of regal majesty is thrown over him when he stands in the assembly of the Phaiakians, who must love him when they see his glory.[4]

Niobê and Lêtô.

From the sorrows of the forsaken Nephelê we passed to the happiness of the cloud-land itself. From this peaceful region we must pass again to deeper griefs than those of the wife of Athamas. Of the many tales related of the luckless Niobê, there is perhaps not one of which the meaning is not easily seen. Her name itself shows her affinity to the mother of Phrixos and Hellê; and if in one version she is called a daughter of Phoroneus, from whom, as a bride of Zeus, are born Argos and Pelasgos, this only tells us that the mist is the child of fire or heat, and that from its union with the heaven springs the light-crowned cloud. But the commoner version which represents her as a daughter of Tantalos is still more significant. Here Niobê, the bride of the Theban Amphîon, a being akin to Orpheus, Pan, and Hermes, becomes the mother of beautiful children, whose number varies as much as that of the sons and daughters of Endymiôn, or of the mystic Kourêtes and Telchînes. Then follows the rivalry of the proud mother with the mightier parent of Artemis and Phoibos—the presumption of the mist or the ice which dares to match the golden-tinted clouds with the sun and moon in their splendour. The children of Lêtô are but two in number; her own cluster round her, a blooming troop of sons and daughters.[1] But Lêtô had only to carry the story of her troubles to her children, and the unerring arrows soon smote the unconscious causes of her anger. Niobê herself sat down overcome with woe on the summits of Sipylos, and there her grief turned her into stone, as the water turns into ice on the cold hill-side.[2] Local tradition so preserved the story that the people fancied that they saw on the heights of Sipylos the actual figure of Niobê mourning for her children; but, in fact, there were many Niobês in many lands, and the same luckless portion was the lot of all.[3]

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[1] The poet, as we might expect, contradicts himself when he relates the voyage of the Phaiakians as they carry Odysseus from Phaiakia to Ithaka. Here the ship has oarsmen and oars, and these imply the furniture of other ships, which he has expressly denied to them before.

[2] *Od.* xiii. 93; Preller, *Gr. Myth.* i. 495. Not less mysterious than the Phaiakian ships is the vessel without sail or rudder, which brings Scild, the son of Sceaf, the sheaf of corn, to the coast of Scandia.—Grimm, *Teutonic Mythology*, Stallybrass, i. 369. Scild becomes the king of the land, and in the lay of Beowulf, when he feels himself about to die, he bids his men lay him armed in the boat and put him out to sea. This is the bark Ellide of Icelandic legend, the wonderful ship of the Norse tale of Shortshanks, which becomes bigger and bigger as soon as the hero steps into it, which goes without rudder or sail, and when he comes out becomes as small as it was before. This is, manifestly, nothing more than the swelling and shrinking of vapour: and so the ship which can carry all the Æsir may be folded up like a napkin.

[3] *Od.* vi. 225.

[4] *Od.* viii. 21.

The cattle of Helios.

In the Vedic hymns, the cloud myths are inextricably intermingled with those of the dawn and the light. The very enemy of Indra hiding the stolen herds in his horrid den is but the storm-cloud which shuts up the rain-clouds ready to refresh the parched earth. He is Cacus who drags the cattle of Geryon into his cave, and the Sphinx which plagues the Kadmeians with drought. Of the beautiful cattle of Indra thus stolen by the Paṇis Saramâ is the guardian; each morning she comes forth to lead them to their pastures,[1] each evening she reappears to drive them home. The same scenes are repeated daily in the Homeric Thrinakia, where the cattle of the sun are tended by the nymphs Phaethousa and Lampetiê, the fair-haired children whom Neaira, the early morning, bare to Helios Hyperiôn. But although the companions of Odysseus are made actually to slay some of these cows, and although strange signs follow their crime, yet the story itself points to another origin for these particular herds. The Thrinakian cattle are not the clouds, but the days of the year. The herds are seven in number, and in each herd are fifty cows, never less, and representing in all the three hundred and fifty days of the lunar year.[2] Thus in the story that the comrades of Odysseus did not return home with him because they slew the cattle of the sun, we may "recognise an old proverbial or mythological expression, too literally interpreted even by Homer, and therefore turned into mythology." If, then, the original phrase ran that Odysseus reached his home because he persevered in his task, while his companions "wasted their time, killed the days, *i.e.* the cattle of Helios, and were therefore punished, nothing would be more natural than that after a time their punishment should have been ascribed to their actually devouring the oxen in the island of Thrinakia."[3]

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[1] The number of these children is variously given in almost every account. The clouds are never the same.

[2] Sophokles, *Antig.* 830, speaks expressly of the snow which never leaves her, and thus shows that he is dealing with the phenomena of congelation.

[3] With many other names, that of Niobê may be traced back to a root snu, to flow, which yields the Sanskrit Nyavâ, snow, as from Dyu we have Dyâvâ, *i.e.* Δηώ. Hence Professor Max Müller sees in Niobê the goddess of winter, whose children are smitten by the arrows of Phoibos and Artemis, as the winter gives place to summer. Thus the myth that there were none to bury them because all who might have done so had been turned into stone, is explained as indicating the power of frost which congeals everything: and thus also the tears of Niobê, as she sits on her stony seat, point to the melting or weeping of the petrified or frozen winter earth. Professor Max Müller compares this myth with that of Chionê (χιών, hiems, winter), who for presumption much like that of Niobê is slain by Artemis. Preller, *Gr. Myth.* ii. 383, takes a different view. "Niobe ist selbst die Rhea dieser Bergen und dieser Thäler" [of Sipylos], "die fruchtbare Mutter und doch so traurig, im Frühlinge prangend in dem Schmucke blühender Kinder, im Sommer, wenn die heissen Pfeile der Götter des Lichtes treffen, verwaist, und wie Rachel, die über den Leichen ihrer Kinder sitzt und 'will sich nicht trosten lassen, denn es ist aus mit ihnen.'" He adds that the petrifaction of Niobê seems to indicate the tradition of some catastrophe. The catastrophe is simply that of every northern winter.

SECTION III.—THE NYMPHS AND SWAN-MAIDENS.

The swan-shaped Phorkides.

On the cloud-origin of the Vedic Gandharvas, the Hellenic Kentaurs, and the Kyklôpes whether of our Homeric or Hesiodic poems, enough has perhaps been said in the analysis of the myths of Urvasî, Psychê, Ixîon, and Asklêpios. These myths may each run into others which relate more exclusively to the earth or the sun, but the close connexion of earth, light, and vapour, is so constantly present to the minds of all the Aryan tribes that it becomes almost impossible to set down any one myth, as a whole, as a specimen of one definite class; and thus the language used of the powers of darkness themselves is applied to the gloomy storm-vapours, whether they appear as the monstrous Polyphêmos, or as the three daughters of Phorkos, who have but one tooth each and possess a single eye in common. These beings Æschylos especially calls swan-shaped, and here we have the germ of a large family of legends common to all the Aryan tribes and extending, it would seem, far beyond them. We have already seen the clouds, whether as lit up by the sun or as refreshing the earth with rain, spoken of as cows tended by nymphs, while the stormy vapours, their relentless enemies, are snakes, worms, or dragons, which throttle or strangle their prey. But the Sphinx, one of the most prominent of this repulsive tribe, is called particularly the winged hound,[1] and the swan-shaped Phorkides answer to the black ravens who, as messengers of Wuotan, roam across the sky. These two classes of vapours are kept tolerably distinct. The one brings only famine and sickness; the other recalls the dead earth to life, like the serpents with their snake-leaves in the stories of Glaukos, of Faithful John, and of Panch Phul Ranee. Sometimes, however, the vapours play an intermediate part, being neither wholly malignant nor kindly. Thus in the Arabian Nights the rushing vapour is the roc, "which broods over its great luminous egg, the sun, and which haunts the sparkling valley of diamonds, the starry sky."[2] Here the single eye in the forehead of Polyphêmos becomes the golden egg which reappears in the story of Jack the Giant Killer as the egg which the red hen lays every morning. This monstrous bird appears as the kindly minister of the light-born prince in the Norse story of Farmer Weathersky. We are now more especially in the mythical domain of which strange animal shapes are the tenants; and we may do well to note the vast multitude of beasts, birds, and fishes which figure in the mythology of the Aryan world. This strange throng, which exhibits innumerable shapes, beautiful or grotesque, graceful or repulsive, lovely or fearful, is most numerous in the Vedic and post-Vedic literature of India. But if we call to mind a few only of the old Greek myths, we shall see at once how large a part these creatures play in them. Thus we have the eagle of Zeus and the owl of Athênê, the horses of Achilleus and Poseidôn, the ass of Seilenos and the ass's ears of Midas; we see Athênê change herself at will into a bird, and Iô and Kallisto transmuted into a heifer and a bear; we find the boar in the stories of Atys, Adonis, Meleagros, and Odysseus, the terrible Minotauros in the myth of Theseus, and the fire-breathing bulls in that of Medeia. In the Homeric Hymn Apollôn throws himself into the sea in the form of a dolphin, and comes out of it again as a star. In the story of Aristaios the fish-god is seen as the preacher of wisdom; it shows itself as a deliverer in the myth of Orion. As to snakes and dragons, they are everywhere; as noxious beasts in the myths of Phoibos, Kadmos, or Heraklês, and in beneficent aspects in the stories of Iamos and Melampous. Dionysos can change himself into a bear or a lion; Lykaon is changed against his will into a wolf, Arachne into a spider, Philomele and Prokne into the nightingale and the swallow. The golden ram carries Phrixos and Hellê from the land of Athamas; the three-headed dog guards the gates of Hades. Nay, we have strange unions between Leda and the swan, and heroes and heroines hatched from eggs, with horrible associations between men and horses and other beasts; and not only have we the marvellous changes by which Apollôn and Athênê appear as crows and Talaos as a partridge, but for many of these transformations or for the manifestation of them the times are definitely marked. It is only on comparing the Greek myths with those of other peoples or races that our eyes are opened to the enormous range of this mythological zoology. Birds, beasts, reptiles, insects, fishes, here live in a world of their own, reflecting in greater or less degree the forms and habits of the animals of earth, yet never wholly like them; and this strange world exhibits everywhere a series of incessantly and rapidly shifting scenes, in which the same objects from different points of view appear brilliant or dark, lovely or appalling. These continual changes originated the idea of celestial companions or friends, "who are now in unison, now separate; who now appear to love each other, to move together, and affectionately to greet each other, now rush upon each other to fight, despoil, betray, and destroy each other turn by turn; who now attract and are now attracted, are now seduced and now seducers, now cheated and now deceivers, now victims and now sacrificers."[1] Their friends or enemies may, again, assume and throw off these brute forms; and beasts are supposed to go through courses of action which are possible only for men. The god Hanuman, the son of the bull or of the wind, appearing himself both as a bull and as an ape, receives as a reward from the king Bharatas a hundred thousand cows, sixteen wives, and a hundred servant-maids. As bull or ape, what could he have done with them? But they who handed down to us the feats of Hanuman took care also to tell us how he had the faculty of changing his form at will. It was, of course, natural and even inevitable that the ideas suggested by the conditions of primitive Aryan life should be transferred to the heavens. To the ancient Aryan the prosperity of his herds was of the first importance; but the horse was also an animal whose splendid qualities he keenly appreciated. Hence he compared the sun climbing up the heavens to the invincible war-steed. The sun thus becomes both a horse and a bull. By a not less natural process he became also the rider or charioteer who guides both horses and bulls at his will; and a starting-point was furnished for legions of myths which might pass into shapes strangely unlike those which they had worn at starting. We thus reach the graceful myths in which the forms of fair maidens and swans pass one into the other, like the shifting colours of a dream.

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[1] In many popular tales these blue pastures with the white flocks feeding on them are reflected in the water, and the sheep feeding far down in the depths are made the means by which Boots or Dummling (the beggar Odysseus) lures his stupid brothers to their death. See the story of "Big Peter and Little Peter," in Dasent's *Norse Tales;* the Gaelic story of the Three Widows, Campbell, ii. 224, 228, 237; and the German tale of the Little Farmer, Grimm.

[2] Sir G. C. Lewis, *Astronomy of the Ancients*, 21.

[3] *Chips*, &c., ii. 166; Brown, *Great Dionysiak Myth*, i. 392.

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[1] πτηνὸς κύων. Æsch. *Pr.* 1024; *Agam.* 136.

[2] Gould, *Curious Myths*, second series, 146.

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[1] I quote the words of Count de Gubernatis, who has made this mythical world his own in his volumes on Zoological Mythology. I can but stand for a moment at the threshold of the subject; but I should not be justified were I to fail in calling the reader's attention to an inquiry of great importance.

The Muses and the Valkyrien.

In the Hymn to Apollôn the clouds appear as the nymphs or goddesses who bathe the new-born Phoibos, and the white robe which they wrap around him is the garment of morning mist, through which his orb may be seen ascending amidst zones of gold. Among these nymphs are the Charites, who attend on Aphroditê, the lovely clouds which dance in the morning sky, while in the hymn of Kallimachos the clouds are plainly spoken of as the singing swans who hasten from Paktôlos and fly seven times round Delos at the birth of Phoibos, who therefore in after years fixes on seven notes as the complement of the musical scale. These beautiful beings in their thousand forms all spring from the water, whether it be Athênê or Aphroditê, Melusina or Urvasî. All therefore are Apsaras or water-maidens, of whom the germs may be seen in Vedic hymns, while in later Hindu epics they appear with all the features of the Teutonic Valkyrien; and the consolation addressed to the warriors of the Mahâbhârata is that by which Mahomet cheers the hearts of the faithful. "A hero slain is not to be lamented, for he is exalted in heaven. Thousands of beautiful nymphs (apsaras) run quickly up to the hero who has been slain in battle, saying to him, Be my husband."[1] Here then we have the groundwork of all those tales which speak of men as wedded to fairies, nymphs, nixies, mermaids, swan-maidens, or other supernatural beings. The details may vary indefinitely; but the Aryan and Turanian myths alike point to the same phenomena. From the thought which regarded the cloud as an eagle or a swan, it was easy to pass to the idea that these birds were beautiful maidens, and hence that they could at will, or on the ending of the inchantment, assume their human form. This would, in fact, be nothing more than the power exercised by Heraklês, who, whenever he desired it, could lay aside his robe of lion's skin. Then would follow the myth, that the only way to capture these beings was to seize their garment of swan's or eagle's feathers, without which they were powerless; and this myth has been reflected in a thousand tales which relate how men, searching for something lost, have reached some peaceful lake (the blue heaven) on which were floating the silver swans, birds only in outward seeming, and so long as they were suffered to wear their feathery robes.[1] Some specimens of Turanian myths belonging to this class are noteworthy as containing not only this idea but all the chief incidents belonging to the Teutonic story of the Giant who had no Heart in his Body, and the Hindu tale of Punchkin. Among the Minussinian Tartars these maidens appear, like the Hellenic Harpyiai, as beings which scourge themselves into action with a sword, and fly gorged with blood, through the heavens forty in number, yet running into one, like the many clouds absorbed into a single mass. The vapour in this, its less inviting aspect, is seen in the myth of Kyknos, the swan son of Arês, or Sthenelos, or Poseidôn (for all these versions are found), who after a hard fight is slain by Heraklês.

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[1] Muir, *Skr. Texts*, part iv. p. 235.

The swan-shaped Zeus.

In the legend of Helen and the Dioskouroi Zeus himself comes to Leda in the guise of a swan, as to Danaê he appears in the form of a golden shower; and hence from the two eggs sprung severally, according to one of many versions, Kastor and Helen, Polydeukes and Klytaimnestra, while others say that the brothers were the sons of Zeus, and Helen the child of the mortal Tyndareôs.[2] When the notion which regarded Helen as doomed to bring ruin on her kinsfolk and friends had been more fully developed, the story ran that the egg came not from Leda but from Nemesis, the power which, like the Norns, gives to each man his portion.

Inchanted maidens.

The ideas of inchantment and transformation once awakened ran riot in a crowd of stories which resemble in some of their features the myths of which the tale of Psychê and Eros is a type; in others, the legends in which the youngest brother or sister, Boots or Cinderella, is in the end exalted over those who had thought little of him in times past, and, in others again, the narratives of jealous wives or stepmothers, found in the mythology of all the Aryan tribes. Thus the ship and the swan are both prominent in the mediæval romance of the Knight of the Swan, in which the son of queen Matabrune, having married the beautiful Beatrice, leaves her in his mother's charge. After his departure, Beatrice gives birth to six sons and a daughter, each with a silver collar round its neck. These children the stepmother seeks to destroy, but she is cheated by the usual device which substitutes some beast for the human victim. At length Matabrune is informed that seven children may be seen each with a silver collar, and again she decrees their death. They are, however, only deprived of their collars, and the loss changes them into swans, all but the youngest, Helias, whom a hermit had taken away as his companion.[1] Helias, of course, avenges his mother's innocence, when she is about to be put to death, and then makes a vow that he will never rest until he has delivered his brothers and sister from the evil inchantment. Having recovered five of the collars, he succeeds at length in restoring five to their human shape; but one remains spellbound, his collar having been melted to make a drinking-cup for Matabrune. This swan-brother now appears drawing a boat, in which Helias embarks, and arriving at Neumagen fights on behalf of the lady who claimed the duchy of Bouillon. His victory makes him duke of Bouillon, but he warns the duchess that if she asks his name he must leave her. In due time the question is of course asked, and instantly, the swan and boat reappearing, Helias vanishes like Eros when seen by Psychê. This romance Mr. Gould, who gives some other versions of the story, regards as a local myth of Brabantine origin, the name Helias being a corruption of the Keltic ala, eala, ealadh, a swan. This is but saying, in other words, that an old myth has been worked into the traditions of European towns, and attached, like the story of the early life of Cyrus, to names undoubtedly historical. The tale itself agrees in all its essential features not only with many Teutonic legends but with the Hindu story of Guzra Bai, the Beatrice of the tale of Truth's Triumph. This beautiful maiden is the Flower Girl, or the Gardener's daughter; in other words, the child of Dêmêtêr playing on the flowery plain of Nysa or Enna,—the teeming source of life as distinguished from the dead or inert matter on which it works. She thus becomes at once, like Beatrice, the mother of many children; here the number is a hundred and one, this one being as with Beatrice a daughter. These beautiful children awaken the jealousy and hatred of the twelve childless wives to whom the husband of Guzra Bai was already married, and in whom we may see an image of the months of the year or the hours of the night, in themselves producing nothing, until the spring reawakens the slumbering earth or the dawn flushes the eastern sky. In either case, it is but one hour or one day doing the work which otherwise many hours and many days would be unable to accomplish. Then follows a series of transformations which have the effect of counteracting the arts of the twelve queens[1] as those of Matabrune are frustrated in the western story, and which end in the change of all the brothers not into swans but into crows, the only one of Guzra Bai's children who is saved being the daughter, as Helias alone is not transformed in the myth of Matabrune. The subsequent marriage of Guzra Bai's daughter under the name of Draupadi to a king who sees her feeding the crows is the return of Persephonê from the lower world in more than her former beauty. Draupadi now becomes the mother of a child who avenges her wrongs as Perseus requites the persecutors of Danaê, and punishes the demon who, with the wand of Kirkê, had changed his mother's brothers into crows. The final incident is the deliverance of Guzra Bai from the prison to which the twelve princesses had committed her, and the discomfiture of the latter, answering to the humiliation of Matabrune.

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[1] These robes in other tales become fairy garments, without which the Persian Peri cannot leave the human husband to whom she is wedded.—Keightley, *Fairy Mythology*, 21. With these legends we may also compare the stories of mermaids who unite themselves with human lovers.

[2] But, as we have seen, p. 414, Tyndareôs is the thunderer.

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[1] In Grimm's story of "The White and the Black Bride," the mother and sister push the true bride into the water, but at the same moment a snow-white swan is seen swimming down the stream.

The Hyades and Pleiades.

As the storm-cloud brooding over the earth without yielding rain became in Greek mythology the Theban Sphinx or the Pythian Dragon, so the clouds as rain-givers were the Hyades or the rainy sisters. These, it is obvious, might be described in a hundred ways, and accordingly almost every mythographer has a different account to give of them. They are the daughters of Atlas and Aithra, the heaven and the pure air, or of Okeanos, the water, or of Erechtheus (the earth); and thus the myths do but repeat the generation of the cloud,

> I am the daughter of earth and water,
> And the nursling of the sky,

giving it names which all denote their cherishing, fructifying, and reviving powers.[2] They are the nymphs of Nysa or Dodona, who guard the infant Dionysos, or are the nurses of Zeus himself; and this kindness the wine-god requites by causing Medeia, the wise dawn-goddess, to restore them to youth when they had grown old, a sight witnessed every morning. These nymphs are seen again in their sisters the Pleiades, whose name, pointing only to their watery nature, became confused with that of the ring-dove, Peleias, and so the story ran that they were changed into doves and placed among the stars. Generally these Pleiades are seven in number, six being visible and one invisible. Without taking into account any supposed astronomical explanations, it is enough to note that the same difference marks the stories already cited of Matabrune, Guzra Bai, and others, in which of a troop of children some remain visible while the rest vanish through inchantment.

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[1] These twelve queens answer to the twelve old men who sit round the fire, or the twelve foster brothers in the Lay of Magnus. See note, p. 426.

[2] Eudora, Althaia, Phyto, Ambrosia, &c.

The Graiai.

These sisters are either always youthful and radiant, or they are from time to time restored to their former beauty. But we may think also of clouds as dwelling for ever far away in the doubtful gloaming, not wholly dark, but faintly visible in a weird and dismal twilight. These clouds, which are never kindled into beauty by the rays of the sun, are the Graiai, the daughter of Phorkys, whose hair was grey from their birth, like the white streamers which move in ghastly lines across the sky, as evening dies away into night. The swan form of these sisters points clearly, as we have seen, to their cloud origin; and the story of the single tooth and the common eye would follow from the notion of their everlasting old age, even if these features were not suggested by myths like those of Polyphêmos and the Kyklôpes.[1]

The Gorgons.

Some of the features which characterise these gloomy sisters were transferred to the Gorgons, if the idea of one Gorgon, as in our Iliad and Odyssey, be older than the Hesiodic myth of the three Gorgon daughters of Phorkys and Kêtô, Stheino or Stheno, Euryalê, and Medousa. The Gorgo of the Odyssey is the hideous head of a monster belonging to the nether world; in the Iliad she is a being with an awful face and a terrific glance. In the Hesiodic Theogony the two undying and barren sisters are sharply distinguished from Medousa, the woman of pitiable woes.[2] It is, of course, possible that the writhing snakes which, by the doom passed on her, take the place of her beautiful locks may represent the hideous storm-vapours streaming across the heaven at night. But this explanation does not account for the myth of the mortal maiden who once

> Walked in beauty like the night
> Of cloudless climes and starry skies,

whom Poseidôn loved in the soft green meadow among the flowers of spring, and who became the mother of the mighty Chrysâôr and the winged horse Pegasos who rose from heaven to the house of Zeus, where he is the bearer of thunders and lightnings to the king of gods and men. Here plainly Medousa is none other than Lêtô, the mother of Chrysâôr, the lord of the golden sword; in other words, the night in its benignant aspect as the parent of the sun, and therefore as mortal, for must not the birth of the sun be fatal to the darkness from which it springs? Hence Perseus, the child of the golden shower, must bring her weary woe to an end. The remaining feature of the story is the early loveliness of Medousa, which tempts her into rivalry with the dawn-goddess Athênê herself, a rivalry which they who know the moonlit nights of the Mediterranean can well understand. But let the storm-clouds pass across the sky, and the maiden's beauty is at once marred. She is no longer the darling of Poseidôn, sporting on the grassy shore. The unseemly vapours stream like serpents across her once beautiful face, hissing with the breath of the night-breeze, and a look of agony unutterable comes over her countenance, chilling and freezing the hearts' blood of those who gaze on the brow of the storm-tormented night. This agony can pass away only with her life; in other words, when the sword of Phoibos smites and scatters the murky mists. But although Medousa may die, the source from which the storm-clouds come cannot be choked, and thus the Gorgons who seek to revenge on Perseus their sister's death are themselves immortal.

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[1] Among the many monsters which are either children of Poseidôn or are sent up by him from the sea are the two serpents who destroy Laokoôn and his sons.

[2] λυγρὰ παθοῦσα. Hes. *Theog.* 276.

Aktaiôn.

In the Theban myth of Aktaiôn, the son of the Kadmeian Autonoê, the cloud appears as a huntsman who has been taught by the Kentaur Cheiron, but who is torn to pieces by his own dogs, just as the large masses of vapour are rent and scattered by the wind, which bear them across the sky. As this rending is most easily seen in a heaven tolerably free from clouds, so the story ran that Aktaiôn was thus punished because he had rashly looked on Artemis while she was bathing in the fountain of Gargaphia.

Medousa and Chrysâôr.

Not less significant is the myth of Pegasos, the offspring of Medousa with Chrysâôr, the magnificent piles of sunlit cloud, which seem to rise as if on eagle's wings to the highest heaven, and in whose bosom may lurk the lightnings and thunders of Zeus. Like Athênê and Aphroditê, like Daphnê and Arethousa, this horse of the morning (Eôs) must be born from the waters; hence he is Pegasos, sprung from the fountains of Poseidôn, the sea.[1] On this horse Bellerophôn is mounted in his contest with the Chimaira: but he becomes possessed of this steed only by the aid of Athênê Chalinîtis, who, giving him a bridle, enables him to catch the horse as he drinks from the well Peirênê, or, as others said, brings him Pegasos already tamed and bridled. When the Chimaira was slain, Bellerophôn, the story ran, sought to rise to heaven on the back of his steed, but was either thrown off or fell off from giddiness, while the horse continued to soar upwards, like the cumuli clouds which far outstrip the sun as they rise with him into the sky.

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[1] With Pegasos we may compare the horse in Grimm's story of the Two Wanderers (Dioskouroi), which courses thrice round the castle yard as swiftly as lightning, and then falls. This is the moment of the lightning flash, and the story of course goes on to say that "at the same moment a fearful noise was heard, and a piece out of the ground of the court rose up into the air like a ball," and a stream of water leaps forth, as on the discomfiture of the Sphinx.

Pegasos.

Pegasos, however, is not only the thundering horse of Zeus; he is also connected with the Muses, who in their swan forms[1] are the beautiful clouds sailing along the sky to the soft music of the morning breezes. The same blending of the myths of vapour and wind is seen in the rivalry between the Pierides and the Helikonian Muses. When the former sang, everything, it is said, became dark and gloomy, as when the wind sighs through the pinewoods at night, while with the song of the Muses the light of gladness returned, and Helikon itself leaped up in its joy and rose heavenwards, until a blow from the hoof of Pegasos smote it down, as a sudden thunderstorm may check the soaring cirri in their heavenward way. But Pegasos is still in this myth the moisture-laden cloud. From the spot dinted by his hoof sprang the fountain Hippokrênê, whether in Boiotia or in Argos.[2]

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[1] Kallim. *Hymn to Delos*, 255.

[2] These footprints are not peculiar to European mythology. Two accounts are given of the supposed footmark on Adam's Peak in Ceylon.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE EARTH.

SECTION I.—DIONYSOS.

BOOK II.

The nativity of Dionysos.

IN all mythology the earth is treated as the mother of all living things. It may seem almost a paradox to say that the idea of the earth as a producer or restorer would be more likely to lead men on to the notion of a power transcending nature than the impressions made on the human mind by the phenomena of the daily or nightly heavens; but on further thought we can scarcely fail to see that the continuance of life on the earth, the unceasing restlessness, the perpetual change which is going on upon its surface, the sensitiveness of all vegetable and animal substances to the influences which act upon them from without, must inevitably lead men on to something more like a scheme of philosophy than any which could be furnished by mere phrases describing the phenomena of the day or the year. It does not follow that the condition of those who were thus led on should be happier than that of those who, from whatever cause, remained content with recording the impressions made upon them daily by the sights and sounds of the outward world. The history of the Semitic nations seems to lend no countenance to any such notion. The Aryan was satisfied with noting the birth of the sun from the darkness, his long toil, his battle with countless enemies, his sleep in the land of forgetfulness, and his rising again to life and strength in the joyous regions of the dawn. The Phenician and the Canaanite could not rest here. They were themselves part of a mysterious system which whirled them through the realms of infinite space, a system characterised by an exuberance of power, by a majestic and rhythmical movement, by a force consciously exulting in the joyousness of its strength. In such notions as these we have the surest foundations of an orgiastic worship; and the worship of all the Semitic tribes was orgiastic to the core. The spirit of such a worship or ritual is beyond doubt aggressive and contagious. The enthusiasm with which it fills the worshippers will never allow him to rest in patient inactivity; and it moves him, unhappily, only in the direction of evil. It is better to praise Ushas, or Eôs, or the dawn, whatever name we may give it, for the light, the food, and all the other blessings which it brings to us, than to lose ourselves in the labyrinth of cosmical movements and in the idea of mystic revolutions which may be typified by the frenzied dances of the worshippers. We may therefore say proudly that the Semitic deities are cosmical, while those of the Aryan nations are phenomenal; but the Semitic and Aryan tribes acted and reacted on each other, and, as we might suppose, the more violent influence was exercised by the former. Under such circumstances there must be a struggle, more or less fierce; and the fact and the issue of this struggle come before us especially in the myth of Dionyos and Poseidôn.

The transformations of Dionysos.

The stories of his birth differed widely. Some said that his mother was burnt up at his birth by the lightnings of Zeus, others said that she died in the chest in which she was placed with her child. Some said that he was born in Naxos, others on mount Nysa: but few perhaps cared to distinguish between the many mountains which bore this name. The Homeric hymn, passing by the earlier incidents of his life, tells the simple tale how Dionysos in the first bloom of youth was sitting on a jutting rock by the sea-shore, a purple robe thrown over his shoulders and his golden locks streaming from his head, when he was seized by some Tyrrhenian mariners who had seen him as they were sailing by. These men placed him on board their vessel and strongly bound him; but the chains snapped like twigs and fell from his hands and feet, while he sat smiling on them with his deep-blue eyes. The helmsman at once saw the folly of his comrades, and bade them let him go lest the god, for such he must be, should do them some harm. His words fell on unheeding ears, and they declared that they would bear him away to Kypros, Egypt, or the Hyperborean land. But no sooner had they taken to their oars than a purple stream flowed along the decks, and the air was filled with its fragrance. Then the vine-plant shot up the masts, and its branches laden with rosy fruit hung from the yardarms, mingled with clustering ivy, while the oar-pegs were all wreathed in glistening garlands. The sailors now beseech Medeides, the steersman, to bring the ship to shore; but it is too late. For Dionysos now took the forms of a lion and a bear, and thus rushing upon them drove the cruel mariners into the sea, where they became dolphins, while the good steersman was crowned with honour and glory.

Dionysos and Zagreos.

In this story we have clearly the manifestation of that power which ripens the fruits of the earth, and more especially the vine, in the several stages from its germ to its maturity. The fearful power displayed by the god is the influence which the grape exercises on man. Its juice may flow as a quiet stream, filling the air with sweet odours; but as men drink of it its aspect is changed, and it becomes like a wild beast urging them to their destruction. But the penalty thus inflicted upon the Tyrrhenian mariners is strictly for their evil treatment of the god, whose character is merely jovial, and by no means designedly malignant. Nor is the god himself invested with the majesty of the supreme Zeus, or of Phoibos or Poseidôn, although the helmsman says that either of these gods may possibly have taken the form of the youthful Dionysos. But before we find ourselves in historical Hellas a complete change has taken place. Dionysos is now the horned Zagreos after his death and resurrection, and the myth of the son of Semelê is anticipated or repeated by the legend of this child of Persephonê, whom his father Zeus places beside him on his throne. In this, as in other cases, the jealousy of Hêrê is roused, and at her instigation the Titans slay Zagreos, and cutting up his limbs,[1] leave only his heart, which Athênê carries to Zeus. This heart is given to Semelê, who thus becomes the mother of Dionysos. This slaughter and cutting up of Zagreos is only another form of the rape of Persephonê herself. It is the stripping off of leaves and fruits in the gloomy autumn which leaves only the heart or trunk of the tree to give birth to the foliage of the coming year, and the resurrection of Zagreos is the return of Persephonê to her mother Dêmêtêr. Henceforth with Dêmêtêr, who really is his mother also, Dionysos becomes a deity of the first rank;[2] and into his mythology are introduced a number of foreign elements, pointing to the comparatively recent influence exercised by Egypt and Syria on the popular Hellenic religion. The opposition of the Thrakian Lykourgos and the Theban Pentheus to the frenzied rites thus foisted on the cultus of Dionysos is among the few indications of historical facts exhibited in Hellenic mythology.

Dionysos the Wanderer.

In the Homeric hymn the Tyrrhenian mariners avow their intention of taking Dionysos to Egypt, or Ethiopia, or the Hyperborean land; and this idea of change of abode becomes the prominent feature in the later developements of the wandering wine-god. It is unnecessary to trace these journeys in detail, for when the notion was once suggested, every country and even every town would naturally frame its own story of the wonderful things done by Dionysos as he abode in each. Thus he flays Damaskos alive for refusing to allow the introduction of the vine which Dionysos had discovered, and a false etymology suggested the myth that a tiger bore him across the river Tigris. But wherever he goes there is the same monotonous exhibition of fury and frenzy by which mothers become strange unto their own flesh and maidens abandon themselves to frantic excitement.[1] All this is merely translating into action phrases which might tell of the manifest powers of the wine-god; and the epithets applied to him show that these phrases were not limited merely to his exciting or maddening influences. In his gentler aspects he is the giver of joy, the healer of sicknesses, the guardian against plagues. As such he is even a lawgiver, and a promoter of peace and concord. As kindling new or strange thoughts in the mind, he is a giver of wisdom and the revealer of hidden secrets of the future. In this, as his more genuine and earlier character, he is attended by the beautiful Charites, the maidens and ministers of the dawn-goddess Aphroditê, who give place in the later mythology to fearful troops of raging Mainades or Bassarides, bearing in their hands the budding thyrsus, which marks the connexion of this cultus with that of the great restoring or revivifying forces of the world.[2]

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[1] The author of *Mankind, their Origin and Destiny*, notices the reproduction of the Dionysos myth in Christian hagiology. "Dionysos is cut to pieces by the Mænades on the top of mount Parnassus: Denis is put to death in the same manner on the summit of Montmartre. Dionysos is placed in a tomb, and his death is bewailed by women: the mangled limbs of Denis are collected by holy females, who weeping convey them to a tomb over which is built the abbey church which bears his name. Dionysos experiences a wonderful restoration to life, and quits the coffin within which he had been confined: Denis rises again from the dead, replaces his severed head, to the amazement of the spectators, and then deliberately walks away."

[2] Grote, *Hist. Greece*, i. 23.

The womanly Dionysos.

The changes which come over the person of Dionysos are in accordance with the natural facts indicated by his attributes. Weak and seemingly helpless in his infancy, like Hermes or Phoibos himself, he is to attain in the end to boundless power;[3] but the intervening stages exhibit in him the languid and voluptuous character which marks the early foliage and vegetation of summer. Hence the story that Persephonê placed her child Dionysos in the hands of Inô and Athamas to be brought up as a girl; and from this character of feminine gracefulness he passes to the vehement licence of his heated worshippers.

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[1] In this aspect of his cosmical functions he is Dionysos Kechênôs, the gaping, open-mouthed lion, the type of the raging, devouring sun, Athamas (Tammuz).—Brown, *The Unicorn*, 28.

[2] The robe of fawn or leopard skin worn by Dionysos and his followers cannot be explained by any reference to his characteristics as the lord of the vintage and the vintage revels. The interpretation is found in the statement of Diodoros (i. 11), that it is simply the star-spangled robe of the night.—Brown, *The Unicorn*, 78.

[3] This idea of power seems to be involved in the name, if Mr. Brown be right in saying that the Greek Nyssa, as meaning the post or turning-point on a racecourse, becomes equivalent to Kampter, and that this word was suggested by Kampê, which according to Diodoros was the name of a monster slain by Dionysos, this monster being the vast serpent belted round the world. He holds, however, that the inference was false, the name Dionysos being really the Semitic Dian-nisi, the equivalent of the Egyptian Rhotamenti. See p. 301. If, like Athamas, Palaimon, and many more, the name Dionysos is thus to be given up as non-Aryan, a strange Nemêsis attends those who may think that the rending away of names supposed to be Greek weakens the groundwork of the theory which sees in the great mass of mythology the thoughts of men on the phenomena of the outward world and the course of the seasons and the year. If

The mothers of Dionysos.

Persephonê, as we have seen, is not his only mother; nor is the myth which makes him born of his mother Semelê amidst the blaze of the thunderbolts the only legend of his birth. He is spoken of sometimes as a son of Iô, or of Argê, of Diônê, or Amaltheia, the nurse of Zeus; and there was a tale which related how, when Kadmos heard that Zeus had made his child Semelê a mother, he placed her and her babe in a chest, and launched them, as Akrisios launched Danaê and her infant, upon the sea. The chest, according to local tradition, was carried to Brasiai, where the babe was rescued by Inô; Semelê, who was found dead, being solemnly buried on the shore.[1]

Orgiastic worship of Dionysos.

Thus far the form of the myth, although it may not be genuinely Hellenic and Aryan, wears a sufficiently Hellenised look: but even here we have expressions implying that in the case of Dionysos new methods of worship, if not some new religious ideas, were introduced from Asia into the countries north and west of the Egean; that these changes were stoutly resisted, and that the opposition was overcome by force. They also show that the new worship was orgiastic, involving a tumult and even frenzy of feeling by no means congenial to the ordinary Hellenic or Aryan mind, and that this excitement was in direct relations with certain theories or notions of the forces at work in the Kosmos. The dances of his worshippers may at times have been furious; but they were regulated so as to answer to what was supposed to be the march of the planets round the central sun, the dances of the stars across the nightly heavens. That this revolution (whatever may have been its extent) was effected first in Boiotia, can scarcely be a matter for doubt. It is proved not only by the localisation of the myths which indicate the change, but by the importation of Phenician names and words into the Boiotian vocabulary; by the use of Banna, for instance, as the equivalent of Thugatêr, and

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any are disposed on this score to exult over Professor Max Müller, they are met by the trenchant remark of Mr. Sayce, that "the more the Babylonian mythology is examined, the more solar is its origin found to be," and that, with the exception of Anu and Hea, "the great deities seem all to go back to the sun."

[1] Preller (*Gr. Myth.* i. 523) regards the name Dionysos as simply an epithet of Zeus as the Nysaian or ripening god: "Der Name scheint einen feuchten, saftig fruchtbaren Ort zu bedeuten, wie jenes Leibethron am Makedonischen Olymp, wo Dionysos und Orpheus seit alter Zeit in der Umgebung der Musen verehrt wurden."

by the fact that the city which claimed supremacy over all the Boiotian towns has a non-Hellenic name, which Mr. Brown identifies with the Semitic Tebah, the Kibôtos, ark, chest, or coffin, of the Septuagint, as the mystic egg-chest of Uasar [Osiris] and Adonis, the Kalathos of Dêmêtêr; the envelopement and covering of the growth and life-power of the world, a fit mother city for Dionysos and his train.[1]

Dionysos Omêstês, and Bassareus.

That Dionysos became for the Greeks (whatever he may have been at the first) vastly more than the mere god of the vintage and the soil, there can be no question. The epithets in the hymns addressed to him and to Bassareus give more than sufficient evidence of this; and when we turn to the tragic poets, we find that their Dionysos is a phallic thyrsos-bearing, serpent-crowned god, in his savage aspect Omêstês, the eater of raw flesh, the bloodthirsty brother of the Orthian Artemis who took delight in the torments of Spartan youths scourged (not unfrequently to death) in his honour. It is something that the undesigned testimony of some old myths shows that to this horrible Semitic ritual were owing just those features in Hellenic thought and worship which are least attractive, and those also which can only be described as coarse, cruel, and revolting, and that the monsters of Eastern conception which the Semitic nations worshipped as their gods remained for them monsters always. The conclusion, if it be true, is not unwelcome, that the custom of human sacrifice, which happily never laid hold on the Greek world, was a custom which, so far as it was adopted at all, came from the East.

Dionysos and Poseidôn.

The struggle was a hard one; but the victory of Dionysos was not so complete as that of Poseidôn. By Poseidôn the true sea-god Nereus was left practically out of sight and out of mind; but Dionysos could do no more than win himself a throne by the side of that of Dêmêtêr and Apollôn, in the joint ritual of Delphoi and Eleusis.

Bacchos.

To the Greek the name of Bacchos, to denote this god, was almost as familiar as that of Dionysos. The name Zeus Meilichios was also a familiar sound in his ears, and it conveyed to him the notion of a being who is mild and merciful. But he did not know that Meilichios and Bacchos were only different forms of the same name, as in truth they seem to be. Meilichios is as much and as little Greek as Palaimon. It was simply the Greek word which came nearest in sound to the Semitic Moloch, the king. Seen in its full form in Ha-mileas, it passes into the abraded forms Mocar, Macar, and Micar, for Molcar, Malcar, and Milcar. Mocar again appears in the form Bocar, Macar or Bacar, and so with the rest. So, too, Bokchus or Bocchus, the name of certain Mauretanian kings, is also written Bocus and Mocus, and is a contraction of Malchus and Malek: and so in the Greek Bacchos we have a variant form of Melkarth, the Boiotian Melikertes. But Bacchos is confessedly Dionysos, and thus Dionysos is himself Zeus Meilichios, the Moloch, or king. As to the name Dionysos, we can scarcely speak with the same confidence. It may be the Assyrian Daian-nisi, or Dian-nisi, the judge of men; and if so, it would correspond strictly to the Hamitic Rhotamenti, Rhadamanthys.[1]

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[1] *Great Dionysiak Myth*, ii. 238. Mr. Brown adds that Theba amongst the Aramoans was the equivalent of ox, and that Thebai, or Ox-town, was the proper capital of Thebais, Boiotia, or Ox-land.

SECTION II.—DÊMÊTÊR.

The story of Persephonê.

The myth which gives most fully and most clearly the history of the earth through the changing year is to be found not so much in the legend of Adonis as in the legend of Persephonê herself. This story as related in the Hymn to Dêmêtêr tells us how the beautiful maiden (and in her relations with the upper world she is pre-eminently the maiden, Korê), was playing with her companions on the flowery Nysian plain, when far away across the meadow her eye caught the gleam of a narcissus flower. As she ran towards it alone, a fragrance, which reached to the heaven and made the earth and sea laugh for gladness, filled her with delight; but when she stretched out her arms to seize the stalk with its hundred flowers, the earth gaped, and before her stood the immortal horses bearing the car of the king Polydegmôn, who placed her by his side. In vain the maiden cried aloud, and made her prayer to the son of Kronos; for Zeus was far away, receiving the prayers and offerings of men in his holy place, and there was none to hear save Hekatê, who in her secret cave heard the wail of her agony, and Helios, the bright son of Hyperiôn, and one other—the loving mother, whose heart was pierced as with a sword, as the cry of her child reached her ears, a cry which echoed mournfully over hills, and vales, and waters. Then Dêmêtêr threw the dark veil over her shoulders, and hastened like a bird over land and sea, searching for her child. But neither god nor man could give her tidings until, with torch in hand, she reached the cave of Hekatê, who knew only of the theft of the maiden, but could not tell whither she had gone. From Helios, whom she addresses as the all-seeing, Dêmêtêr receives clearer tidings and a deeper sympathy, and now she learns that her child is the bride of Aidoneus, who reigns in the unseen land beneath the earth. The grief of the mourning mother is almost swallowed up in rage, as she leaves the home of the gods and wanders along the fields and by the cities of men, so changed in form, and so closely veiled that none could know the beautiful queen who had till then shed a charm of loveliness over all the wide world. At last she sat down by the wayside, near Eleusis, where the maidens of the city came to draw water from the fountain. Here, when questioned by the daughters of Keleos the king, the mourner tells them that her name is Dêô, and that, having escaped from Cretan kidnappers, she seeks a refuge and a home, where she may nurse young children. Such a home she finds in the house of Keleos, which the poet makes her enter veiled from head to foot.[1] Not a word does she utter in answer to the kindly greetings of Metaneira, and the deep gloom is lessened only by the jests and sarcasms of Iambê. When Metaneira offers her wine, she says that now she may not taste it, but asks for a draught of water mingled with flour and mint, and then takes charge of the new-born son of Keleos, whom she names Demophoôn. Under her care the babe thrives marvellously, though he has no nourishment either of bread or of milk. The kindly nurse designs, indeed, to make him immortal; and thus by day she anoints him with ambrosia, and in the night she plunges him, like a torch, into a bath of fire. But her purpose is frustrated by the folly of Metaneira, who, seeing the child thus basking in the flames, screams with fear, and is told by Dêmêtêr that, though her child shall ever receive honour because he has slumbered in her arms, still, like all the sons of men, and like Achilleus himself, he must die. Nevertheless, though she cast the child away from her, she abode yet in the house of Keleos, mourning and grieving for the maiden, so that all things in the heaven above and the earth beneath felt the weight of her sorrow. In vain the ploughs turned up the soil, in vain was the barley seed scattered along the furrows. In Olympos itself there was only gloom and sadness, so that Zeus charged Iris to go and summon Dêmêtêr to the palace of the gods. But neither her words nor those of the deities who follow her avail to lessen her grief or to bend her will. The mourning mother will not leave the place of her exile till her eyes have looked upon her child once more.

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[1] Brown, *Great Dionysiak Myth*, ch. ix. sect. vi.

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[1] The hymn-writer forgets for a moment the veiled Mater Dolorosa, when at her entrance he says that her head touched the roof, while a blaze of light streamed through the doors and filled the dwelling.

Then Hermes, at the bidding of Zeus, enters the dismal under world, and Polydegmôn consents to the return of Persephonê, who leaps with delight for the joy that is coming. Still he cannot altogether give up his bride, and Persephonê finds that she has unwittingly eaten the pomegranate seed,[1] and must come back to Aidôneus again. But even with this condition the joy of the meeting is scarcely lessened. A third part only of the year she must be queen in Hades; through all the other months she is to be once more the beautiful maiden who sported on the plains of Nysa. The wrath of Dêmêtêr has departed with her grief, the air is filled with fragrance, and the cornfields wave with the ripening grain.

Iduna.

In Teutonic tradition Persephonê is represented by Iduna, the beautiful, whom Loki brings back in the shape of a quail (Wachtel), a myth which cannot fail to remind us of Artemis Ortygia. Loki here distinctly plays the part of Perseus, for the giants of cold hasten after him as he bears away Iduna, as the Gorgon sisters chase Perseus on his way to the Hyperborean gardens. This myth in Bunsen's belief "is an exact counterpart of the earliest myth of Heraklês, who falls into the sleep of winter and lies there stiff and stark till Iolaus wakes him by holding a quail to his nose."[2] This idea of the palsied or feeble sun is reproduced in the Egyptian Harp-i-chruti (the Grecised Harpokrates), the sun regarded as an infant, the lame child of Isis, the earth,—a phrase which carries us to that wide class of legends, which speak of the sun, or the wind, or the light, as weak, if not impotent, in their first manifestations. Osiris can be avenged only by Horos, the full-grown sun, after the vernal equinox.

The stupifying Narcissus.

Although with the mythical history of Persephonê are mingled some institutional legends explaining the ritual of the Eleusinian mysteries, the myth itself is so transparent as to need but little interpretation. The stupifying narcissus with its hundred flowers springing from a single stem is in the opinion of Colonel Mure a monstrous hyperbole; yet that must be a narcotic which lulls to sleep the vegetation of nature in the bright yet sad autumn days when heaven and earth smile with the beauty of the dying year, and the myth necessarily chose the flower whose name denoted this dreamy lethargy. Even in her gloomy nether abode the character of the maiden is not wholly changed. She is still not the fierce queen who delights in death, but the daughter yearning to be clasped once more in her mother's arms. That mother is carefully nursing the child of Keleos, the seed which grows without food or drink, except the nourishment of the dew and of the heat which still lurks in the bosom of the winter-smitten earth. But while she is engaged in this task, she is mourning still for the daughter who has been taken away from her, and the dreary time which passes before they meet again is the reign of the gloomy winter, which keeps the leaves off the trees and condemns the tillers of the soil to unwilling idleness. The sequel of the hymn simply depicts the joy of returning spring and summer, when the mourning mother is exalted in glory to the everlasting halls of Olympos. Hence, so far as the meaning of the myth is concerned, it matters little whether Dêmêtêr be herself the earth grieving for the lost treasures of summer, or the dawn-mother mourning for the desolation of the earth which she loves.[1]

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[1] "Am häufigsten ward der Granatapfel als Symbol des Zeugung und Empfängniss verwendet, was wohl davon herrührt dass er, weil seine Kerne zugleich Samenkerne sind, Samenbehältniss ist; und insofern diese Kerne in zahlreicher Menge in ihm enthalten sind, diente er sehr passend zum Symbol des Geschlechtsverhaltnisses. . . . In den Mythen erscheint der Granatbaum als entsprossen aus dem auf die Erde geflossenen Blute eines des Zeugegliedes beraübten Gottes: und Nana, die Tochter des Flussgotts Sangarus, wurde schon dadurch schwanger, weil sie einen Granatapfel in ihren Schoos gelegt hatte (Arnob. *adv. Gent.* 5)."—Nork, s.v. Apfel.

[2] *God in History*, ii. 488.

The Sleep of Winter.

This story is naturally found in all lands where the difference between summer and winter is sufficiently marked to leave on the mind the impression of death and resurrection. Its forms of course vary indefinitely, but it is in fact repeated virtually in every solar legend. The beautiful earth laughing amidst the summer flowers is as truly the bride of the sun as is the blushing dawn with its violet tints. The grief of Dêmêtêr for Korê is the sorrow of Apollôn when bereft of Daphnê, as its converse is the mourning of Psychê for Eros or Selênê for Endymiôn. But there is hope for all. Sarpêdôn, Adonis, Memnôn, Arethousa, shall all rise again,—but only when the time is come to join the being who has loved them, or who has the power to rouse them from their sleep. The utter barrenness of the earth, so long as the wrath of Dêmêtêr lasts, answers to the locking up of the treasures in Teutonic folk-lore; but the awakening of spring may be said to be the result of the return, not only of the maiden from the under world, but of the sun from the far-off regions to which he had departed. In the former case the divine messenger comes to summon the daughter from the unseen land; in the other the sleeper rests unawakened until she feels the magic touch of the only being who can rouse her. With either of these ideas it was possible and easy to work out the myth into an infinite variety of detail; and thus in the northern story Persephonê becomes the maiden Brynhild who sleeps within the flaming walls, as the heroine of the Hindu tales lies in a palace of glass surrounded by seven hedges of spears. But she must sleep until the knight arrives who is to slay the dragon, and the successful exploit of Sigurd would suggest the failure of weaker men who had made the same attempt before him. Thus we have the germ of those countless tales in which the father promises to bestow his daughter on the man who can either leap over the wall of spears or work his way through the hedge of thorns, or slay the monster who guards her dwelling, death being the penalty for all who try and fail. The victorious knight is the sun when it has gained sufficient strength to break the chains of winter and set the maiden free; the luckless beings who precede him are the suns which rise and set, making vain efforts in the first bleak days of spring to rouse nature from her deathlike slumbers. This is the simple tale of Dornroschen or Briar Rose, who pricks her finger with a spindle and falls into a sleep of a hundred years, the spindle answering here to the stupifying narcissus in the myth of Persephonê. This sudden touch of winter, arresting all the life and activity of nature, followed in some climates by a return of spring scarcely less sudden, would naturally suggest the idea of human sleepers resuming their tasks at the precise point at which they were interrupted; and thus when, after many princes who had died while trying to force their way through the hedge of briars, the king's son arrives at the end of the fated time and finds the way open, an air of burlesque is given to the tale (scarcely more extravagant, however, than that which Euripides has imparted to the deliverer of Alkêstis), and the cook on his waking gives the scullion boy a blow which he had raised his hand to strike a hundred years ago.

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[1] Professor Max Müller prefers the latter explanation and refers the name to the Sanskrit dyâvâmatar.—*Lectures*, second series, 517. If Dêmêtêr, or Dêô, as she also styles herself, be only a name for the earth, then Gaia stands to Dêmêtêr in the relation of Nereus to Poseidôn or Helios to Apollôn. Gaia is thus the actual soil from which the deadly narcissus springs, and therefore the accomplice of Polydegmôn, while Dêmêtêr is the mysterious power which causes all living things to grow and ripen.

The story of Rapunzel.

This myth of the stealing away of the summer-child is told in Grimm's story of Rapunzel, where the witch's garden is the earth with its fertilising powers pent up within high walls. Rapunzel herself is Korê, the maiden, the Rose of the Alhambra, while the witch is the icy Fredegonda, whose story Washington Irving has told with marvellous but unconscious fidelity. The maiden is shut up, like Danaê, in a high tower, but the sequel reverses the Argive legend. It is not Zeus who comes in the form of a golden shower, but the prince who ascends on the long golden locks which stream to the earth from the head of Rapunzel. In the story of the Dwarfs Persephonê is the maiden who eats a golden apple (the narkissos), and thereupon sinks a hundred fathoms deep into the earth, where the prince (Heraklês) finds her with the nine-headed dragon resting on her lap. The return of Persephonê is strangely set forth in the story of the House in the Wood, which in other stories is the house or case of ice in which the seemingly dead princess is laid. This house breaks up, like the ice, at the return of spring. The sides crack. "The doors were slammed back against the walls; the beams groaned as if they were being riven away from their fastenings; the stairs fell down, and at last it seemed as if the whole roof fell in."[1] On waking from her sleep the maiden finds herself in a splendid palace, surrounded by regal luxuries. Persephonê has returned from the dreary abode of Hades to the green couch of the life-giving mother.

The lengthening days.

The gradual lengthening of the days after the winter solstice is singularly seen in Grimm's story of the Nix of the Mill Pond. In this tale, the dawn-bride, severed from her husband, betakes herself to an old woman, who comforts her and bids her comb her long hair by the water-side and see what would happen. As she plies her golden comb, a wave rolling to the bank carries it away. Presently the waters began to bubble and the head of the huntsman (Alpheios) appears. "He did not speak, but looked at his wife sorrowfully, and at the same moment another wave rolled on and covered his head." A second time she goes to the old woman, who gives her a flute, and this time there "appeared not only the head, but half the body of the man, who stretched out his arms towards his wife; but at the same moment a wave came and covering his head drew him down again." The third time she comes with a spinning-wheel of gold (the wheel of Ixîon), and the huntsman leaping out of the waters hurries away with his wife from the demons who seek to seize them. In the story of Jungfrau Maleen (Korê), the princess and her maid are shut up in a dark tower, and are constrained to scrape a hole through the wall in order to let in the light. When they are able to peep out they see a blue sky, but everything on the earth is desolate as at the close of a northern winter, and like Cinderella, the maiden is obliged to take the cook's place in the king's palace, where at length, as in other stories, she becomes the bride of the prince. The Norse tale of the Old Dame and her Hen repeats the same myth. Here the maiden who falls down into the cave within the hill is disconsolate because she cannot get back to her mother, "who is hard pinched, she knows, for meat and drink, and has no one with her," a true picture of the lonely Dêmêtêr on the Eleusinian plain. The Rinkrank (Hades) of the German story is here a Troll, who is cheated in the same way, the sisters whom the Maiden sends back to the upper world before herself being the less genial spring-days which precede the return of the true summer.

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[1] With this may be compared the Slavonic account of the transition from winter into spring. "In the spring, according to a White-Russian tradition, Perun goes forth in his fiery car, and crushes with his blazing darts the demons from whose wounds the blood is sometimes described as streaming forth. That is to say, the lightning pierces the clouds at that season of the year and causes them to pour forth rain."—Ralston, *Songs of the Russian People*, 93. As these phrases scarcely describe the phenomena of a Russian spring in Europe, Mr. Ralston regards them as pointing to the time when Slaves, Teutons, and Hindus were still an undivided people.

The ill-tempered Princess.

In the Spanish story Jungfrau Maleen assumes a less attractive form. She is here the ill-tempered princess, who is shut up in a castle which has no door. To this stronghold comes a poor young knight in search of adventures, the Odysseus, Sigurd, Boots, or Beggar, of Greek and Teutonic legends; and he and his three companions for a long time strive in vain to make a breach in the wall. The grip of winter is too strong to be overcome, and the hill of ice cannot yet be scaled. At last they hear a cry which seems to come from an old well overgrown with creeping plants; but on opening the cover of the well, they find that the hole seems to go down to the very depths of the earth,—in short, to Hades. They then set to work to twist a rope by which to descend for the rescue of the maiden who is imprisoned in this dismal dungeon; but when it is ready, his companions draw off from further share in the enterprise. Sigurd alone can ride through the flames to awaken Brynhild, and the young knight alone has the courage to go down into the black abyss. The maiden who has been carried off by a horned demon becomes, of course, the knight's wife. For awhile she behaves fairly, but at length her ill-temper so far gets the better of her that the knight is heartily glad when the demon takes her away once more. In other words, the worn-out summer puts on the sorry garb of autumn, and is again carried away into the winter-land.

Story of Sûryâ Bai.

But far more noteworthy is the Hindu story of Little Sûryâ Bai, or the sun-child, as exhibiting a developement of the myth far more elaborate than that of either Hellenic or Teutonic legends. This beautiful child, the daughter of a poor milkwoman, is stolen by two eagles, who bear her to a nest made of wood hooped with iron, and having seven doors. Here, having lavished upon her all the costliest treasures of the earth, they leave her, to go and fetch a diamond ring for her little finger. While they are still away, the fire in the nest, without which the maiden could not cook her food, is put out; and

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[1] Patrañas, or Spanish Stories, legendary and traditional.

in her perplexity, Sûryâ, peering over the walls of the nest, sees smoke curling up afar off, and going towards it, finds herself at the house of a Rakshas, or evil demon, whose mother tries to keep her that she may serve as a feast for her son. Sûryâ Bai, however, will not stay; and when the Rakshas, learning from his mother what a prize he had missed, comes to the nest, he finds the little maiden asleep, and in his frantic efforts to break open the walls, leaves a piece of his claw sticking in the crack of the door. This nail is, of course, the spindle which wounds Briar Rose and the narcissus which stupifies Persephonê; and thus Sûryâ, placing her hand unwittingly upon it, loses all consciousness. In this state she is found by a Raja, who, after gazing long upon her, feels sure that her slumber is not the sleep of death, and spies the claw sticking in her hand. As soon as it is taken out, Sûryâ revives, and becomes the bride of the Raja, thus rousing the jealousy of his other wife, as Iô rouses the jealousy of Hêrê; and like Iô, Sûryâ is made to disappear, not by the stinging of a gadfly, but by the fate which Hêrê had designed for Semelê and her child Dionysos. Sûryâ is enticed to the edge of a tank and thrown in; but on the spot where she fell there sprang up a golden sunflower, which the Raja sees as he wanders about in his inconsolable agony. The flower bends lovingly towards him, and he lavishes on it the wealth of affection which he had bestowed on Sûryâ, until the jealous wife has the flower carried into a forest and burnt. From its ashes a mango tree rises, with one fair blossom on its topmost bough, which swells into a fruit so beautiful that it is to be kept only for the Raja. This mango, when ripe, falls into the can of the poor milkwoman, who carries it home, and is astonished to see that the can contains not a mango, but a tiny lady richly dressed in red and gold and no bigger than the fruit. But she grows with wonderful quickness, and when she reaches her full stature, she is again seen by the Raja, who claims his bride, but is repulsed by the milkwoman. The truth, however, cannot be hid: and the Raja and the milkwoman each recognise the lost maiden, when Sûryâ tells her own tale and confesses that an irresistible impulse made her throw herself into the milk-can, while her form was yet that of the mango.

The nourishing Earth.

The milkwoman of this myth is simply Dêmêtêr in the aspect with which the Vedic hymn-writers were most familiar. To them the earth was pre-eminently the being who nourishes all living things with heavenly milk, who satisfies all desires without being herself exhausted.[1] The eagles which carry the child are the clouds of sunrise and sunset—the Asvins or the Dioskouroi, who carry away Aithra from Athens, the swan-maidens of Teutonic folk-lore, the Erinyes and Harpyiai of Hellenic legend. The nest is the secret place where Persephonê is hidden, whether Hades, or the lonely heath where Brynhild sleeps, or the gloomy Niflheim where Fafnir guards the stolen treasures. But dreary though it may be, it is not without fire to keep up the maiden's life, as that of Demophoôn is strengthened by the fiery bath of Dêmêtêr. The journey of Sûryâ to the Rakshas' country denotes the blight and frost which may nip and chill the first vegetation of spring. From this slumber she is roused by the Raja, who, like Sigurd, is the sun. The jealousy of the elder queen is matched, not only by that of Hêrê, but more precisely by that of Eôs, the rival of Prokris. Thus Sûryâ, exposed to countless dangers, is yet imperishable. If thrown into the water, she rises like Aphroditê in renewed beauty: if consumed by fire, the fruit-tree rises from her ashes, until at last the mango falls into the milkwoman's can as the ripe fruit must fall into the lap of the earth, its mother.

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[1] I can but follow here the writer of a very able review of Miss Frere's *Deccan Tales*, which appeared in the *Spectator* for April 25, 1868. The

Holda.

The idea of Dêmêtêr finds an expression in the Teutonic Holda, the benignant goddess or lady, who reappears as Frau Berchta, the bright maiden, the Phaethousa or Lampetiê of the Odyssey. The few details which we have of these beings agree strictly with the meaning of their names. Thus Holda gently wraps the earth in a mantle of snow, and when the snow falls she is said to be making her bed, of which the feathers fly about, reminding us of the Scythian statement made by Herodotos that the air in the northernmost part of Europe is always full of feathers. This Frau Holda (verelde) is transformed into Pharaildis, a name said to have been given to Herodias, who in the medieval myth was confounded with her daughter, and of whom the story was told that she loved the Baptist, and determined never to wed any man if she could not be his wife; that Herod, discovering this, ordered John to be put to death, and that the bringing of the head on a charger was not for any purposes of insult, but that she might bathe it with her tears.[1] The head flies from her kisses, and she is left mourning like Aphroditê for Adonis. A third part of the human race is made subject to her by way of atonement for her sufferings. The same myth is told of dame Habonde in the Roman de la Rose.[2]

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passages quoted are from the Atharva Veda, but these are perhaps more valuable for the purpose of illustrating the current folk-lore than if they occurred in the *Ṛig Veda*. We see, however, a conception as early as that of the Gê Pammêtôr of Æschylos in the invocation "May the Earth which the Asvins meted out, on which Vishṇu hath stepped, which the mighty Indra has rid of all his enemies, may Earth pour out her milk—mother Earth to me her son."

[1] Grimm, *D. M.* 262.

[2] *Ib.* 265.

The Eleusinian myth.

It is in this kindly and attractive guise that Persephonê appears in the myth of Eleusis. Here the story took root most firmly; and the fountain where the daughters of Keleos accosted the mourning mother, and the spot where Iambê assailed her with friendly jests, were pointed out to the veneration of the faithful who came to celebrate her solemn mysteries. To the Eleusinians, beyond a doubt, the whole narrative was genuine and sacred history.[1] But this belief would, of course, explain as little to them as it would to us the origin and nature of the story. Both are alike laid bare by a comparison which has shown that every incident may be matched with incidents in other legends so far resembling each other as to leave no room for questioning their real identity, yet so far unlike as to preclude the idea that the one was borrowed from or directly suggested by the other. But the Eleusinian could adduce in evidence of his belief not only the mysteries which were there enacted, but the geographical names which the story consecrated; and here he found himself in the magic circle from which the inhabitants of Athens or Argos, Arkadia or Lykia, Delos or Ortygia, could never escape. Eleusis itself was a town or village in the land of the dawn-goddess Athênê, and the name denoted simply the approach of Dêmêtêr to greet her returning child. If, again, it pleased the Athenians to think that Persephonê was stolen away from Kolônos, or even from the spot where she met her mother, there were other versions which localised this incident on some Nysaian plain, as in the Homeric hymn, in the Sicilian Enna, or near the well of Arethousa.

Dêmêtêr and Iasiôn.

As we might expect, the myth of Dêmêtêr is intertwined with the legends of many other beings, both human and divine. Like Heraklês and Zeus, she has, in many lands, many loves and many children. As the wife of Poseidôn she is the mother of Despoina and Oriôn.[2] The earth must love the beautifully tinted skies of morning; and thus Dêmêtêr loves Iasiôn,[3] the son of Zeus and Hemera, the heaven and the day, or of Minos and the nymph Pyronea,[4] and becomes the mother of Ploutôn or Ploutos, the god who guards the treasures of the earth, and whom the Latins identified with Hades. She must hate those who spoil her trees and waste her fruits; hence she punishes with fearful hunger the earth-tearer Erysichthon. As possessing and guarding the wealth of the earth, she takes her place among the Chthonian deities, whose work is carried on unseen by mortal eyes. As teaching men how to plough, to sow, and to reap, she is Dêmêtêr Thesmophoros, the lover of law, order, peace and justice.

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[1] Grote, *History of Greece*, i. 55.

[2] Max Müller, *Lectures*, second series, 517; Apollod. iii. 6, 8.

[3] Iasiôn is the father of Korybas, and must perhaps thus take his place along with his descendants the Korybantes as belonging to the world rather of Semitic than of Aryan mythology; but it does not therefore follow of necessity that his name is not Aryan. As he is said to have introduced the worship of Kybele into Asia, this may mean that the worship of the mother of the gods was not Phrygian in origin.—Brown, *Great Dionysiak Myth*, i. 129.

[4] The name Minos, it has been already said, is, like Menu, the same word as *man* the measurer or thinker. But Minos himself is the husband of Pasiphaê the light-giver, and the father of Ariadnê who guides Theseus to the den of the Minotauros. It is scarcely necessary to give all the names which occur in the story of Iasiôn or other myths of

Ceres and Saturnus.

Of the Latin Ceres it is enough to say that although, like other Latin deities, she has no special mythology, her name at least is significant. She is strictly the ripener of the fruits of the earth; and since, as such, she could have no attribute wholly inconsistent with the character of the Greek Dêmêtêr, it became easy to attach to Ceres all the stories told of the Hellenic goddess.[1] With the name of Ceres we ought to connect that of Saturnus, a god who has no feature in common with the Greek Kronos with whom the later Romans identified him, as they identified his wife Ops, a name corresponding in meaning with that of Ploutos, with Rhea. Saturnus, as the sower of the seed,[2] answers far more nearly to the Greek Triptolemos, who is taught by Dêmêtêr. At the end of his work Saturn is said to have vanished from the earth, as Persephonê disappears when the summer has come to an end; and the local tradition went that Latium was his lurking-place.[3]

SECTION III.—THE CHILDREN OF THE EARTH.

Erichthonios.

As the Eleusinian myth tells the story of the earth and her treasures under the name of Dêmêtêr, so the Athenian legend tells the same story under the name of Erechtheus or Erichthonios, a son of Hephaistos, according to one version, by Atthis, a daughter of Kranaos, according to another, by Athene herself.[4] In the latter

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a like kind. There are but few which would be found to withstand the test of philological analysis; but even where this is the case, we are fully justified in selecting those versions which explain themselves. The mere fact that in one of them Iasiôn is called a son of Zeus and Hemera, is sufficient evidence that this was one way of accounting for his existence; and this phrase is transparent.

[1] The name has by some been identified with the Greek Korê, by others with the Latin Garanus or Recaranus. By Professor Max Müller it is referred to the root which yields the Sanskrit Sarad, autumn, viz. śri or srî, to cook or ripen. Srî, or Lakshmi, is in the Ramayana the wife of Vishṇu. Like Aphroditê, she rises from the sea, but with four arms, and her dwelling is in the Lotos.

[2] Bréal, *Hercule et Cacus*, 38.

[3] The name must necessarily be traced through its cognate forms; and thus, before we can judge positively, we must compare it with Latini, Lakini, Lavini, &c.

[4] As Kranaâ is a title of Athênê, Atthis the child of Kranaos is probably only Athênê under a slight disguise.

version Athênê becomes his mother when she goes to Hephaistos to ask for a suit of armour, the fire-fashioned raiment of the morning. When the child is born she nourishes it, as Dêmêtêr nursed Demophoôn, with the design of rendering it immortal; and, placing it in a chest, she gave the child to Pandrosos, Hersê, and Agraulos, charging them not to raise the lid.[1] They disobey, and finding that the coils of a snake are folded round the body of the child, are either slain by Athênê or throw themselves down the precipice of the Akropolis. Henceforth the dragon-bodied or snake-bound Erichthonios dwells in the shrine of Athênê, and under her special protection.

Erechtheus.

There were other stories of Erichthonios or Erechtheus[2] which some mythographers assign to a grandson of the supposed child of Hephaistos and Athênê. Of this latter Erechtheus, the son of Pandion, it is said that he was killed by the thunderbolts of Zeus, after his daughters had been sacrificed to atone for the slaughter of Eumolpos by the Athenians—a tale manifestly akin to the punishment of Tantalos after the crime committed on his son Pelops.

Kekrops.

But the legend of Erichthonios is merely a repetition of the myth of the dragon-bodied Kekrops, who gave his name to the land which had till then been called Aktê, and who became the father not only of Erysichthon but of the three sisters who proved faithless in the charge of Erichthonios. To the time of Kekrops is assigned one version of the story which relates the rivalry of Poseidôn and Athênê; but here Poseidôn produces not a horse, but a well on the Akropolis, a work for which he is careless enough to produce no witness, while Athênê makes her olive tree grow up beneath the eye of Kekrops, who gives judgment that the city shall bear the name of the dawn-goddess.[3]

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[1] The names Pandrosos and Hersê translate each other: the addition of Agraulos merely states that the dew covers the fields.

[2] Of the name Erichthonios, Preller (*Gr. Myth.* i. 159) says, "Der Name . . . recht eigentlich einen Genius der fruchtbaren Erdbodens bedeutet," and compares it with ἐριούνης, ἐρίβωλος, and other words. Benfey (τριτωνὶς Ἀθήνη. 25) traces it to a supposed form, ἐρετχθευς, "von ερ=αρ in ἀροτήρ, und bedeutet die Erde (χθον ursprünglich χθομ = Sanskr. ksham) beackernd." ευ, he adds, is a strong form of υ, and the theme -χθυ is in close analogy with Sanskr. -*gu* from *gam*, -*ko* from *kam*. If Erechtheus and Erichthonios are names for one and the same person, the explanation which regards the name as a compound of χθών, the earth, seems to become at least doubtful. There is, however, no ground for upholding a double personality. "The Homeric Scholiast treated Erechtheus and Erichthonios as the same person under two names; and since in regard to such mythical persons there exists no other test of identity of the subject except perfect similarity of attributes, this seems the reasonable conclusion."—Grote, *History of Greece*, i. 264. The case is, however, altered when we find the names in the mythology of other nations, in which the origin of the word no longer remains, open to doubt.—Preller, *Gr. Myth.* ii. 136.

[3] The meaning of the myth of Kekrops is sufficiently clear, whether we

Pelops.

A more transparent myth of the earth is found in the history of Pelops, the son of Tantalos and Diônê, or as some have it, Klytia or Euryanassa. His father in his magnificent palace and with his inexhaustible wealth is manifestly only another form of Ixîon and Helios; and the child whom he slays represents not less clearly the fruits of the earth first sustained by his warmth and then scorched by his raging heat. This horrible banquet of his flesh he sets before Zeus, for the ravages of drought are accomplished in the face of the blue heaven; but none of the gods will eat of it, except Dêmêtêr, who, plunged in grief for the loss of her child, eats the shoulder: and thus the story ran that when at the bidding of Zeus Hermes boiled the limbs and restored them to life, an ivory shoulder supplied the place of the part devoured by Dêmêtêr.[1] In the story of Hippodameia, a name which occurs as an epithet of Aphroditê,[2] Pelops plays the part of the successful hero in the myths of Brynhild, or Briar Rose. The heads of those who have failed to conquer Oinomaos in the chariot race stare down upon him from the doorposts; but nothing daunted, he makes a compact with Myrtilos the charioteer to loosen the wheels of Oinamaos. Pelops is thus the victor; but as even the summer which succeeds in ripening the grape must die, so Pelops is made to fall under the curse of Myrtilos, whom he ungratefully drowns in the sea. This curse was wrought out in the fortunes of all his children, whose life and death do but exhibit one of the many aspects of the great tragedy of nature.

SECTION IV.—THE PRIESTS OF THE GREAT MOTHER.

Gaia and Ouranos.

The earth itself, as the soil distinguished from the fruits which grow from it or the power which nourishes them, is known as Gaia in the Hesiodic Theogony, where she is described seemingly as self-existent, for no parents are assigned either to her or to Chaos, Tartaros, and Eros. All this, however, with the assignment of Erebos and Nyx as children of Chaos, and of Aithêr and Hemera as children of Nyx, the night, may have been to the poet as mere an allegory as

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adopt or reject Preller's explanation of the word: "Der Name scheint mit καρπὸς und κρώπιον zusammenhängen, so dass sich also schon dadurch die Beziehung auf Frucht und Erndte ankündigen würde."—*Gr. Myth.* ii. 137. Others look upon it as a variant of Kerkôps, Kerkôpê, the grasshopper. But the name has a suspiciously non-Aryan look.

[1] Hence the notion that his descendants likewise had one shoulder white as ivory. Pindar rejects the story, preferring the version that he was carried off by Poseidôn, as Ganymêdes was taken by the eagle to Olympos.—*Ol.* i. 40.

[2] Preller, *Gr. Myth.* ii. 385.

the birth of the long hills which together with the troubled sea are brought into being by Gaia. Then follows the bridal of the earth and sky, and Gaia becomes the mother of a host of children, representing either the sun under the name of Hyperiôn, or the forces at work in the natural world, the thunders and lightnings, here called the round-eyed giants, and the hundred-handed monsters, one of whom, Briareos, rescues Zeus from the wiles of Hêrê, Athênê, and Poseidôn. But in all this there is really not much more mythology than in the little which has to be said of the Latin Tellus or Terra, a name the meaning of which was never either lost or weakened. It belongs to a group of words, all denoting dryness and comparative bareness; and the Latin Terra is in fact the *dry* land. It was otherwise with Mars, a god who, worshipped originally as the ripener of fruits and grain, was afterwards from the accident of his name invested with the attributes of the fierce and brutal Arês of the Greeks.[1] In his own character, as fostering wealth of corn and cattle, he was worshipped at Præneste, as Herodotos would have us believe that Scythian tribes worshipped Arês, with the symbol of a sword, one of the many forms assumed by the Hindu Linga. As such, he was pre-eminently the father of all living things, Marspiter, or Maspiter, the parent of the twin-born Romulus and Remus. As the ripener and grinder of the corn he is Pilumnus and Picumnus,[2] although the process of disintegration constantly at work on mythical names converted these epithets into two independent deities, while another myth affirmed that he received the name Picumnus as being the god to whom the woodpecker was consecrated.

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[1] The root is *mar*, which yields the name of the Maruts and many other mythical beings. Mars, with his common epithet Silvanus, is the softener of the earth and the ripener of its harvests. The name occurs under the forms Mamers and Mavors. Of these Professor Müller says, "*Marmar* and *Marmor*, old Latin names for Mars, are reduplicated forms; and in the Oscan Mâmers the *r* of the reduplicated syllable is lost. Mâvors is more difficult to explain, for there is no instance in Latin of *m* in the middle of a word being changed to *v*."—*Lectures*, second series, 324.

[2] "Pilumnus et Picumnus, deux anciens participes présents, *le dieu qui broie* et *le dieu qui fend*. Le *pilum*, avant d'être l'arme du soldat romain, si célèbre chez les historiens, fut le pilon qui sert à broyer le blé. *Pilum* est une contraction de *pistillum* et vient de *pinsere*. *Pila* est le vase où l'on broyait, et Pilumnus, comme le dit expressément Servius (*Æn.* ix. 4), le dieu des boulangers. *Picumnus* vient d'une racine *pic* qui veut dire *fendre*: on la trouve dans *picus*, le pic-vert qui creuse le tronc des arbres, pour y chercher sa nourriture et y loger ses petits."—Bréal, *Hercule et Cacus*, 34.

The Latin Jupiter Pistor is another god whose name belongs to the same root with Pilumnus. Of this deity Professor Müller says that he "was originally the god who crushes with the thunderbolt; and the Molæ Martis seem to rest on an analogous conception of the nature of Mars."—*Lectures*, second series, 324. It seems more probable that Jupiter Pistor, like Mars Silvanus or Pilumnus, was a rustic god. The expression Molæ Martis, like the Greek *μῶλος Ἄρηος*, is one which might suit either the crushing or the softening god. The Dii Novensiles are referred by Mr. Isaac Taylor (*Etruscan Researches*, 143) to Finnic and Samojedic roots heaven and god. They are thus, in his belief, the lightning gods, or the heavenly lighteners.

Rhea.

Another representative of the earth is Rhea,[1] herself a child of Ouranos and Gaia, and the wife of Kronos, by whom she becomes the mother of the great Olympian deities Hestia, Dêmêtêr, Hêrê, Hades, Poseidôn, all swallowed by their father, and lastly, Zeus, who is saved to be brought up in the cave of Diktê. But throughout Rhea remained a name and a power, worshipped as the great reproductive force of the world, as producing life through death, and thus as honoured by the sacrifice of the reproductive power in her ministers. Thus she became pre-eminently the great mother, worshipped under the titles Mâ and Ammas, and perhaps even more widely known and feared as Kybelê or Kybêbê.[2]

The Kourêtes and Idaian Daktyls.

With the name of Rhea are connected the mystic beings known, as the Kourêtes, the Korybantes, the Idaian Daktyloi, and the Kabeiroi. It is as possible that these names may, some or all of them, denote races displaced and overthrown by the advancing Hellenic tribes, as that the Trolls may represent aboriginal inhabitants driven to the mountains by the Teutonic invaders. According to Thirlwall, the name Telchînes is only another name for the historical Phenician people, and the legends related by them "embody recollections of arts introduced or refined by foreigners who attracted the admiration of the rude tribes whom they visited."[3] It is enough to remark here that the art of the Telchînes is simply that of Hephaistos. Like him, they forge iron weapons or instruments for the gods: and they resemble the Kyklôpes not only in this their work, but in their parentage, which exhibits them as sons of Poseidôn, or Thalassa, the troubled sea. Thus also we see in them not only the fellow-helpers of Hephaistos in the Iliad, but the rude shepherds of the Odyssey. They are creatures without feet, as the Phaiakian ships have neither rudders nor oars. They can pour down rain or snow on the earth, and, like the clouds, they can change their form at will; and thus they are destroyed by Phoibos in the guise of a wolf, as the sun's rays scatter the mists at noonday. In this capacity of changing their form and bringing storms upon the earth we have all that is needed as the groundwork of their reputation as sorcerers, even if we refuse to indulge in any conjectures as to the origin of the name.[1] Their office as nurses of Poseidôn[2] is even more significant, as showing their close affinity to the nurses of Zeus in the cave of Diktê. Hence the story recorded by Strabo that those of the Telchînes who went with Rhea to Crete were there called Kourêtes, the guardians of the child (κοῦρος) Zeus.[3] These are the dancers clad in everlasting youth, the Daktyloi, or pointers, of Ida, the nourishing earth, the bride of Dyaus the heaven.[4] These also are beings endowed with a strange wisdom and with magical powers, and from them Orpheus received the charm which gave to his harp its irresistible power. Their numbers vary, sometimes only a few being seen, sometimes a troop of fifty or a hundred, like the fifty children of Danaos, Thestios, or Asterodia.

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[1] The origin of the name is doubtful. Preller (*Gr. Myth.* i. 502) inclines to regard it as a form of Gea, Gaia, Dêô, instancing as changes of δ into ρ the words *κηρύκειον*, caduceus; meridies, medidies.

[2] This name Preller explains, after Hesychios, as denoting her abode on the hills: but such interpretations must be regarded with great suspicion. A large number of foreign words were associated with the worship of such deities as Rhea and Dionysos, and we are as little justified in identifying one with another as we are in adopting the conclusion of Herodotos, that Athênê is only another form of the Egyptian word Neith, the name of a veiled deity, often associated with Phthah, the pigmy god, answering, perhaps, to the Hari of the Hindu. To Mas, as a name of Rhea, Papas as a title of the Phrygian Zeus precisely corresponds.—Preller, *ib.* i. 511. They are no more than the terms Pater and Mater applied to Zeus and Dêô, or All-Father as a name of Odin. The old title of Rhea is applied, whether with or without design, to the Virgin Mary. Thus Dr. Faber, writing to Mr. Watts Russell, asks him to think of him "amid the glories of Christian Rome on those Sunday evenings in October, all dedicated to dearest Mama."—*Life*, p. 329.

[3] *Hist. Greece*, part i. ch. iii.

The Telchînes and Kourêtes.

The characteristics of the Phaiakians and their ships carry us to other myths of the clouds and the light. As roaming over hill and dale, as visiting every cornfield and seeing all the works of men, and as endowed with powers of thought, these mysterious vessels are possessed in some measure of the wisdom of Phoïbos himself. The kindred Telchînes and Kourêtes, the unwearied dancers who move across the skies, have the power also of changing their forms at will.[5] If we put these attributes together, we at once have the wise yet treacherous, and the capricious yet truthful Proteus, the Farmer Weathersky of Teutonic tales. This strange being is the old man of the sea, who reappears in the voyages of Sindbad. He is necessarily a subject, some said a son, of Poseidôn; and he lives not far from the river Aigyptos, a phrase akin to the myth of the Aithiopian Memnôn. Huge flocks of seals sport around him in the waters, like clouds gambolling in the heavens; and when the heat is greatest he raises himself from the deeps and takes his rest on the sea-shore. It is at this time that Virgil represents Aristaios as fettering the old man by the advice of his mother Arethousa. The attempt is followed by many changes of form; and Proteus[1] becomes first a fire, then a snake, and passes through other changes before he is compelled to return to his proper form. In Proteus, the king of Egypt, we have one of those persons of whom the Euemerists availed themselves to escape from the necessity of believing the incredible tale of Troy. According to one version of the story, Paris came to Egypt with Helen in the course of his homeward wanderings from Sparta. It was easy to say that the real Helen went no further, and that the Helen seen in Ilion was only a phantom with which Proteus cheated the senses of Paris and his countrymen. It is enough to remark that of such a tale the poets of our Iliad and Odyssey know nothing; and that the Egyptian Proteus is none other than the son of Poseidôn, gifted with more than the wisdom of Hermes.

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[1] "Der name Τελχῖνες ist abzuleiten von θέλγω in der Bedeutung bezaubern, durch Berührung berücken, daher Stesichoros die Keren und betaübende Schläge, welche das Bewusstsein verdunkeln, τελχῖνες genannt hatte."—Preller, *Gr. Myth.* i. 473.

[2] Thirlwall, *Hist. Greece.* i. 76.

[3] Preller, *Gr. Myth.* i. 103.

[4] The connexion of δάκτυλος and digitus with the root from which sprung the Greek δείκνυμι, the Latin indico and other words, is generally admitted. The myth that they served Rhea as the fingers serve the hand would naturally grow up when the real meaning of the name was weakened or forgotten. But this fact, if proved, would not explain necessarily the source of the name; and certainly could not do so, if it be only in adaptation to a Semitic sound.

[5] So with the fairy in the Ballad of Tamlane:

"I quit my body when I please,
  Or unto it repair;
We can inhabit at our ease
  In either earth or air.

Our shapes and size we can convert
  To either large or small:
An old nutshell's the same to us
  As is the lofty hall."

The sequel of the ballad specifies all the changes of Thetis when Peleus seeks to win her.

The Kabeiroi and Korybantes.

That the Kabeiroi and Korybantes were sometimes regarded by the Greeks as exhibiting only another phase of the idea which underlies the conception of the mythical Kourêtes, is a point scarcely open to doubt. Like the latter, they have a protecting and soothing power, and hence are nourishers of the earth and its fruits, and the givers of wine to the Argonautai. They are sons or descendants of Hephaistos or Proteus, or of Zeus and Kalliope. But as the myths of Cacus or the Kyklôpes seem in some of their features to indicate the phenomena of volcanic action, so it is quite possible that such phenomena may have modified the stories told of the several classes of these mysterious beings. The fires of the Kyklôpes may be either the lightnings seen in the heaven or the flames which burst from the earth; and the mysterious flash which reveals the treasures of the earth to the Arabian prince or the Teutonic Tanhaüser may equally represent both. But there can be little doubt that this group of strange and weird beings has no greater claim to be included within the domain of Aryan mythology than that which may be conceded to Kadmos, Iô, Epaphos, Dionysos, Poseidôn, Athamas, Adonis, Melikertes, Bacchus, Ino, or Palaimon. They are probably all the creations of the Semitic mind: and that most of them are so, has been proved conclusively by the evidence of their names as well as of the functions and the worship assigned to them. It may be possible to find plausible explanations of the names of some of them by referring them to Greek or Aryan words; but even in the case of the Telchînes, the Kourêtes, and the Daktyls, such explanations can scarcely be received without misgiving, or be acquiesced in with any feeling of satisfaction. But some of these names refuse obstinately to be welded into an Aryan form: and of these the title Kabeiroi is perhaps the most conspicuous. These strange creatures are metal-workers of wonderful skill. They are few in number, being either three, seven, or eight, the latter answering to that of the Egyptian Phthah and his seven sons. They were worshipped especially in Samothrace, but their cultus was extended along the shores of Asia Minor and the northern coasts of the Egean; in other words, it was found only in regions subject to Phenician or other Semitic influence. When further we find that these beings were honoured by Semitic tribes as Gibborim, or the mighty ones, the problem of their origin and nature is surely set at rest.[1]

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[1] Like the Rakshas in the story of Guzra Bai (Truth's Triumph).—Frere, *Deccan Tales.*

SECTION V.—THE PEOPLE OF THE WOODS AND WATERS.

The Satyrs.

The woods and hills form the special domain of the Satyrs, a worthless and idle race with pointed ears, small horns, and the tail of a goat or a horse.[2] Their life is spent in wild hunts through the forest, in tending their flocks, or in idle dalliance and dancing with the nymphs. Their music may constantly be heard as they play on the flute, bagpipe, or cymbals, or on the syrinx of Pan. Their capricious and cunning nature makes them no safe companions for man. Nay, if the sheepfold were entered and the cattle hurt or stolen, if women were scared by goblin shapes as they passed through the woods, this was the doing of the Satyrs. We can scarcely be at a loss in our search for the origin of these mythical beings and their characteristics. When we find them represented as sprung from the daughters of Hekataios or Phoroneus, or as the offspring of Hermes and Iphthîmê; when also we find that Pan, whom they resemble in

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[1] Brown, *Great Dionysiak Myth*, ii. 212, *et seq.* Mr. Brown asserts the identity of the Kourêtes and Korybantes, i. 130; but I am not aware that he gives the Semitic forms of their names, or of those of the Telchînes and Daktyls. According to M. Lenormant (cited by Mr. Brown, *G. D. M.* ii. 228) the Kabeiroi were the planets.

[2] The Satyrs may answer possibly to the Dragon of the Aryan Hindus. They may have been conquered tribes, despised and outcast.—Tylor, *Primitive Culture*, i. 346.

BOOK II.

outward form and powers of music, is also a son of Hermes and the nymph Dryops or Kallisto, or of Penelopê who weaves the morning clouds, we can scarcely fail to see in these Satyrs the phenomena of the life which seems to animate the woods as the branches of the trees move in wild dances with the clouds which course through the air above, or assume forms strange or grotesque or fearful, in the deep nooks and glens or in the dim and dusky tints of the gloaming.[1] At such hours, or in such places, the wayfarer may be frightened with strange sounds like the pattering of feet behind him, or by ugly shapes which seem to bar the path before him, or entangle his feet and limbs as he forces his way through the brushwood. If we translate all this into the language of mythology, we have more than the germ of all that is told us about the Satyrs. But the source thus opened was found to be a fruitful one, and the Satyrs became the companions of Dionysos, the lord of the wine-cup and the revel, or of Heraklês, the burly and heedless being who goes through life toiling for a mean and worthless master, yet taking such enjoyment as the passing hours may chance to bring him.[2] The burlesque form in which they exhibited Heraklês as robbed of his weapons, or teased and angered by their banter until they take to their heels, suggested a method which might be applied to other gods or heroes, and called into existence the Greek satyric drama. Nor could a limit be placed to their strange vagaries, or the shapes which they might assume. The wild revel of the woods might be followed by a profound stillness, of which men would speak as the sleep of Satyrs wearied out with dancing and drinking. The white clouds, which may be seen like ships anchored in a blue sea, hanging motionless over the thicket, would be nymphs listening to their music or charmed by their wooing.

[1] Mr. Brown (*Great Dionysiak Myth*, i. 134) objects that this does not account for the particular form under which the Satyrs are represented, *i.e.* with pointed ears, two small horns and goats' tails, or by later writers with larger horns and goats' feet and legs. His conclusion seems to be that they are Semitic; but it is not easy to see how such a conclusion is warranted. He does not mention the Semitic form of the word.

[2] With these creatures we are brought almost into the domain of modern fairy mythology, of which it is enough here to say that there is scarcely an important feature in it which has not its parallel in the so-called classical mythology of Greece and Rome. The Latin Lares are the Brownies; the Venus who takes away the lover of Psychê, the Kalypso who seeks to lay the spell of her beauty on Odysseus, is the Fairy Queen of Tanhaüser and of True Thomas; the Kyklôpes is the misshapen Urisk; the limping Hephaistos is Wayland the Smith: and thus the whole fabric of modern superstition is but a travesty of myths with which in other forms we are already familiar. Thus in these myths dwarfed or maimed beings abound; among these being the Kabeiroi, the Idaian Daktyls, the Athenian Anakes, the Etruscan Tages, and the Lakedaimonian Dioskouroi. So too the Latin Lemures and Larvæ are the ghosts of modern days, and the Manes are literally the Goodies of popular Teutonic superstition.

The Seilênoi.

Of these Satyrs the oldest are named the Seilênoi, or children of Seilênos. But although there are between these beings many points of likeness, both in form and character, there is this marked distinction, that while the Satyrs dwell among woods and hills, the Seilênoi haunt streams, fountains, or marshy grounds. They are thus, like the Naiads, spirits of the waters, with attributes borrowed from, or shared with, the clouds that float above them. The grotesque form which Seilênos is made to assume may be an exaggeration of the western Greeks, who saw in the ass which bore him a mere sign of his folly and absurdity, while it points rather to the high value set on the ass by Eastern nations. It was, in fact, the symbol of his wisdom and his prophetical powers, and not the mere beast of burden which, in western myths, staggered along under the weight of an unwieldy drunkard. The same idea doubtless lay at the root of the story of Midas, to whom the ass's ears were at first not his shame but his glory. This Phrygian king is, in short, only Tantalos under another name, and with Tantalos, as with Sisyphos, the idea of wealth is inseparable from that of wisdom or craft. If, again, Tantalos and Sisyphos have palaces rich in all conceivable treasures, Midas has his beautiful rose-gardens, in which the country folk catch Seilênos, who is brought bound before the king. By him Midas is instructed in the knowledge of all events, whether past or future, as well as in the origin and nature of all things. In return for the kindness with which he is treated, Dionysos promises to grant to Midas any wish which he may express. Midas asks that everything which he touches may be turned into gold, and finds to his dismay that it is as impossible to swallow his food as the dishes on which it is laid. To his prayer for deliverance the answer is that he must go and wash in the stream of Paktolos, which has ever since retained a golden hue. This myth is nothing more than a story framed on a saying, like the German proverb, "Morgenstunde hat Gold im Munde," "Morning hour has gold in her mouth,"[1] and simply expressed the fact that the newly risen sun sheds a glory over all the earth, in other words, turns everything into gold. The sequel, which speaks of the misery of Midas, would be suggested by the literal interpretation of the words, while the command to bathe in the river finds a meaning in the fact that the flaming splendours of the sun are quenched when, like Endymiôn, he plunges beneath the waters. A faint reflexion of similar ideas seems to mark the story which accounted for the ass's ears, as a punishment for adjudging the prize to Marsyas in his contest with Phoibos. It now becomes a mysterious secret; but his servant discovers it, and being unable to keep it to himself, digs a hole and whispers into it that Midas has ass's ears. A reed growing up on the spot repeats the words, and the rushes all round take up the strain, and publish the fact to all the world.

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[1] Max Müller, *Lectures*, second series, 378. This proverb has acquired the didactic meaning of the English distich,

> "Early to bed and early to rise
> Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise,"

which keeps up the same connexion between wealth and wisdom.

The Latin Silanus.

The name of Seilênos as a water-sprite suggests to Preller its affinity with the Italian Silanus, a word for gushing or bubbling water; nor is it easy to avoid a comparison with the Seirenes, who, like Seilênos, haunt the waters. As the dweller in the fertilising streams, he can bestow draughts of wonderful sweetness; and the wine which his son Evanthes gives to Odysseus is pronounced by Polyphêmos to be more delicious than honey. As such also, he is the guardian and teacher of Dionysos, for from the life-giving streams alone can the grape acquire its sweetness and its power.

Priapos.

But this higher and more dignified aspect of Seilênos, which led Plato to speak of Sokrates as getting wisdom from him as well as from his scholar Marsyas, was obscured in the folk-lore of the western tribes by the characteristics of jollity and intemperance exhibited by the Satyrs and the Heraklês whom they cheat and tease, while his office as the fertiliser of the vineyard brought him into close connexion with Priapos, who exhibits the merely sensuous idea of reproduction in its grossest form, and of whom we need only say here that he is a son of Dionysos, Adonis, Hermes, or Pan, while his mother is Aphroditê or the Naiad Chionê, names denoting simply the relations of the waters with the winds or the sun.[1]

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[1] Priapos, which Grimm connects with the O.N. friofr, fecundus, Goth, frair, *seed*, is, in short, only a coarser form of Vishṇu, Proteus, Onnes, and other like beings: and as such, he has like them the power of predicting things to come. The same idea was expressed by the Latin Mutinus, Mutunus, or Muttunus, who was represented by the same symbol.

CHAPTER IX.

THE UNDER WORLD.

SECTION I.—HADES.

The buried Treasure.

THE myths of Dêmêtêr and Persephonê have already carried us to the hidden land beneath the earth's surface, in which the seeds of all life lie dormant, until Zeus sends Hermes to fetch the maiden back to her mother, or in other words, until Sigurd comes to awaken Brynhild out of her sleep. Hence, as containing the germs of all future harvests, this unseen region becomes at once a land of boundless wealth, even if we take no thought of the gold, silver, and other metals stored up in its secret places. This wealth may be of little use to its possessor, and poverty beneath the sunlit heaven may be happiness compared with the dismal pomp of the under world; but its king is nevertheless the wealthiest of all monarchs, and thus the husband of Persephonê[1] is known especially as Ploutôn, the king who never smiles in the midst of all his grandeur.

Hades or Aidôneus.

On this slender framework was raised the mythology of Hades, a mythology which runs continually into the stories related of the dark powers who fight with and are vanquished by the lord of light. The dog of the hateful king, the Kerberos of the Hesiodic Theogony, is but another form of Orthros, who is called his brother; and Orthros is only a reflexion of the Vedic Vritra, the dark robber who hides away the cattle of Indra. But the conception of Hades as the ruler of this nether region is precisely parallel to that of Poseidôn as the god of the sea, and of the sea alone. So long as the word Kronides remained a mere epithet, the Zeus of Olympos was also Zenoposeidôn, and as Zeus Katachthonios he would be also Hades, Ais, or Aidôneus, the king of the lower world; and the identity of the two is proved not only by these titles, but also by the power which, after the triple partition, Hades, like Poseidôn, retains of appearing at will in

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[1] A story was told that Hades was also a lover of the nymph Leukê, who on her death was changed into a white poplar and planted in Elysion. The transformation is, of course, a mere play on her name, while the myth resolves itself into the phrase that the night loves the tender light of morning.

Olympos. Zeus then, as Hades, is simply the unseen, or the being who can make himself as well as others invisible. As such, he wears the invisible cap or helmet, which appears as the tarn-kappe or nebel-kappe of Teutonic legends. This cap he bestows on Hermes, who is thus enabled to enter unseen the Gorgons' dwelling, and escape the pursuit of the angry sisters. But his home is also the bourne to which all the children of men must come, and from which no traveller returns; and thus he becomes the host who must receive all under his roof, and whom it is best therefore to invoke as one who will give them a kindly welcome,—in other words, as Polydektês, Polydegmôn, or Pankoitês, the hospitable one who will assign to every man his place of repose. Still, none may ever forget the awful character of the gate-keeper (πυλάρτης)[1] of the lower world. He must be addressed, not as Hades the unseen, but as Ploutôn the wealthy, the Kuvera of the Ramayana; and the averted face of the man who offered sacrifice to him may recall to our minds the horrid rites of the devil-worshippers of the Lebanon.[2]

The Rivers of the Unseen Land.

Hades, then, in the definite authority assigned to him after the war with the Titans, is the only being who is regarded as the lord who remains always in his dismal kingdom, for Persephonê, who shares his throne, returns for half the year as Korê to gladden the hearts of men, and Zagreos, Adonis, and Dionysos are also beings over whom the prince of darkness has no permanent dominion. Of the geography of this land of the dead we need say little more than that it is no genuine growth of mythology. It was easy for poets and mythographers, when they had once started with the idea of a gloomy land watered with rivers of woe, to place Styx, the stream which makes men shudder, as the boundary which separates it from the world of living men, and to lead through it the channels of Lêthê, in which all things are forgotten, of Kokytos, which echoes only with shrieks of pain, of Pyryphlegethon, with its waves of fire.[1]

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[1] These are the gates of the walls built by Poseidôn, which all the dead must enter, and within which lie the realms of darkness. In the Iliad and Odyssey πύλαι Ἅιδου, Ἅιδου δῶμα are, with others, familiar phrases. Jacobi, *Mythologie*, s.v. *Hades*. The same idea is found in Attic tragedy, ἥκω νεκρῶν κευθμῶνα καὶ σκότου πύλας λιπὼν, Eur. *Hek.* i. *Alk.* 127, and in the gates of the Semitic Sheol which Hezekiah dreaded to enter. These gates are to be assaulted by the Church to which Jesus committed the work of the world's salvation, and are by it to be finally battered down,—the words οὐ κατισχύσουσιν αὐτῆς denoting only that they will not be strong enough to resist the attacks made on them by the children of the light. The Christian world has chosen to misconstrue the phrase, and endless wars, turning on theories of Primacy, Indefectibility, and Infallibility, have been the result.

[2] Like Hermes, and Heraklês, Hades has also assumed a burlesque form, as in the German story of Old Rinkrank, who dwells in a great cave into which the King's daughter falls in the mountain of glass (ice). The unwilling wife contrives to catch his beard in a door, and refuses to let it free until he gives her the ladder by which he climbs out of the mountain depths into the open air. Thus escaping, she returns with her heavenly lover, and despoils Rinkrank (Ploutôn) of all his treasures.

SECTION II.—ELYSION.

The Judges of the Dead.

But, in truth, such details as these, produced as they are, not by the necessities of mythical developement but by the growth or the wants of a religious faith, belong rather to the history of religion, and not to the domain of mythology, which is concerned only or mainly with legends springing from words and phrases whose original meaning has been misunderstood or else either wholly or in part forgotten. Thus, although the ideas of Elysion in the conception of the epic or lyric poets may be full of the deepest interest as throwing light on the thoughts and convictions of the time, their mythological value must be measured by the degree in which they may be traced to phrases denoting originally only the physical phenomena of the heavens and the earth. With the state and the feelings of the departed we are not here concerned; but there is enough in the descriptions of the asphodel meadows and the land where the corn ripens thrice in the year, to guide us to the source of all these notions. The Elysian plain is far away in the west where the sun goes down beyond the bounds of the earth, when Eôs gladdens the close of day as she sheds her violet tints over the sky. The abodes of the blessed are golden islands sailing in a sea of blue, the burnished clouds floating in the pure ether. Grief and sorrow cannot approach them; plague and sickness cannot touch them. The barks of the Phaiakians dread no disaster; and thus the blissful company gathered together in that far western land inherits a tearless eternity.[2] Of the other details in the picture the greater number would be suggested directly by these images drawn from the phenomena of sunset and twilight. What spot or stain can be seen on the deep blue ocean in which the islands of the blessed repose for ever? What unseemly forms can mar the beauty of that golden home lit by the radiance of a sun which can never go down? Who then but the pure in heart, the truthful and the generous, can be suffered to tread the violet fields? And how shall they be tested save by judges who can weigh the thoughts and intents of the heart? Thus every soul, as it drew near to that joyous land, was brought before the august tribunal of Minos, Rhadamanthys, and Aiakos; and they whose faith was in truth a quickening power might draw from the ordeal those golden lessons which Plato has put into the mouth of Sokrates while awaiting the return of the theoric ship from Delos. These, however, are the inferences of later thought. The belief of earlier ages was content to picture to itself the meeting of Odysseus and Laertes in that blissful land, the forgiveness of old wrongs, the reconciliation of deadly feuds as the hand of Hektor is clasped in the hand of the hero who slew him. There, as the story ran, the lovely Helen, "pardoned and purified," became the bride of the short-lived yet long-suffering Achilleus, even as Iolê comforted the dying Heraklês on earth, and Hêbê became his solace in Olympos. But what is the meeting of Helen and Achilleus, of Iolê, and Hêbê, and Heraklês, but the return of the violet tints to greet the sun in the west, which had greeted him in the east in the morning? The idea was purely physical, yet it suggested the thoughts of trial, atonement, and purification; and it is unnecessary to say that the human mind, having advanced thus far, must make its way still further.

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[1] Acheron, the remaining river, is probably only another form of Achelôos, the flowing water, and may perhaps have been in the earlier myths the one river of Hades.

[2] ἄδακρυν νέμονται αἰῶνα. Pind. *Ol.* ii. 120.

The Asphodel Meadows.

To these islands of the blessed only they could be admitted who on earth had done great things, or who for whatever reasons might be counted among the good and noble of mankind. But of the beings who crossed the fatal streams of Styx, there would be some as far exceeding the common crowd in wickedness or presumption as these were unworthy to tread the asphodel meadows of Elysion. Hence one of the names of the unseen world, which denoted especially its everlasting unrest, would be chosen to signify the hopeless prisons of the reprobate. There can be little doubt that in the name Tartaros we have a word from the same root with Thalassa, the heaving and restless sea, and that Tartaros was as strictly a mere epithet of Hades as Ploutôn or Polydegmôn. The creation of a place of utter darkness for abandoned sinners was a moral or theological, not a mythical necessity; and hence the mythology of Tartaros as a place of torment is as scanty and artificial as that of the Nereid and Okeanid nymphs; for when the Hesiodic Theogony makes Tartaros and Gaia the parents of the Gigantes, of Typhôeus, and Echidna, this only places Tartaros in the same rank with Poseidôn, who is the father of Polyphêmos or of Hêrê, who, according to another myth, is herself the mother of Typhâon, another Typhôeus.

CHAPTER X.

THE DARKNESS.

SECTION I.—VRITRA AND AHI.

CHAP. IX.
The story of Saramâ and Helen.

No mythical phrases have so powerfully affected the history of religion as the expressions which described originally the physical struggle between light and darkness as exhibited in the alternations of day and night. These phrases stand out with wonderful vividness in the hymns of the Rig Veda. The rain-god Indra is concerned with the sacrifices of men, chiefly because these supply him with food to sustain his steeds in the deadly conflict, and the drink which is to invigorate his own strength. On the Soma, of which, as of the Achaian Nektar, all the gods have need, the might of Indra especially depends; and as soon as he has quaffed enough, he departs to do battle with his enemy. This struggle may be considered as the theme, which in a thousand different forms enters into all the conceptions of Indra and into all the prayers addressed to him. Like himself, his adversary has many names; but in every word we have the contrast between the beaming god of the heaven with his golden locks and his flashing spear, and the sullen demon of darkness, who lurks within his hidden caves, drinking the milk of the cows which he has stolen. The issue of the battle is always the same; but the apparent monotony of the subject never deprives the language used in describing it of the force which belongs to a genuine and heartfelt conviction. So far from the truth is the fancy that great national epics cannot have their origin in the same radical idea, and that the monotony which would thus underlie them all is of itself conclusive proof that in their general plan the Iliad and the Odyssey, the story of the Volsungs and the Nibelung Song, the Ramayana of Hindustan and the Persian Shahnameh have nothing in common. In the brief and changeful course of the bright but short-lived sun; in his love for the dawn, who vanishes as he fixes his gaze upon her, and for the dew which is scorched by his piercing rays; in his toil for creatures so poor and weak as man, in his grief for the loss of the beautiful morning which cheered him at his rising, in the sullenness with which he hides his grief behind the clouds, in the vengeance which he takes on the dark powers who have dimmed his glory, in the serene and dazzling splendour which follows his victory, in the restoration of his early love, who now comes before him as the evening twilight with the same fairy network of luminous cloud, there can be no monotony. It is a tale which may be told a thousand times without losing its freshness, and may furnish the germ of countless epics to those who have hearts to feel its touching beauty. They who see monotony here may well see monotony also in the whole drama of human life. It is no exaggeration to say that the phrases which produced the myth of Indra must have given birth to the Iliad.

Indra and Achilleus.

The two stories are, in truth, the same. The enemy of Indra keeps shut up in his prison-house the beautiful clouds which give rain to the earth; and the struggle which ends in their deliverance is the battle of Achilleus with Hektor, and of the Achaians with the men of Ilion, which ends in the rescue of Helen. The weary hours during which the god fights with his hidden foe are the long years which roll away in the siege of Troy; and the lightnings which seal the doom ot the hated thief represent the awful havoc in the midst of which Paris the seducer receives the recompense of his treachery. Of this story the most ancient hymns addressed to Indra exhibit the unmistakeable outlines. In its simplest form the fight of Indra with the demon is nothing more than a struggle to gain possession of the rain-clouds.[1] But the ideas soon become more fully developed, and his enemy assumes a thoroughly hateful character as the throttling snake of darkness. In the less simple hymns the strictly mythical imagery is, as M. Bréal well remarks, intermingled with phrases which speak not of the anthropomorphised god, but of floods, clouds, winds and darkness.[2]

The Struggle between Light and Darkness.

Throughout these hymns two images stand out before us with overpowering distinctness. On one side is the bright god of the heaven, as beneficent as he is irresistible; on the other the demon of night and of darkness, as false and treacherous as he is malignant. On both of these contending powers the Hindu lavished all his wealth of speech to exalt the one and to express his hatred of the other. The latter (as his name Vritra, from var, to veil, indicates) is pre-eminently the thief who hides away the rain-clouds. But although the name comes from the same root which yielded that of Varuṇa, the lurking-place of Vritra has nothing to do with that broad-spreading veil which Varuṇa stretches over the loved earth which is his bride. But the myth is yet in too early a state to allow of the definite designations which are brought before us in the conflicts of Zeus with Typhon and his monstrous progeny, of Apollôn with the Pythôn, of Bellerophôn with Chimaira, of Oidipous with the Sphinx, of Hercules with Cacus, of Sigurd with the dragon Fafnir; and thus not only is Vritra known by many names, but he is opposed sometimes by Indra, sometimes by Agni the fire-god, sometimes by Trita, Brihaspati, or other deities; or rather these are all names for one and the same god.

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[1] Bréal, *Hercule et Cacus*, 89.

[2] *Ib.* 93, &c.

πολλῶν ὀνομάτων μορφὴ μία.

The great Enemy.

Nay, although Indra is known pre-eminently as Vritrahan, the Vritra-slayer, yet Vritra, far from being petrified into a dead personality, became a name which might be applied to any enemy. The Vritra of the Vritras denoted the most malignant of adversaries.[1] So again Vritra, the thief, is also called Ahi, the throttling snake, or dragon with three heads, like Geryon, the stealer of the cows of Heraklês, or Kerberos, whose name reappears in Çarvara, another epithet of the antagonist of Indra. He is also Vala, the enemy, a name which we trace through the Teutonic lands until we reach the cave of Wayland Smith in Berkshire.[2] Other names of this hateful monster are Çushna, Çambara, Namuki;[3] but the most notable of all is Paṇi, which marks him as the seducer. Such he is, as enticing the cows of Indra to leave their pastures, and more especially as seeking to corrupt Saramâ, when at Indra's bidding she comes to reclaim the plundered cattle.

Paṇi and Paris.

The name Paṇi reappears in Paris, the seducer of Helen; but as round this destroyer of his house and kinsfolk ideas are grouped which are found in the conception of Phoibos and Helios, of Achilleus, Theseus, and other solar heroes, so in its Hellenic form Vritra has sometimes a fair and sometimes a repulsive form. Orthros is the hound of Geryon, slain by Heraklês; but it is also a name for the first pale light of the dawn,[4] just as the night may be regarded now as the evil power which kills the light, now as the sombre but benignant mother of the morning.[5] This difference of view accounts precisely for the contrast between Varuṇa and Vritra.

Greek and Hindu myths.

Between the Vedic and the Hellenic myths there is this difference only, that in the latter the poets and mythographers who tell the story recount without understanding it. They are no longer conscious that Geryon and Typhon, Echidna and Orthros, Python and Kerberos, are names for the same thing, and that the combats of

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[1] Bréal, *Hercule et Cacus*, 92, &c.

[2] Grimm, *Deutsche Mythologie*, 943.

[3] Bréal, *Hercule et Cacus*, 93.

[4] *Ib.* 105, &c.

[5] νὺξ φιλία.

Heraklês, Perseus, Theseus, and Kadmos with these monsters denote simply the changes of the visible heavens. Each story has its own local names and its own mythical geography, and this fact alone constituted an almost insurmountable hindrance to the successful analysis of the legends. But the language of the Vedic hymns explains itself; and the personality of Indra and Vritra is after all, as M. Bréal has noted, only intermittent.[1]

Snakes and Worms.

Vritra then, the enemy of Indra, reappears in all the dragons, snakes, or worms, slain by all the heroes of Aryan mythology; and if the dragons of some myths wear a less repulsive form, if they are yoked to the chariot of Medeia or impart a mysterious wisdom to Iamos and the children of Asklêpios, this is a result only of the process which from the same root formed words for the very opposite conceptions of Varuṇa and Vritra. The dragon is but the keen-eyed creature, and the name may well seem to denote the beings who are yoked to the chariot which Helios gave to the daughter of Aiêtês, and who teach strange lessons to the children of the Dawn. The serpent form of these dragons is of later growth. In itself, the name is but an epithet which denoted the keen sight, as the Vedic Harits and Rohits denoted the glistening colour, of the steeds who drew the car of Indra. Then, when for the same reason the name was applied to certain kinds of reptiles, these steeds were by an inevitable process converted into serpents. Vritra, however, is properly not the dragon, but the snake which chokes or throttles its victim; and the names which are used to describe his loathsome features are the names which the Iranian and Teutonic tribes have given to their personations of moral and physical evil. The Vedic Ahi is etymologically identical with the Greek Echidna, in whose home Heraklês finds the cattle of which he is in search, although in this story they have strayed instead of being stolen.

The stolen Cattle.

Whether the rain-clouds were converted into cows by the process of radical or poetical metaphor[2] is a question of comparatively slight importance. If the Sanskrit go, the English cow, designated at first, like the Greek πρόβατον, simply the moving thing, the name might be applied as strictly to the clouds which move in the heavens as to the cattle which walk on the earth.[3] The myth would come into existence only when the name had become confined to horned cattle. It is but another instance of the process which changed the flocks of Helios into the apples guarded by the Hesperides,[4] and by transform-ing Lykâôn into a wolf laid the foundations of the horrible superstitions of lykanthropy.[1]

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[1] Bréal, *Hercule et Cacus*, 97, 98; Muir, *Princ. D. of R. V.* 562.

[2] Max Müller, *Lectures on Language*, second series, 353, &c.

[3] Bréal, *Hercule et Cacus*, 108.

[4] This is at once explained by the fact that the word μῆλα has the meaning both of apples and sheep.

The Blocking-up of Fountains.

The Hellenic tribes carried away from their common Aryan home not merely the phrases which told of a battle between the god of the heaven and his cloud-enemy, but those also which described the nature of the struggle. If the name Vritra remains only in that of the Hellenic hound Orthros, his evil work, as imprisoning the waters, reappears in almost every western myth of monsters slain by solar heroes. When Phoibos smites the Pythôn at Delphoi, a stream of water gushes out from the earth; the dragon slain by the Theban Kadmos blocks all access to a fountain; and the defeat of the Sphinx can alone bring rain to refresh the parched Boiotian soil.[2] This warm and fertilising rain becomes from mere necessities of climate the hidden treasure guarded, in the Teutonic legend, by the dragon whom Sigurd slays on the snow-clad or glistening heath.

The stolen Nymphs.

A later stage in the developement of the Hindu myth is seen in the few passages which speak of the victims of Vritra not as clouds but as women. As sailing along in the bright heavens (dyu), the clouds were naturally called devi, the brilliant, and the conversion of the word deva into a general name for the gods transformed them into Gnâs, γύναικες, or Nymphs, in whom we see the fair Helen whom Paris stole from Menelaos, and Sita, the bride of Rama, who is carried off by the giant Ravana.[3] But here also, as in its earlier form, the myth remains purely physical; and we have to turn to the Iranian land to see the full growth of the idea which the old Hindu worshippers faintly shadowed in the prayer that Vritra might not be suffered to reign over them.

Ravana and Sita.

In the later Hindu mythology the power of darkness is known by the names Bali, Ravana, or Graha. The first of these is in the Ramayana the conqueror of Indra himself, and after his victory over the sun or the rain-god he enjoys the empire of the three worlds, intoxicated with the increase of his power. But the darkness which has ended the brief career of Achilleus must in turn be subdued by one who is but Achilleus in another form; and Bali, the son of Virochana, meets his match in Vishṇu, who confronts him in his dwarf incarnation as Hara.[4] In the readiness with which Bali yields to the request of the dwarf, who asks only for leave to step three paces, we see the germ of that short-sightedness to their own interests which has imparted a burlesque character to the trolls and fairies of Northern Europe.[1] No sooner is the prayer granted than the dwarf, who is none other than the sun, measures the whole heaven with his three strides, and sends Bali to his fit abode in the dark Patala. But Bali himself is closely akin, or rather identical, with the giant Ravana, who steals away Sita, the bride of Rama, by whom he is himself slain, as Paris falls by the arrows of Philoktêtês. This story is modified in the Vishṇu Purana to suit the idea of the transmigration of souls, and Ravana, we are here told, had been in a former birth Sisupala, the great enemy of Vishṇu, whom he daily curses with all the force of relentless hatred. But these maledictions had, nevertheless, the effect of keeping the name of the god constantly before his mind; and thus, when he was slain by Vishṇu, he beheld the deity in his true character, and became united with his divine adversary.[2] But Vishṇu, the discus-bearing god, has another enemy in Graha, in whom we see again only a new form of Ravana and Bali.[3] Against this wise and powerful being, for the Paṇis are possessed of a hidden treasure which passes for the possession of knowledge, not even the discus of Vishṇu nor a thousand thunderbolts have the least effect. The darkness is at the least as difficult to subdue as is the dawn or the day.

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[1] Bréal, *Hercule et Cacus*, 115.

[2] The deluge, which is poured into the trenches cut by Sigurd, when he slays the dragon Fafnir, appears in the Slavonic story of Gregory the Brave.—Ralston, *Songs of the Russian People*, 233.

[3] Bréal, *Hercule et Cacus*, 117, 118.

[4] Muir, *Sanskrit Texts*, iv. 117.

The Trojan Paris.

The three names, Paṇi, Vritra, and Ahi, which are specially used to denote the antagonist of Indra, reappear in the mythology of other tribes, sometimes under a strange disguise, which has invested a being originally dark and sombre, with not a little of the beauty and glory of his conqueror. With these modified names appear others which virtually translate the Vedic epithets. That the Helen of the Iliad is etymologically the Saramâ of the Vedic hymns, there is no question; that the Paṇi who tempts, or who prevails over Saramâ, is the Trojan Paris, is not less clear. Both alike are deceivers and seducers, and both bring down their own doom by their offence. But when we have said that Paris, like the Paṇis and Vritra, steals away the fairest of women and her treasures (in which we see again the cows of Saramâ) from the western land, that he hides her away for ten long years in Ilion,[1] as the clouds are shut up in the prison-house of the Paṇis, and that the fight between Paris and Menelaos with his Achaian hosts ends in a discomfiture precisely corresponding to the defeat and death of Paṇi by the spear of Indra, we have in fact noted every feature in the western legend which identifies Paris with the dark powers, and invests him with the beauty of Medousa.

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[1] The Paṇi appears in the German story of the Feather Bird as a sorcerer, who went begging from house to house that he might steal little girls. He is, in short, Paris Gynaimanês, the Bluebeard of modern stories, who gives each successive wife the keys of his house, charging her not to look into a certain chamber. At last he is cheated by the Helen whom he carries to his dwelling, and who dresses up a turnip to deceive him. The brothers and kinsfolk of the bride now come to rescue her; "they immediately closed up all the doors of the house, and then set fire to it; and the sorcerer and all his accomplices were burnt to ashes;" a burning which is manifestly the destruction of Ilion.

[2] Muir, *Sanskrit Tales*, 180, note.

[3] *Ib.* 159.

Helen and Penelopê.

In the Odyssey, Saramâ reappears as in the older Vedic portraits, pure and unswerving in her fidelity to her absent lord. The dark powers or Paṇis are here the suitors who crowd around the beautiful Penelopê, while Odysseus is journeying homewards from the plains of Ilion. But the myth has here reached a later stage, and the treasures of Indra are no longer the refreshing rain-clouds, but the wealth which Odysseus has left stored up in his home, and which the suitors waste at their will. The temptation of Penelopê assumes the very form of the ordeal which Saramâ is obliged to go through. She, too, shall have her share of the treasures, if she will but submit to become the wife of any one of the chiefs who are striving for her hand. The wheedling and bullying of the Paṇis in the Vedic hymns are reproduced in the alternate coaxing and blustering of the western suitors; but as Saramâ rejects their offers, strong through the might of the absent Indra, so Penelopê has her scheme for frustrating the suitors' plans, trusting in the midst of all her grief and agony that Odysseus will assuredly one day come back. This device adheres with singular fidelity to the phenomena which mark the last moments of a summer day. Far above, in the upper regions of Hypereia, where the beautiful Phaiakians dwelt before the uncouth Kyklôpes sought to do them mischief, the fairy network of cirri clouds is seen at sundown flushing with deeper tints as the chariot of the lord of day sinks lower in the sky. This is the network of the weaver Penelopê, who like Iolê spreads her veil of violet clouds over the heaven in the morning and in the evening. Below it, stealing up from the dark waters, are seen the sombre clouds which blot the light from the horizon, and rise from right and left as with outstretched arms, to clasp the fairy forms which still shed their beauty over the upper heavens. At first their efforts are vain; twice it may be, or thrice, the exquisite network fades from sight, and then appears again with its lustre dimmed, as if through grief for the lover of Eôs or of Daphnê, who has gone away. But the shades of night grow deeper, and with it deepens the tumult and rage of the black vapours which hurry to seize their prey; and the ending of the web which the suitors compel Penelopê to finish is the closing in of the night when the beautiful cirri clouds are shrouded in impenetrable darkness. Then follows the weary strife in which the suitors seek to overcome the obstinacy of Penelopê, and which corresponds to the terrible struggle which precedes the recovery of Helen from the thief who has stolen her away. But like the Paṇis, and Paris, and Vritra, the suitors bring about their own destruction. "I do not know that Indra is to be subdued," says Saramâ, "for it is he himself that subdues; you Paṇis will lie prostrate, killed by Indra." So too Penelopê can point to a weapon which none of the suitors can wield, and which shall bring them to death if ever the chief returns to his home. In the house of Odysseus there may be servants and handmaids who cast in their lot with the suitors, as Saramâ proved faithless when she accepted the milk offered to her by the Paṇis; and for these there is a penalty in store, like the blow of Indra which punished Saramâ for her faithlessness.[1] Finally, by his victory, Odysseus rescues Penelopê and his wealth from the hands of his enemies, who are smitten down by his unerring arrows, as Vritra is slain by the irresistible spear of Indra.

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[1] This Ilion Dr. O. Meyer, in his *Quæstiones Homericæ*, has sought to identify with the Sanskrit word víl/ú, which he translates by stronghold. On this Professor Max Müller (*Rig Veda Sanhita*, i. 31) remarks "that víl/ú in the Veda has not dwindled down as yet to a mere name, and that therefore it may have originally retained its purely appellative power in Greek as well as in Sanskrit, and from meaning a stronghold in general, have come to mean the stronghold of Troy."

Heraklês and Echidna.

The wealth of the Ithakan chieftain has assumed a different form from that of the cows of Saramâ: but there are other myths in which the cattle of Indra reappear as in the Vedic hymns. Heraklês has more than once to search, like Phoibos, for stolen cows, or sometimes horses, and each time they are found hidden away in the secret dwelling of the robber. In the story of Echidna we have not only the cattle and the cave, but the very name of the throttling snake Ahi, the epithet by which the Hindu specially sought to express his hatred for the serpent Vritra. Accordingly in the Hesiodic Theogony Echidna is the parent of all the monsters who represent the cloud-enemy of Indra. Night and day follow or produce each other, and as Phoibos is the child of Lêtô, so is he in his turn the father of the night which is his deadliest enemy. The black darkness follows the beautiful twilight, and thus in the Hesiodic version Echidna is the daughter of Chrysâôr, the lord of the golden sword and of the beautiful Kallirhoê. But although her offspring may cause disgust and dread, she herself retains some portion of her parents' beauty. Like the French Melusina, from the waist upwards she is a beautiful maiden,[1] the rest of her body being that of a huge snake. Her abode, according to Hesiod, is among the Arimoi, where Typhôeus slumbers, or according to Herodotos, far away in the icy Scythia. Among her children, of some of whom Typhâôn, "the terrible and wanton wind," is the father, are the dogs Orthros and Kerberos, the Lernaian Hydra, the Chimaira, and the deadly Phix or Sphinx which brings drought and plague on Thebes. But whether in Hesiod, Apollodoros, or Herodotos, the story of Echidna is interwined with that of Geryones, who like herself is not only a child of Chrysâôr and Kallirhoê, but a monster, who has the bodies of three men united at the waist. This being lived in Erytheia, the red land, which, in some versions, was on the coast of Epeiros, in others, near Gadeira or Gades beyond the Pillars of Heraklês. In either case, he abode in the western regions, and there kept his herds of red oxen. In other words, the myth of Geryones exhibits a fiery and stormy sunset, in which the red or purple oxen are the flaming clouds which gather in the western horizon. These herds are guarded by the shepherd Eurytion and the two-headed dog Orthros, the offspring of Echidna and Typhon. These herds Heraklês is charged to bring to Eurystheus, and accordingly he journeys westward, receiving from Helios the golden cup in which Helios himself journeys every night from the west to the east. Having slain Orthros and Eurytion, Heraklês has a final struggle with Geryones, in which he wins a victory answering to that of Indra over Vritra; and placing the purple oxen in the golden cup he conveys them across the Ocean stream, and begins his journey westward.[2] The stories of Alebion and Derkynos, and again of Eryx, as noted by Apollodoros,[3] are only fresh versions of the myth of the Paṇis, while the final incident of the gadfly sent by Hêrê to scatter the herds reproduces the legend of the same gadfly as sent to torment the heifer Iô. The myth as related by Herodotos has a greater interest, although he starts with speaking of oxen and ends with a story of stolen horses. Here the events occur in the wintry Scythian land, where Heraklês coming himself with his lionskin goes to sleep, and his horses straying away are caught by Echidna and imprisoned in her cave. Thither Heraklês comes in search of them, and her reply to his question is that the animals cannot be restored to him until he should have sojourned with her for a time. Heraklês must fare as Odysseus fared in the palace of Kirkê and the cave of Kalypso; and Echidna becomes the mother of three sons, whose strength is to be tested by the same ordeal to which Theseus and Sigurd are compelled to submit. He only of the three shall remain in the land who can brace around his body the girdle of Heraklês and stretch his bow. To the girdle is attached a golden phial or cup, of which we have already traced the history.

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[1] As in the case of Saramâ, so in that of Penelopê, there are two versions of the myth, one representing her as incorruptible, the other as faithless. According to the latter, she became the mother of Pan either by Hermes or by all the suitors.

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[1] Hes. *Theog.* 297.

[2] Max Müller, *Chips*, ii. 184.

[3] ii. 5, 10.

Orthros.

As the name Ahi reappears in that of Echidna, so that of Vritra is reproduced in Orthros, who in the Hesiodic Theogony is simply a hound sprung from Echidna and Geryones, but in Apollodoros becomes a dog with two heads, as Kerberos appears with three, although in Hesiod his heads are not less than fifty in number. It must, however, be noted that Orthros is sometimes himself called Kerberos. He is thus the being who, like Vritra, hides away the light or the glistening cows of the sun; but the time specially assigned to him as to the Asvins is that which marks the first faint streak of dawn, the time in which darkness is still supreme although its reign is drawing towards its close.[1] It was at this time that Hermes, having toiled all night in the kindled forests, returned home gently to lay himself down like a child in his cradle, as the soft breeze of morning follows the gale which may have raged through the night. This Orthros, who with Kerberos answers seemingly to the two dogs of Yama, is slain by Heraklês, as Vritra is killed by Indra, who thus obtains the name of Vritrahan,—a name which must have assumed in Greek the form Orthrophôn. Nor is the name of Kerberos, who, armed with serpents for his mane and tail, has sometimes even a hundred heads, wanting in the Veda, which exhibits it under the form Sarvarî, an epithet for the night, meaning originally dark or pale. Kerberos is thus "the dog of night, watching the path to the lower world."[2]

Typhon.

The same terrible enemy of the powers of light appears again under the names Typhon, and Typhôeus, which denote the smoke and flames vomited out by Vritra, Geryon, or Cacus,—in other words, the lightning flashes which precede the fall of the pent-up rain. This being is in the Hesiodic Theogony[3] the father of all the dreadful winds which bring mischief and ruin to mortals, destroying ships at sea and houses and crops on land. By this dreadful hurricane, **δεινὸν ὑβριστὴν ἄνεμον**, Echidna becomes the mother of Kerberos, the Lernaian Hydra, the Chimaira, the Sphinx, and the Nemean Lion, all of them representing under different forms the dark powers who struggle with and are conquered by the lord of day, and whose mightiest hosts are seen in the armies of the Titans leagued against the Kronid Zeus. Of these beings it is enough to say that later mythologists arranged their names and their functions almost at their will. Among the former appear some, as Hyperiôn and Phoibe, which are elsewhere mere names for the sun and moon; and in this its later form the myth is little more than an attempt to explain how it was that Kronos, time, was not able to devour and destroy all his children. With this insatiable parent Zeus must be inevitably engaged in an internecine war, the issue of which could not be doubtful. The thunder-bolts by which Indra overwhelms his foe reappear in the Greek myth as the Kyklôpes and the Hekatoncheires or hundred-handed beings whom on the advice of Gaia the king of the blue heaven summons from the depths of Tartaros into which Kronos and his associates are hurled. This struggle is, indeed, reproduced in myth after myth. The enemies who had assailed Ouranos are seen once more in the Gigantes or earth-born beings who league themselves against all the gods. These giants are mentioned in Hesiod merely as children sprung from Gaia along with the Erinyes after the mutilation of Ouranos. Elsewhere they are a horrible race destroyed for their impiety, fearful in aspect, and like Echidna and Ahi, with snaky bodies.[1] Against these foes even Zeus himself is powerless unless he can gain the help of the mortal Herakles, and the latter in his turn can prevail over Alkyoneus only by taking him away from his own soil, from which, like Antaios, he rises with renewed strength after every downfall. When at length the struggle is ended, the giants are imprisoned, like the Titans, beneath the islands of the sea.

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[1] Max Müller, *Chips*, ii. 185. [2] *Ib.* 183. [3] *Theog.* 869.

SECTION II.—THE LATIN MYTH.

Hercules and Cacus.

The main features of the myths of Vritra, Geryon, and Echidna reappear in the singular Latin legend known to us as that of Hercules and Cacus. This story had undergone strange transformations before it assumed its Euemerised forms in the hands of Livy and of the Halikarnassian Dionysios, with whom even the account which he rejects as mythical has been carefully stripped of all supernatural incidents. According to Dionysios, Herakles, driving before him the oxen of Geryon, had reached the Palatine hill when, as in the myth of Echidna, he was overcome by sleep. On waking he found that some of his cattle had been stolen by some thief who had dragged them away by their tails. Doubtless Dionysios means that Herakles saw through the clumsy device, which the writer of the Homeric hymn discreetly avoided by making Hermes drive the cattle hither and thither, until all possibility of tracking them was lost; and with him the story goes on with a colloquy between Herakles and Cacus, who stands at the entrance of the cave and denies all knowledge of the cattle. But his guilt is proved when the lowing of the other cattle whom Herakles brings up rouses the imprisoned oxen to reply. He then slays Cacus with a blow of his club, and builds an altar to Zeus the discoverer (εὑρέσιος) near the Porta Trigemina.[1]

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[1] Paus. viii. 29, 3.

Cacus another form of Vritra.

The myth as related by Virgil and Ovid carries us back at once to the language of the Vedic hymns; and this fact, of which the poets were of course profoundly unconscious, shows the fidelity with which they adhered to the genuine tradition of the country. Here we have the deep cave of Vritra, with its huge rocks beetling over it, —the mighty mass which represents the dark thundercloud in which the waters are confined.[2] Into this cave the rays of the sun can never enter;[3] and here dwelt the monster, who, like Echidna, is but half a human being, and of whom the fire-god Vulcan is the father. In the lowing of the imprisoned cattle, as in the dark speech of the Sphinx, we have the rumbling of the thunder before the rain bursts from its confinement in the clouds. The hurling down of the rock by Hercules is the shattering of the castle of Vritra by the spear of Indra. No sooner is the blow struck than the horrible abyss of his dwelling is lighted up by the flames which burst from the monster's mouth; in other words, the darkness of the storm-cloud is pierced by the lightning. Then follows the death of the monster, to whose carcase the poet applies an epithet which links this myth with the legend of the Chimaira slain by Bellerophôn and thus connects it again with that of Vritra.[1]

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[1] Dion. H. i. 39–41. This version Dionysios rejects as fabulous "because the expedition of Herakles to drive oxen from the far west, in order to please Eurystheus, is an improbable event, not because it contravenes the order of nature."—Lewis, *Credibility of Early Roman History*, i. 289. Dionysios has no scruple in converting the myth into history by making Herakles the leader of a great army, and by stating that the stolen beasts belonged to his commissariat. Herakles is also invested by him with that high moral character on which the apologue of Prodikos is made to turn. Sir Cornewall Lewis remarks that in a legend of the Epizephyrian Lokrians "Latinus fills the place of Cacus and steals the oxen of Hercules." —*Ib.* 335. That the myth took a strong hold on the Latin imagination cannot be doubted. "The den of Cacus is placed in the Aventine; but the steps of Cacus were on the Palatine; they are known to Diodorus: and the latter hill is in his narrative the residence of Cacius, who with Pinarius hopitably and reverently entertains the Tirynthian hero, and is substituted for Potitius, nay, for Evander; the latter does not appear at all, nor do any Arcadians: none but natives are mentioned. So a sister of Cacus, Caca, was worshipped like Vesta, with eternal fire."—Niebuhr, *History of Rome*, i.: "The Aborigines and Latins." Niebuhr saw that in this legend "the worship of the Sabine Semo Sancus was transferred to the son of Alkmênê:" but he merely states the fact without attempting to account for it.

The version of the legend given by Livy differs from that of Dionysios only in the description of Cacus as a shepherd. Dionysios simply speaks of him as a thief. The former ranks him with the pastoral Kylôpes; the latter degrades him to the level of Sinis and Prokroustes.

[2] Of Indra it is said that he has slain Ahi who was seated on the mountain summit; the word *parvata* being used to denote alike a hill and a cloud. —*R. V.* i. 32; Bréal, *Hercule et Cacus*, 94.

[3] "Solis inaccessam radiis."
Virg. *Æn.* viii. 195.

Sancus or Recaranus.

But we have here to meet the difficulty noticed by Niebuhr. Whatever is to be said of the name Cacus, it is clear that the name Hercules cannot have been contained in the original Latin story. There was indeed a Latin god Herculus, but, like the Lares worshipped by the Arval Brotherhood, he was strictly a god of the country and the guardian of fences and landmarks. He is known as the Rustic, Domestic, or Genial Hercules, a name which points to an old verb hercere, herciscere, akin to arcere, and the Greek εἴργειν; but this very fact precludes the idea that the Latin Hercules, of which the old form Herclus, Herculus, survives in the exclamation Mehercule, Mehercle, is identical with the Greek Herakles.[2] But the god who overcame Cacus must have had the characteristics of the Greek Herakles and the Vedic Indra; and hence when the Roman became acquainted with the Greek hero, whose name so closely resembled that of one amongst his own ancient gods, he attributed to his own Hercules the deeds which were rightly told of the son of Alkmênê, and doubtless also of the god into whose place he was thus intruded. The god thus displaced was, in M. Bréal's judgment, the deity known as Sancus or Recaranus. The former, answering to Zeus Pistios of the Greek and the Dius Fidius of the Latins, imparted to the Ara Maxima the peculiar sanction which rendered all oaths there taken inviolable.[3] The name Recaranus, which is actually given by Aurelius Victor as that of the slayer of Cacus,[1] must in M. Bréal's judgment be referred to the root *cri*, or *kri*, which has furnished to Sanskrit, Greek, and Latin a large number of words denoting the ideas of creation and power. M. Bréal cites from Festus the word cerus as an epithet of Janus,[2] and connects with it the Greek Kronos and the Kêres, who have power over the life and death of men.[3] If then Caranus, or Garanus, is the maker, Recaranus must be the god who makes again, or who, like Dahanâ, renders all things young; and thus Recaranus would denote the Re-creator, and so the Recuperator or recoverer of the cattle stolen by Cacus, Geryon, or Vritra. When, however, the Roman, becoming acquainted with Greek myths, found the word Alexikakos among the epithets of Herakles, he naturally came to regard Recaranus as only another name for that hero. But the quantity of the name Cacus leaves no room for this identification. The first syllable is long, and the word, given by Diodoros under the form Kakios, and reappearing in the Prænestine Cæculus, leads M. Bréal to the conclusion that the true Latin form was Cæcius, as Sæturnus answers to Saturnus. What then is Cæcius? The idea of the being who bears this name is clearly that of the Sanskrit Vritra, the being who steals the beautiful clouds and blots out the light from the sky. Such is Paris; such also is Typhon; and the latter word suggests to M. Bréal a comparison of Cacus with Cæcus, the blind or eyeless being.[4] But in a proverb cited by Aulus Gellius from Aristotle, a being of this name is mentioned as possessing the power of drawing the clouds towards him;[5] and thus we have in M. Bréal's judgment

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[1] "Villosa setis Pectora semiferi."—*Æn.* viii. 267.

[2] In this case the name, as M. Bréal remarks, should begin with s, as in the change of the aspirated Greek numeral into the Latin sex, septem, of ἕπομαι into sequor, &c.—*Hercule et Cacus*, 52. M. Bréal further remarks (and great stress must be laid upon his words) that Herakles, like Perseus, Theseus, Achilleus, and the rest, is in the Greek mythology strictly not a god. Though the son of Zeus himself, he is doomed to toil, weariness, and death; and the only offset to his short career on earth is the assurance that when his journey here is done he shall enter the halls of Olympos, there to live in everlasting youth. But it is most doubtful whether the Latin mythology knew anything of heroes in the Greek sense of the word. "L'esprit à la fois net et abstrait du Romain ne lui a pas permis de créer des êtres intermédiaires entre les dieux et les hommes. Sans doute, il connaît des génies d'un ordre plus ou moins relevé, qui président aux actions humaines et interviennent dans la vie; il sacrifie aux Mânes de ses ancêtres qui après leur mort ont pris place parmi les dieux; mais des demi dieux comme Thésée, Pérsée, Héraclès, tenant à la fois du ciel et de la terre, on n'en voit pas dans la mythologie Latine. La transformation de Romulus en dieu Quirinus est une tentative tardive et mal réussie, que Rome ne renouvela pas, jusqu'au temps où elle fit de César mort un demidieu."—P. 51.

[3] Bréal, *Hercule et Cacus*, 57. The name Semo with which that of Sancus is so often connected is an epithet denot-

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ing fertility and wealth, as in "semen:" and Herculus himself is necessarily included in the number of the Semones, along with Ceres, Pales, and Flora.

[1] *Orig. Gen. Rom.* vi. "Recaranus quidam, Græcæ originis, ingentis corporis et magnarum virium pastor. . . . Hercules appellatus." That Victor should look on Recaranus as strictly a Greek word is not surprising; but as it does not occur in any Greek myths, the evidence becomes conclusive that he has here preserved the genuine Roman tradition.

[2] "Duonus cerus es, duonus Ianus." The name is found on a cup preserved in the Gregorian museum at Rome and inscribed "Ceri Poculom."

[3] *κῆρες θανάτοιο.* The words *κύριος* and *κοίρανος* have passed into the notion of mastery from the obvious fact that he who has made a thing must have power over it. So *κραίνειν* is to decree, because an effectual command can be given only by him who has a constraining authority, *i.e.* who can make others do his bidding.

[4] If this can be established (and the affinity of Cacus, Cæcius, Kakios, and the Greek *καικίας* seems to leave no room for doubt), the word Cacus is at once accounted for. Cæcus is one of many words in which the negative is expressed by the particle *ka* denoting the number 1, which Bopp discovers in the Gothic haihs = cæcus, blind, *hanfs*, one-handed, *halts*, lame, *halbs*, half. Cæcus, then, is made up of this privative particle, and *iha* or *aiha*, auge, the eye. The second compound of *halts* is found in the English phrase "lithe of limb." Cf. Kokalos and Cocles, pp. 328, 329; and *cælebs*.

[5] *κάκ' ἐφ' αὑτὸν ἕλκων, ὡς ὁ Καικίας νέφος·* a proverb applied to a man who is his own enemy.—Bréal, *ib.* 111; Maury, *Croyances*, &c., 177.

the explanation of an incident which, translated into the conditions of human life, becomes a clumsy stratagem. In storms, when contrary currents are blowing at different elevations, the clouds may often appear from the earth to be going against or right towards the wind. Then it is that Cacus is drawing the cattle of Herakles by their tails towards his cave.

SECTION III.—BELLEROPHÔN.

The monster Belleros.

Virgil notes especially the rough and shaggy (villosa) breast of the monster Cacus: and this epithet carries us to the names of similar beings in the mythology of other Aryan tribes. That the root *var*, to hide or cover, has furnished names for Varuṇa the brooding heaven, as well as for Vritra, the enemy who hides away or imprisons the rain, we have already seen. We may follow Professor Max Müller as he traces the root further through the Sanskrit ura in urabhra, a ram (in other words, the wool-bearer), to ûrnâ, wool, the Greek *εἶρος* and *ἔρ-ιον*, in ûrnâyu, a goat and a spider (the Greek *ἀρ-άχνη*), the one as supplying wool, the other as appearing to weave it, to Aurnavâbha, the wool-provider, one of the enemies slain by Indra, the Russian vòlna, the Gothic vulla, the English wool, the Latin villus and vellus, and the English fleece. But as in Varuṇa the idea of covering gives place to that of guarding or shielding, so úra*nah* is a ram, but urâ*nah* is a protector. The meaning of the word is further modified from hairiness or woolliness into that of mere roughness, and the term varvara was applied by the Aryan invaders to the negro-like aboriginal tribes, whom the Greeks would have termed barbarians. That this last word can be referred to no other root is further proved by comparison of the Sanskrit loma*s*ya with the Greek *δασύτης*, words in which the shagginess of hair furnishes a metaphor denoting roughness of pronunciation.[1] But the Sanskrit varvạra transliterated into Greek would yield the word Belleros: and thus we retain some notion of a being of whom the Greek myth gives otherwise no account whatever. The invention of a noble Corinthian of this name, to serve as the victim of Hipponoös the son of Glaukos, is on a par with the explanations given by mythographers for such names as Pan, Odysseus, Oidipous, or Aias. Belleros then is some shaggy or hairy monster, slain by the hero named from this exploit,

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[1] It is needless for me to do more than refer the reader to Professor Max Müller's chapter on Bellerophôn (*Chips*, vol. ii.), where he will find the subject treated at length and most convincingly. Were I to repeat my obligations as often as I feel that I ought to repeat them, I might become wearisome.

—in short, another Cacus, or Ahi, or Vritra; and as Indra is Vritrahan, the slayer of Indra, so is Bellerophôn the slayer of Belleros.[1] Although no mythical being is actually found bearing this name in the Rig Veda, yet the black cloud is one of the chief enemies (dasas) of Indra. This cloud is sometimes called the black skin, sometimes the rain-giving and fertilising skin,[2] while the demon of the cloud appears as a ram, or a shaggy and hairy creature, with ninety-nine arms, or, if we give him one more limb, as Briareos. This wool- or fleece-covered animal is therefore reproduced not only in the monster Belleros, but in the Chimaira which Hipponoös is said to have slain, a being, like Geryon, Kerberos, Orthros, and Echidna, of a double or triple body. In the Chimaira the fore-part is that of a lion, the middle that of a goat, while the hinder-part, like that of his mother Echidna and all other cognate beings, is the tail of a fish or serpent.[3] The death of Vritra or the wool-weaver (Aurnavâbha) is followed by the loosening or the downfall of the rain; but although it is not said that this is the effect of the slaughter of Chimaira, the idea of rain or moisture as repressed by the monster is not absent from the myth of Bellerophôn. His victory is won by means of Pêgasos, the winged horse, whom he finds feeding by the fountain or waters (πηγή) of Peirênê; and from its back, as he soars aloft in the air, Hipponoös pours down his deadly arrows on the offspring of Echidna, as Indra from his chariot in the heaven hurls his lance against the gloomy Vritra.

Leophontes.

But Vritra, Ahi, the Paṇis and the other dark beings are all of them enemies (dasas) of the gods, and he who destroys them is dasyuhan, the slayer of the dasas—a name which transliterated into Greek would yield Leophontes. This epithet is applied to Hipponoös as well as that of Bellerophôn; and it is clear that he cannot be so called as killing lions, for he would then be Leontophontes. Nor is it easy to connect this Leo or Deo, of which he is the conqueror, with anything but the Sanskrit dasa, which reappears in dâsapati, the Greek Despotês, or lord of subjects, in other words, of conquered enemies.[1] In the Theban legend this foe is reproduced as Laios,[2] who is doomed, like Akrisios, to perish by the hand of his child, as the night must give place to the day.

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[1] We may trace the root in the Sanskrit *han*, the Greek *φόνος*, and the English *bane*. The precise Greek equivalent for Vritrahan would be Orthrophon, a word which is not actually found, although Herakles is really Orthrophontes, the slayer of the shaggy hound Orthros.

[2] Max Müller, *Chips*, ii. 180.

[3] It is possible that the introduction of the word Chimaira into this myth may be the result of a confusion like those already noticed between Arkshas and Rikshas, Leukos and Lukos, &c. At the least, Chimaira is a name not for goats of any age, but only for those which are one year old. The older goats are called Aiges. Theokr. i. 6. A Chimaira, then, is strictly a winterling (*i.e.* a yearling), just as the Latin bimus or trimus (bi-himus, hiems), denotes things of two or three winters old. But the sun is the slayer of winter; and hence the creature which he slays would be the Chimaira.

SECTION IV.—THE THEBAN MYTH.

The Sphinx.

The close affinity of the Theban Sphinx with the Ahi, the throttling snake, is manifest from its name, which belongs to the same root with the verb σφίγγω, to bind tight, to squeeze, and so to choke. In the Hesiodic Theogony this word is given under the form Phix, and points to the connexion between the words σφίγγω, πήγνυμι, and the Latin figo, to fix or fasten. If the Thebans derived this name from the mount Phikion, their mistake was but a repetition of the process which traced the surnames of Phoibos to the island of Delos and the country of Lykia. The Sphinx, then, like Vritra and the Paṇis, is a being who imprisons the rain in hidden dungeons. Like them, she takes her seat on a rock, and there she utters her dark sayings, and destroys the men who cannot expound them. In Hesiod, she is a daughter of Orthros and Chimaira, who with her mother Echidna exhibits the same composite form which reappears in the Sphinx. In the Sphinx the head of a woman is combined with the body of a beast, having like Typhon the claws of the lion, the wings of the bird, and the serpent's tail: and in Apollodoros Typhon is himself her father.[3] It is, of course, possible that the so-called Egyptian Sphinx may be an expression for the same idea which has given birth to Ahi, Vritra, the Paṇis, and the kindred beings of Greek mythology; but it can scarcely be said that either the name or the figures of the Hellenic Sphinx have been borrowed from Egypt.[1] The Egyptian Sphinx is very seldom winged, and is never represented except as prone and recumbent, or in any form except that of a lion with a human head and bust. The notion that the riddling Sphinx of Thebes was derived from the land of the Nile may have originated with Herodotos, or may have been taken for granted on the bare assertion of Egyptian priests by others before himself; but the name existed in Greek mythology long before the port of Naukratis was opened to Greek commerce. The conclusions which Herodotos drew from his Egyptian informants on the subjects of ethnology and mythology were in almost every case wrong; and the Sphinx is too closely connected with Echidna and Zohak, with Orthros, Vritra, Geryon, and Cacus, to justify any classification which professes to account for one without explaining the rest.[2]

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[1] With this we must compare not only the Greek λαός, λεώς, people, but the adjective δήϊος, hostile. This word Professor Max Müller (*Chips*, ii. 187) traces to the root das, to perish, although he adds that, "in its frequent application to fire the adjective δάϊος might well be referred to the root dú, to burn." The difference in meaning between them is not greater than that which separates Varuṇa from Vritra, or Uranah from Urânah.

[2] Laios, in the opinion both of Professor Müller and of M. Bréal, is an exact equivalent of the Sanskrit Dasyu. To the assertion of M. Comparetti that an Aryan *d* never appears in Greek as *l*, Professor Müller replies by saying that the instances in support of his own position were supplied by Ahrens, "De Dialecto Doricâ," who cites λάφνη = δάφνη, 'Ολυσσεύς = 'Οδυσσεύς, and λίσκος = δίσκος.—*Chips*, ii. 168. He adds (186) a large number of instances in which the same word in Latin exists under both forms, as impedimenta, impelimenta; præsidium, præsilium; considium, consilium; dingua (Goth. tuggô), and lingua, &c. Professor Curtius, when he speaks of the transition of δ into λ as unheard of in Greek, must, in Professor Müller's opinion, be speaking of classical Greek, and not of the Greek dialects, "which are nevertheless of the greatest importance in the interpretation of the names of local gods and heroes, and in the explanation of local legends." But if we sought for a Greek equivalent to the Latin lavo, we might look for a form δεϝω, not less than for λούω; and we find both, as in *Il.* ii. 471, ὅτε γλάγος ἄγγεα δεύει.

[3] iii. 5, 8.

The Riddle solved.

In point of fact, few Greek myths are more transparent than that of the monster which is slain by Oidipous. The story which made her the daughter of Orthros or Typhon, said simply that the cloud in which the thunder abode, and in which the rain was imprisoned, was the child of the darkness: the version which made her a daughter of Laios[3] spoke of her as sprung from the great enemy of Indra and Phoibos—the darkness under another name. The huge storm-cloud moves slowly through the air: and so the phrase went that Hêrê the goddess of the open heaven had sent the Sphinx, because the Thebans had not punished her enemy Laios, who had carried off Chrysippos from Pisa. Others related that she had been sent by Arês, the grinder, to avenge herself on Kadmos for slaying his child the dragon, or that she was come to do the bidding of Dionysos or of Hades. The effect of her coming is precisely that which follows the theft of the cows of Indra by the Paṇis. The blue heaven is veiled from sight, the light of the sun is blotted out, and over the city broods the mighty mass, beetling like a gigantic rock, which can never be moved until some one comes with strength enough to conquer and to slay her. The robbery and rescuing of the cows are the only incidents which have fallen out of the Theban legend; but in the discomfiture of the Sphinx, who dashes herself from the rock when her riddle is solved, we have the sudden downfall of the waters when the thundercloud has been pierced by the lance of Indra. The issue of the Boiotian story was determined by an explanation given of the name of Oidipous. According to some, the name denoted the swelling of the child's feet as he lay exposed on the slopes of Kithairon; by others who rejected the derivation from the verb οἰδέω, to swell, it was referred to his wisdom in solving the enigma of the feet. That the unintelligible muttering of the thunder should suggest the introduction of some popular riddle into the old myth, was natural and perhaps inevitable; and the time at which it was engrafted into the legend is a matter of little or no importance. Wisdom is among the most prominent attributes of the beings who do battle with the powers of darkness. Whether it be Helios possessed of a knowledge which he cannot impart even to Hermes, or of a robe which makes Medeia the wonder of all for her sagacity and her power, or whether it be Tantalos, or Sisyphos, or Ixîon, whose wisdom is no security against their downfall, whether it be Phoibos endowing his ministers at Delphoi with the gift of prophecy, or Kadmos instructing his people in all art and learning, we see in one and all the keenness of wit and strength of purpose which do their work while gods and men think little of the dwarfs Vishṇu and Hari, the halting Hephaistos, or Apollôn wrapped in his swaddling-clothes at Delos. Their career begins in weakness to end in strength, in defeat to be crowned by victory. In three strides the child Vishṇu traverses the heaven; and the despised Oidipous, "who knows nothing," solves the riddle of the Sphinx as surely as Indra and Herakles discover the hiding-places of their cattle. It is but another version of the story of Odysseus flouted as a beggar in his own hall, or Boots sitting among the ashes while his elders laugh him to scorn, but each winning a victory which is due rather to their wisdom than to their power.

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[1] Brown, *Great Dionysiak Myth*, i. 400.

[2] In the *Vishṇu Purana* (H. H. Wilson, 514) the sphinx appears as the demon Dheanka, whom "Rama seized by both hind legs, and whirling him round until he expired, tossed his carcase to the top of a palm-tree, from the branches of which it struck down abundance of fruit, like raindrops poured upon earth by the wind." The simile here gives the original form of the myth.

[3] Paus. ix. 26, 2.

The Voice of the Thunder.

But if the riddle was introduced into the story at a comparatively late stage, the idea which suggested it is essential to the myth. It is that of the fatal voice of the thunder,[1] the utterances of Typhâôn, which even the gods can only sometimes understand,[2] and which cease when the cloud has been pierced by the lightning and the rain has fallen upon the earth. Thus, in two or three mythical phrases, we have the framework of the whole myth. The first, "Oidipous is talking with the Sphinx," indicates the struggle of Indra with the Paṇis, of Zeus with Typhon, of Apollôn with the Delphian dragon;

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[1] βροντῆς αἴσιον φθέγμα.—Pind. *Pyth.* iv. 350.

[2] Hes. *Theog.* 837.

in the second, "Oidipous has smitten the Sphinx," we have the consummation which sets the land free from the plague of drought. The same myth comes before us in the story of Sigurd and Fafnir whose blood is the rain. Sigurd is bidden to dig a pit in the dragon's pathway, and then, getting into the pit, to smite him to the heart, as Indra smites Vritra. Sigurd dreads a flood which may drown him; but Odin bids him dig many pits to catch the blood, and thus it is made to fertilise the whole earth.

SECTION V.—THE DELPHIAN AND CRETAN MYTHS.

The Pythian Dragon.

In other myths the incidents of the imprisonment and liberation of the waters are marked with scarcely less clearness than in the history of Indra himself. The being with whom Apollôn has to fight is the dragon of Pytho, who had chased and vexed his mother during her journeyings before she reached Delos, and at whose death the imprisoned waters started from the sources opened by the spear of Phoibos. In the Theban myth the snake who is slain by Kadmos guards the well of Arês, and slays all who come to fetch water until Kadmos himself deals it the death-blow.[1] The snakes or serpents are no other than the dragon of the glistening heath, which, in the myths of the frost-bound regions of the north, lies coiled round the sleeping Brynhild and all her treasures. The myth is changed only in the point of view which substitutes deliverance from the deadly cold of winter for deliverance from the not less dreadful plague of drought. The latter idea may be traced in the strange story related by Pausanias[2] of the hero of Temessa. The enemy here is not a snake but an evil spirit, or rather the demon of one of the companions of Odysseus who had been slain for wrong done to a maiden of that city. The ravages of this demon, not less terrible than those of the Sphinx, could be stayed, the Pythian priestess said, only by building a temple to this hero or demon, and offering to him once a year a beautiful maiden. From this point the story is but another version of the myth of Perseus. Like him, Euthymos (a wrestler who is said to have won several victories at Olympia between the 70th and 80th Olympiads, but whom his countrymen regarded as a son of the river Kaikinês) resolves to rescue the maiden, and wins her as his bride,[3] while the demon, like the Libyan dragon, sinks into the sea. Of the mode by which Euthymos mastered him nothing is said; but Pausanias adds that Euthymos was not subjected to death, and that the demon whom he overcame was a creature terribly dark and black, with the skin of a wolf for his garment. With this legend we may compare the story of the monsters slain by Beowulf,[1] the wolf-tamer, the first of these being Grendel, who ravages the country of King Hrothgar, and whom he slays after a struggle as arduous as that of Indra with the Paṇis. The second is but another form of the first. It is a huge dragon which guards a treasure-hoard near the sea-shore, and which sinks into the waters when smitten by the hero, who, like Sigurd, becomes master of all his wealth.

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[1] Mr. Bréal (*Hercule et Cacus*, 113) adds the instance of Eurybates: "Eurybate ayant tiré de son antre le monstre Sybaris qui désolait les environs de Delphi, et l'ayant brisé contre les rochers, à la place où il disparut une source s'elança de la pierre." This monster, under the form of a huge wild ass, who haunts a spring, is slain again by the Persian Rustem.—Keightley, *Fairy Mythology*, 19.

[2] vi. 6.

[3] In a still more modern shape the story may be found in Southey's metrical tale of the Dragon of Antioch.

The Minotauros.

The same devouring enemy of the lord of light reappears in the Cretan Minotauros; and here also, as we resolve the myth into its component parts, we see the simple framework on which it has been built up. The story in its later form ran that at the prayer of Minos Poseidôn sent up from the sea a bull, by whom Pasiphaê became the mother of a composite being like Echidna, Orthros, Geryon, or Kerberos; that this monster was shut up in the labyrinth made by the cunning workman Daidalos, and there fed with the children whom the Athenians were obliged to send yearly, until at length the tribute-ship brought among the intended victims the hero Theseus, who by the aid of Ariadnê slew the human-headed bull, or the bull-headed man, for this being is exhibited under both forms. To search this myth for a residuum of fact, pointing to some early dependence of historical Athens on the maritime supremacy of some Cretan king, is, as we have seen, utterly useless. We know nothing of Minos, Athens, or Crete at the alleged time to which these myths relate except what we learn from the myths themselves, and these utter no uncertain sounds. The Minotauros is the offspring of the bull from the sea, which appears again in the myth of Eurôpê and is yoked to the chariot of Indra, and of Pasiphaê, who gives light to all. This incident is but a translation of the fact that the night follows or is born from the day. The same notion assigns Phoibos Chrysâôr, the lord of the golden sword, and the fair nymph Kallirhoê, as the parents of the frightful Geryon. The monster so born must share the nature of Ahi, Vritra, the Paṇis, Cacus, and the Sphinx. In other words, he must steal, kill, and devour, and his victims must belong to the bright beings from whom he is sprung. The Paṇis steal the cows of Indra, and the Minotauros consumes the beautiful children of the dawn-goddess Athênê; in other words, the tribute must come from Athens. But all these fearful monsters lurk in secret places; each has his cave or mountain fastness, where he gorges himself on his prey. The road to it is gloomy and bewildering; and in the expression put into the mouth of the Paṇis, who tell Saramâ that "the way is far and leads tortuously away," we have something more than the germ of the twisting and hazy labyrinth—we have the labyrinth itself. This intricate abode is indeed the work of the magnificent Daidalos; but the walls of Ilion, to which Paris the seducer takes the beautiful Helen, are built by Phoibos and Herakles themselves. In this dark retreat lurks the monster who can be slain only by one invincible hero; but although Indra is the destined destroyer of Vritra, he cannot find out where his enemy is hidden away except by the aid of Saramâ. In this lovely being, who, peering about through the sky in search of the stolen cattle, guides Indra to the den of the throttling serpent, we see the not less beautiful Ariadnê who points out to Theseus the clue which is to guide him to the abode of the Minotaur; and thus the myth resolves itself into phrases which spoke of the night as sprung from the day, as dwelling in the inscrutable labyrinth of stars,[1] as stealing the treasures of the day and devouring its victims through the hours of darkness, and as discovered by the early morning who brings up its destined conqueror, the sun.

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[1] For the Saga of Beowulf, see *Popular Romances of the Middle Ages*, and *Introduction to Comparative Mythology*, 309.

SECTION VI.—THE GLOAMING AND THE NIGHT.

The Phorkides, Graiai, and Gorgons.

Nor are myths wanting for the other phases of the heaven between the setting and the rising of the sun. If the lovely flush of the first twilight is betokened by the visits of Selênê to Endymiôn, the dusky gloaming is embodied in the Graiai, or daughters of Phorkys and Kêtô, who are grey or ashen-coloured from their birth. Thus the phrase that Perseus had reached the home of the Graiai only said in other words that the sun had sunk beneath the horizon. In the Hesiodic Theogony[2] they are only two in number, Pephrêdo and Enyô, the latter name being akin to Enyalios and Enosichthon, epithets of Arês and Poseidôn as shakers of the earth and sea. In the scholiast on Æschylos[3] they appear as swan-maidens, who have only one tooth and one eye in common, which they borrow from one another as each may need them. The night again, as lit up by a grave and sombre beauty, or as oppressing men by its pitchy darkness, is represented by the other daughters of Phorkys and Kêtô who are known as the Gorgons. Of these three sisters, one only, Medousa, as embodying the short-lived night, is subject to death; the others, Stheinô and Euryalê, as signifying the eternal abyss of darkness, are immortal. According to the Hesiodic poet, Poseidôn loved Medousa in the soft meadow among the flowers of spring; and when her head fell beneath the sword of Perseus, there sprang from it Chrysâôr with his gleaming sword, and the winged horse Pêgasos—an incident which is simply the counterpart of the birth of Geryoneus from Kallirhoê and Chrysâôr. According to another version, Medousa had once been beautiful, but had roused the wrath of Athênê as becoming the mother of glorious children, or as having dared to set her own beauty in comparison with the loveliness of the Dawn herself. The rivalry was indeed vain. The serenest night cannot vie with the exquisite hues of the morning: and henceforth, to requite her daring, the raven locks of Medousa must be turned into hissing snakes, the deadly glance of her joyless face should freeze all who gazed on it into stone, and even Perseus could bring her long agony to an end only by fixing his eye on the burnished mirror while the sword of Phoibos fell on the neck of the sleeping Gorgon.[1]

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[1] This reference to the Kosmos may be a special Phenician feature in the myth; but there is nothing distinctively Semitic in the name Minotauros. Krete is, however, strictly within the domain of Semitic influence; and I have no wish to dispute Mr. Brown's conclusions as to the character of this monster and of the worship offered to him.—*Great Dionysiak Myth*, ii. 143, *et seq.*

[2] 273.

[3] *Prom. V.* 793.

The Night and the Winter.

The notion of these serpent enemies of the bright gods runs through the mythology of all the Aryan nations. Sometimes they have three heads, sometimes seven or even more: but we cannot forget that the words Ahi, Echidna, anguis, expressed an idea which had nothing in common with the thought denoted by the dragon. The latter was strictly the keen-sighted being, and as such belonged to the heavenly hierarchy. The dragons who bear the chariot of Medeia through the air, or who impart to the infant Iamos the gift of prophecy, are connected only by the accident of a name with the snakes whom Herakles strangles in his cradle, whom Phoibos slays at Delphoi, or Indra smites in the land of the Paṇis.[2] But when by the weakening of memory the same word was used to denote the malignant serpent and the beneficent dragon, the attributes of the one became in some myths more or less blended with those of the other. In the popular Hindu story of Vikram Maharaja, the cobra who curls himself up in his throat and will not be dislodged is clearly the snake of winter, who takes away the gladness and joy of summer; for this disaster is followed by the rajah's exile, and his people mourn his absence as Dêmêtêr grieves while her child Persephonê is sojourning in Hades. It is in fact the story of Sigurd and Brynhild reversed; for here it is Vikram who is banished or sleeps, while the beautiful princess Buccoulee sees her destined husband in her dreams, and recognises him among a group of beggars as Eurykleia recognises Odysseus in his squalid raiment. Him she follows, although he leads her to a hut in the jungle, where she has but a hard time of it while the cobra still remains coiled up in his throat. This woful state is brought to an end by an incident which occurs in the stories of Panch Phul Ranee and of Glaukos and Polyidos. Buccoulee hears two cobras conversing, and learns from them the way not merely to rid her husband of his tormentor, but to gain possession of the splendid treasure which these snakes guard like the dragon of the glistening heath or the monsters of the legend of Beowulf.[1]

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[1] Mr. Brown (*The Unicorn*, 49) remarks with great force that "the Gorgon-power = Nocturnal = darkness + moon, not darkness merely, or the moon merely. Darkness is especially a devourer or swallower." With Gorgo, therefore, we may etymologically compare Charon. Gorgo is thus "the devouring darkness which has a bright head—the Moon, a head capable of being cut off. Hence the combined beauty and horror (hideousness) of the Gorgo, a hideousness which does not arise in the first instance from the lunar serpent rays; and hence the open mouth, so marked a feature in the Gorgoneion, and one not in the least lunar." He adds (53) that "the petrifying stare of Medousa is the moon-glare on the darkness, when the colour, sound, and motion of the world of day have gone."

[2] In Teutonic folk-lore the night or darkness is commonly the ravening wolf,

Modification of the myth.

Still more notably is the idea of the old myth softened down in the tale of Troy, for Ilion is the stronghold of Paris the deceiver, and Hektor is the stoutest warrior and the noblest man in all the hosts of Priam. To the treachery of Alexandros he opposes the most thorough truthfulness, to his indolent selfishness the most disinterested generosity and the most active patriotism. But Hektor had had no share in the sin of Paris, and there was nothing even in the earliest form of the myth which would require that the kinsmen of Paris should not fight bravely for their hearths and homes. We have, however, seen already that the mythical instinct was satisfied when the legend as a whole conveyed the idea from which the myth sprung up. Ilion was indeed the fastness of the dark powers; but each chief and warrior who fought on their side would have his own mythical history, and threads from very different looms might be woven together into a single skein. This has happened to a singular

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the Fenris of the *Edda*. This is the evil beast who swallows up Little Red Cap or Red Riding Hood, the evening, with her scarlet robe of twilight. In one version of this story Little Red Cap escapes his malice, as Memnôn rises again from Hades.

[1] In the story of Muchie Lal, the seven-headed cobra is the friend and defender of the dawn-maiden, and is, in fact, the snake who dwells in the shrine of Athênê, the goddess of the morning.—*Deccan Tales*, 244, &c.

extent in the Trojan legend. The warmer hues which are seen in the pictures of Phoibos, Perseus, and Herakles have been shed over the features even of Paris himself, while Glaukos, Sarpêdôn, and Memnôn are children of the dawn who come from the gleaming eastern lands watered by golden streams. Hence it is that Aphroditê the dawn-goddess has her child Aineias within the Trojan lines; and when the brave Hektor has been smitten beneath the spear of Achilleus, she keeps his body from decay as Athênê watched over the corpse of Patroklos.

SECTION VII.

THE PHYSICAL STRUGGLE SPIRITUALISED.

Contrast between Hindu and Iranian mythology.

Thus far the struggle between the bright being and his enemy has been entirely physical; and nothing more than the faintest germs of moral sentiment or conviction as attaching to this conflict can be traced in the mythology whether of the Hindus or of the Western Aryans. In the mere expression of the wish that the wicked Vritra might not be suffered to reign over the worshippers of Indra, and in the admission made by Zeus[1] that the fight between the Kronid gods and the Titans is one for sovereignty or subjection, for life or death, we have all that we can cite as symptoms of that marvellous change which on Iranian soil converted this myth of Vritra into a religion and a philosophy. So completely does the system thus developed exhibit a metaphysical character, and so distinctly does it seem to point to a purely intellectual origin, that we might well doubt the identity of Ahriman and Vritra, were it not that an identity of names and attributes runs through the Vedic and Iranian myths to a degree which makes doubt impossible.

Identity of names in Vedic and Persian mythology.

This agreement in names is indeed far more striking between the Hindu and Persian mythology than between that of the former and the Greeks. The names of Ahi, Vritra, Saramâ, and the Paṇis reappear in the west as Echidna, Orthros, Helenê, and Paris; but Trita or Traitana as a name of the god of the air has been lost, and we fail to find the form Orthrophontes as a parallel to Vritrahan, although such epithets as Leophontes and Bellerophontes would lead us to expect it. In the Zendavesta not merely does this name seem but little changed, as Verethragna,[2] but we also find the Trita, Yama, and Krisasva of the Veda in the Yima-Kshaêta, Thraêtana, and Keresaspa of the Avesta, the representatives of three of the earliest generations of mankind, just as the Germans spoke of the Ingævones, Herminones, and Iscævones as sprung from Mannus the son of Tuisco (Tyr). The identification of these names with the Feridun, Jemshid, and Garshasp of the modern Persian epic of the Shahnameh is regarded by Professor Max Müller as among the most brilliant discoveries of one of the greatest of French scholars.[1] Going beyond this, Eugène Burnouf asserts that as Vivasvat is the father of Yama in the Veda, so is Vivanghvat the father of the Zend Yima, and that the father of the Vedic Trita is Aptya, while the father of Thraêtana is Athwya.

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[1] Hesiod, *Theog.* 646.

[2] Gubernatis, *Zoological Mythology*, ii. 172.

Azidahâka and Zohak.

But Thraêtana is also known as Verethragna, the Verethra or Vritra slayer, although his enemy is commonly spoken of under the name of Azidahâka, the biting snake, the throttling Ahi of Vedic, and the Echidna of Hellenic, myths.[2] These names again M. Burnouf has traced into the great epic of Firdusi; for the Pehlevi form of his name leads us to Feridun, and Feridun is in the Shahnameh the slayer of the tyrant Zohak. But the struggle, which as carried on between Indra and Vritra is clearly a fight to set free the pent-up waters, is between Thraêtana and Azidahâka a contest between a good and an evil being. The myth has received a moral turn, and it suggested a series of conflicts between the like opposing powers, until they culminated in the eternal warfare of Ormuzd and Ahriman. In India the thought of the people ran in another channel. With them Indra, Dyu, Agni, Vishṇu, Varuṇa, were but names for one and the same divine Being, who alone was to them the Maker and Preserver of all things. If it was said that they had enemies, their foes were manifestly physical; nor was there anything in the phraseology of their hymns to lead us to the notion of any evil power as having an existence independent of the great Cause of all things. But on Persian soil, the word Verethragna, transparent in its meaning to the worshippers of Indra, so thoroughly lost its original sense that it came to denote mere strength or power;[3] and as from a metaphysical point of view the power opposed to the righteous God must be a moral one, a series of synonyms were employed which imparted to the representative of Vritra more and more of a spiritual character. The Devas of the Veda are the bright gods who fight on the side of Indra; in the Avesta the word has come to mean an evil spirit, and the Zoroastrian was bound to declare that he ceased to be a worshipper of the daevâs.[1] Thus Verethra and all kindred deities were placed in this class of malignant beings, and branded with the epithet Drukhs, deceitful.[2] But the special distinction of the being known to us under the familiar name of Ahriman, was the title of Angrô-Mainyus, or spirit of darkness.[3] This name was simply an offset to that of his righteous adversary, Spento-Mainyus, or the spirit of light. But Spento-Mainyus was only another name for the Supreme Being, whose name Ahuro-mazdâo we repeat in the shortened form of Ormuzd.[4] In this Being the devout Zoroastrian trusted with all the strength of spiritual conviction: but the idea of his enemy was as closely linked with that of the righteous God as the idea of Vritra with that of Indra; and the exaltation of Ormuzd carried the greatness of Ahriman to a pitch which made him the creator and the sovereign of an evil universe at war with the Kosmos of the spirit of light.

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[1] *Lectures on Language*, second series, 522. Heeren (*Asiatic Nations*, i. 243) further identifies Jemshid with Achaimenes.—Buckle, *Commonplace Book*, 1477.

[2] The word Dahak reappears in the Greek δάκνω, and in δάξ, the name for any biting animal, and may be compared with *tiger* and with *dog*. For the changes which from the same root have produced the Greek δάκρυ, the Gothic tagr, and the English tear, with the Latin lacryma and the French larme, see Max Müller, *Lectures on Language*, second series, 259. In the Servian story of the dragon which, like Punchkin, has an external heart, the snake is named Ajdeya, a modification, it would seem, of Azidakaka.—Ralston, *Russian Folk Tales*, 111.

[3] As such, M. Bréal remarks that it became an adjective, and is sometimes used in the superlative degree, a hymn being spoken of as Verethrazançtema.—*Hercule et Cacus*, 129.

Iranian dualism.

Such was the origin of Iranian dualism, a dualism which divided the world between two opposing self-existent deities, while it professedly left to men the power of choosing whom they should obey. "Ahura-mazda is holy, true, to be honoured through truth, through holy deeds." "You cannot serve him and his enemy." "In the beginning there was a pair of twins, two spirits, each of a peculiar activity. These are the Good and the Base in thought, word, and deed. Choose one of these two spirits. Be good, not base." But practically Ahriman took continually a stronger hold on the popular imagination, and the full effects of this process were to be realized elsewhere. The religion of Zoroaster has been regarded as a reform; in M. Bréal's judgment, it was rather a return to a classification which the Hindu had abandoned or had never cared to adopt. "While Brahmanism kept to the old belief only in the letter, Mazdeism preserved its spirit. The Parsee, who sees the universe divided between two forces, everywhere present and each in turn victorious until the final victory of Ormuzd, is nearer to the mythical representations of the first age than the Hindu, who, looking on everything as an illusion of the senses, wraps up the universe and his own personality in the existence of one single Being."[1]

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[1] Max Müller, *Chips*, i. 25; Brown, *The Religion of Zoroaster*, § 10.

[2] The word is probably found in the Greek ἀ-τρεκ-ής, not deceitful = trustworthy, sure.

[3] M. Maury, regarding the name Ahriman as identical with the Vedic Aryaman, sees in the Iranian demon a degradation of the Hindu sun-god, an inverse change to that which invested the Trojan Paris with the attributes of solar heroes. "Mitra a un autre parédre que Varouna, c'est Aryaman. . . . Cette divinité nous offre à l'origine une nouvelle personnification du soleil dans son action fortifiante et salutaire: a ce titre il est souvent associé à Bhaya, l'Aditya qui dispense des bienfaits et qui bénit les hommes. . . . Mais, plustard, Aryaman devint l'Aditya de la mort, le soleil destructeur; car, sous le climat brûlant de l'Inde, on sait combien est dangereuse l'insolation. . . . Voilà comment Aryaman fournit à la religion de Zoroastre le type du dieu mauvais, l'idée d'une divinité adversaire constante d'Ormuzd et de Mithra."—*Croyances et Légendes de l'Antiquité*, 61. If this be the case (which is, to say the least, very uncertain) the degradation of Aryaman involved the exaltation of Mithra. "Une fois devenu la personnification de la vérité et de la bonne foi, Mithra reçut le caractère de médiateur entre Dieu et l'homme, μεσίτης, comme l'appelle l'auteur du Traité sur Isis et Osiris," *ib.* 164.

[4] Like Thraêtana and Verethragna, the name Ormuzd is Sanskrit. Plato speaks of Zoroaster as a son of Oromazes, which is clearly only another form of the name of this deity. In the inscriptions at Behistun it appears in the form Auramazdâ; but in Persian the word conveys no meaning. In the *Zendavesta* it is found both as Ahuromazdâo and as Mazdao Ahuro; and these forms lead us at once to the Sanskrit, in which they correspond to the words Asuro medhas, wise spirit—a name which suggests a comparison with the Metis and Medeia of Greek myths. See Max Müller, *Lectures on Language*, first series, 195.

Its influence on the Jews.

With this dualism the Jews were brought into contact during the captivity at Babylon. That the Hebrew prophets had reiterated their belief in one God with the most profound conviction, is not to be questioned; but as little can it be doubted that as a people the Jews had exhibited little impulse towards Monotheism, and that from this time we discern a readiness to adopt the Zoroastrian demonology. Thus far Satan had appeared, as in the book of Job, among the ministers of God; but in later books we have a closer approximation to the Iranian creed. In the words of M. Bréal, "Satan assumes, in Zacharias and in the first book of Chronicles, the character of Ahriman, and appears as the author of evil. Still later he becomes the prince of the devils, the source of wicked thoughts, the enemy of the word of God. He tempts the Son of God; he enters into Judas for his ruin. The Apocalypse exhibits Satan with the physical attributes of Ahriman: he is called the dragon, the old serpent, who fights against God and his angels. The Vedic myth, transformed and exaggerated in the Iranian books, finds its way through this channel into Christianity." The idea thus introduced was that of the struggle between Satan and Michael which ended in the overthrow of the former, and the casting forth of all his hosts out of heaven; but it coincided too nearly with a myth spread in countries held by all the Aryan nations to avoid further modification.

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[1] *Hercules et Cacus*, 129. The same view of the origin of the Dualistic theology is taken by M. Maury, *Croyances*, &c., 97.

Local traditions substituted St. George or St. Theodore for Jupiter, Apollôn, Herakles, or Perseus. "It is under this disguise," adds M. Bréal, "that the Vedic myth has come down to our own times, and has still its festivals and its monuments. Art has consecrated it in a thousand ways. St. Michael, lance in hand, treading on the dragon, is an image as familiar now as, thirty centuries ago, that of Indra treading underfoot the demon Vritra could possibly have been to the Hindu."[1]

The epic of Firdusi.

That this myth should be Euemerised by Firdusi was natural and inevitable, when once the poet had made Feridun a king of the first Persian dynasty. He could no longer represent Zohak as a monster with three heads, three tails, six eyes, and a thousand forces;[2] but the power of the old myth gave shape to his statement that, after the embrace of the demon, a snake started up from each of his shoulders, whose head, like that of the Lernaian hydra, grew as fast as it was cut off. Nor has it influenced the modern poet only. Cyrus is as historical as Charlemagne; but from mythical history we should learn as much of the former as we should know of the latter, if our information came only from the myth of Roland. What Cyrus really did we learn from other sources; but in the legendary story he is simply another Oidipous and Têlephos, compelled for a time to live, like Odysseus and the Boots of German tales, in mean disguise, until his inborn nobleness proclaims him the son of a king. But as in the case of Oidipous, Perseus, Theseus, and many more, the father or the grandsire dreads the birth of the child, for the sun must destroy the darkness to whom he seems to owe his life. This sire of Cyrus must belong therefore to the class of beings who represent the powers of night—in other words, he must be akin to Vritra or to Ahi; and in his name accordingly we find the familiar words. Astyages, the Persian Azdahag, is but another form of the modern Zohak, the Azidahâka, or biting snake, of Vedic and Iranian mythology; and the epithet reappears seemingly in the name of Deiokes, the first king of the Median nation.

SECTION VIII.—THE SEMITIC AND ARYAN DEVIL.

The [illegible] [illegible]

Thus far it is only on Iranian soil that we have seen the struggle between day and night, the sun and the darkness, represented as a conflict between moral good and evil, the result being a genuine, if not a theoretical dualism, in which the [illegible] powerful as the righteous being with whom he is at war. This absolute partition of the universe between two contending principles was the very groundwork of Iranian belief; but the idea was one which could not fail to strike root in any congenial soil. To a certain extent it found such a soil in the mind of the Jewish people, who had become familiar, by whatever means, with the notion of a being whose office it was to tempt or try the children of men. The Satan who discharges this duty is, however, one of the sons of God; and in the book of Job there is no indication of any essential antagonism between them. The position of Satan in this narrative is indeed in strict accordance with the Hebrew philosophy which regarded God as the author both of good and evil, as the being who hardened Pharaoh's heart and authorised the lying spirit to go forth and prevail among the prophets of Ahab. But when a portion of the Jewish people was brought into contact with the fully developed system of Persian dualism, the victory of the Iranian theology seemed complete. Henceforth the notion of two hierarchies, the one heavenly, the other diabolical, took possession of their minds; and Satan, who ruled over the powers of darkness and exercised a wide dominion as prince of the air, was confined to a level lower than that of Ahriman, only because he had once stood among the most brilliant angels in the courts of heaven. At this level he remained a fallen creature ruling over hosts of malignant demons who did his will among mankind, plaguing them with sorrow, disease, and madness, until the convictions of the first Christian societies magnified him into proportions if possible more overpowering than those of the Iranian enemy of Ormuzd. The Jew chiefly, if not wholly, from the conviction which led him to regard God as the author both of good and evil, drew no sharp distinction between mind and matter as existing in irreconcilable antagonism; and since as a nation they can scarcely be said to the last to have attained to any definite ideas either of the fact or the conditions of a life continued after death, Satan could with them obviously have no definite dominion beyond the bounds of our present existence. He could torture the bodies, afflict the souls, or darken the minds of men; but of his everlasting reign over countless multitudes ruined by his subtle wiles we find no very definite notion.

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[1] *Hercule et Cacus*, 1[illegible].

[2] *Ib.* [illegible]

Effect of Christian teaching.

But Christianity, while it rested on a distinct assurance of personal immortality altogether stronger than any to which the most fervent of the Hebrew prophets had ever attained, took root among nations who had filled all the world with gods or demons, each with his own special sphere and office. These deities the Christian teachers dethroned; but far from attempting to destroy them, they were careful to insist that they had always been, and must for ever continue to be, malignant devils;[1] but unless their horrible fellowship was speedily to come to an end, they must be under the rule of some king, and this king they found in the Semitic Satan. Of the theology which sprung from this root it is enough to say that it endowed the king of the fallen angels with the powers of omnipresence and omniscience, and made him so far a conqueror in his great struggle with the author of his being as to succeed in wresting for ever out of the hands of God all but an insignificant fraction of the whole race of mankind. The victory of the Almighty God could not extend either to the destruction of Satan and his subordinate demons, or to the rescue of the souls whom he had enticed to their ruin; and if power be measured by the multitude of subjects, his defeat by Michael could scarcely be regarded as much impairing his magnificent success. Of the effect of this belief on the moral and social developement of Christendom, it is unnecessary to speak: but it must not be forgotten that this particular developement of the Jewish demonology was the natural outgrowth of passionate convictions animating a scanty band in an almost hopeless struggle against a society thoroughly corrupt and impure. It was almost impossible for any whose eyes were opened to its horrors to look upon it as anything but a loathsome mass which could never be cleansed from its defilement. What could they see but a vast gulf separating the few who were the soldiers of Christ from the myriads who thronged together under the standard of his adversary? Hence grew up by a process which cannot much excite our wonder that severe theology, which, known especially as that of Augustine, represented the Christian Church as an ark floating on a raging sea, open only to those who received the sacrament of baptism, and shut both here and hereafter even to infants dying before it could be administered. It was inevitable that under such conditions the image of Satan should more and more fill the theological horizon for the few whose enthusiasm and convictions were sincere. But these conditions were changed with the conversion of tribes, in whom the thought of one malignant spirit marring and undoing the work of God had never been awakened; and although henceforth the teaching of the priesthood might continue to be as severe as that of Augustine or

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[1] The Christian missionaries were further conscious that their own thaumaturgy might be called into question, if that of the old creed were treated as mere imposture or illusion. "Die neue Lehre konnte leichter keimen und wurzeln wenn sie die alte als gehässig und sündlich, nicht als absolut nichtig schilderte: die Wunder des Christen erscheinen dadurch glaubhafter, dass auch dem althergebrachten Heidenthum etwas übernatürliches gelassen wurde." — Grimm, *D. M.* 757.

Fulgentius, it was met by the passive resistance of men whose superstitions were less harsh and oppressive. "The Aryan Nations," says Professor Max Müller, "had no devil. Pluto, though of a sombre character, was a very respectable personage: and Loki, though a mischievous person, was not a fiend. The German goddess, Hel, too—like Proserpine—had seen better days."[1] It was thus no easy task to imbue them with an adequate horror of a being of whose absolute malignity they could form no clear conception.

The Teutonic Devil.

But these tribes had their full share of that large inheritance of phrases which had described originally the covering or strangling snake, Vritra or Ahi, who shuts up the rain-clouds in his prison-house. Probably not one of the phrases which furnished the groundwork of Iranian dualism had been lost or forgotten by any other of the Aryan tribes; but like Vritra or Ahi, like the Sphinx or the Pythôn, like Belleros or Chimaira, or Echidna, the beings to whom the German tribes applied these phrases had already been overcome. The phrases also had varied in character from grave solemnity to comedy or burlesque, from the type of the Herakles whom we see in the apologue of Prodikos to the Herakles who jests with Thanatos (Death) after he has stolen away Alkêstis. To the people at large the latter mode of thinking and speaking on the subject was more congenial; and to it the ideas of the old gods were more readily adapted. Hel had been, like Persephonê, the queen of the unseen land,—in the ideas of the northern tribes, a land of bitter cold and icy walls. She now became not the queen of Niflheim; but Niflheim itself, while her abode, though gloomy enough, was not wholly destitute of material comforts. It became the Hell where the old man hews wood for the Christmas fire, and where the Devil in his eagerness to buy the flitch of bacon yields up the marvellous quern which is "good to grind almost anything."[2] It was not so pleasant, indeed, as heaven, or the old Valhalla; but it was better to be there than shut out in the outer cold beyond its padlocked gates.[1] But more particularly the devil was a being who under pressure of hunger might be drawn into acting against his own interest; in other words, he might be outwitted, and this character of a poor or stupid devil is almost the only one exhibited in Teutonic legends.[2] In fact, as Professor Max Müller remarks, the Germans, when they had been "indoctrinated with the idea of a real devil, the Semitic Satan or Diabolus, treated him in the most good-humoured manner;" and it has been well said that "no greater proof can be given of the small hold which the Christian Devil has taken of the Norse mind, than the heathen aspect under which he constantly appears, and the ludicrous way in which he is always outwitted."[3]

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[1] *Chips*, &c., vol. ii. p. 235. Sir G. Dasent's words are not less explicit. "The notion of an Arch-enemy of God and man, a fallen angel, to whom power was permitted at certain times for an all-wise purpose by the Great Ruler of the universe, was as foreign to the heathendom of our ancestors as his name was outlandish and strange to their tongue. This notion Christianity brought with it from the east; and though it is a plant which has struck deep roots, grown distorted and awry, and borne a bitter crop of superstition, it required all the authority of the Church to prepare the soil for its reception."—*Popular Tales from the Norse*, introduction, p. xcviii.

[2] "Why the Sea is Salt." Dasent, *Norse Tales*, ii. This inexhaustible quern is only another form of the treasures of Helen or Brynhild. But though the snow may veil all the wealth of fruits and vegetables, this wealth is of no use to the chill beings who have laid their grasp upon it. These beings must be therefore so hard pressed for hunger that, like Esau, they may be ready to part with anything or everything for a mess of pottage or a flitch of bacon.

Wayland the Smith.

But this freedom was never taken with Satan. While that name remained unchanged in the language of theology, the word devil passed into an immense number of forms, the Gothic tieval, diuval, diufal, the Icelandic djöfull, Swedish djevful, all of them, together with the Italian, French, and Spanish forms carrying back the word διάβολος to the same root which furnished the Latin Divus, Djovis, and the Sanskrit deva.[4] To this devil were applied familiarly those epithets which are bestowed in the Vedic hymns on the antagonist of Indra. Like Vritra, he is often spoken of simply as the fiend or the enemy (ὁ πονηρός); more often he is described as the old devil or serpent, the ealda deofol of Cædmon, the old Nick,[5] old Davy, and old Harry (Ahriman) of common English speech at the present day. Like Paṇi, he is Vâlant, the cheat or seducer,[6] who appears in a female form as Valandinne.[7] But to the Germans the fall of the devil from heaven suggested the idea that, like Hephaistos, he must have been lamed by the descent, and hence we have the lame devil, or devil upon two sticks, who represents the limping Hephaistos not only in his gait but in his office. Like him, the Valant is a smith, and the name, which has assumed elsewhere the forms Faland, Phaland, Foland, Valland, passes into the English form Wayland, and gives us the Wayland Smith whom Tresilian confronts in Scott's novel of Kenilworth.[1] Like the robbers who steal Indra's cattle, he is also the dark, murky, or black being, the Graumann or Greyman of German folk-lore.[2] Like the Fauns and other mythical beings of Greek and Latin mythology, he has a body which is either wholly or in part that of a beast. Sometimes he leaves behind him the print of a horse's hoof, and the English demon Grant, another form probably of Grendel,[3] showed itself in the form of a foal. The devil of the witches was a black buck or goat;[4] that of the fathers of the Christian Church was a devouring wolf.[5] Like Ahi, again, and Pythôn and Echidna, he is not only the old serpent or dragon but the hell-worm, and the walfish or leviathan (a name in which we see again the Vala or deceiver).[6] Like Baalzebub, he assumes the form of a fly, as Psychê may denote either a good or an evil spirit. As the hammer which crushes the world, and inflicts the penalty of sin on the sinner, he plays the part of the Aloadai and Thor Miölnir. As the guardian of the under world, he is the hellward and the hell-shepherd or host. His gloomy abode lies towards the north, whether as the gloomy Ovelgunne, which has furnished a name for many places in Germany,—the Hekelfelde, Heklufiall, or hag's fell,—or the nobiskroech, nobiskrug, which answers to the gate beyond which the lost souls leave hope behind them.[7] The same process, which converted the kindly Holda into the malignant Unholda, attributed to the devil occupations borrowed from those of the Teutonic Odin and the Greek Orion. But it is no longer the mighty hunter following his prey on the asphodel meadow, or the god traversing his domain in stately procession. The brave and good who had followed the midnight journeys of Wuotan give place to the wretched throng of evil-doers who are hurried along in the devil's train, or in that of some human being, who for his pre-eminent wickedness is made to take the devil's place. In Denmark the hunter is King Waldemar, in Germany Dietrich of Bern, in France King Hugh or Charles V.; in England it is Herne the Hunter of Windsor, and the one-handed Boughton or Lady Skipwith of Warwickshire tradition.[1] Other myths were subjected to the same process of degradation. The kindly Dêmêtêr becomes the devil's mother,[2] grandmother, or sister, who still shows something of her ancient character in the part which she plays towards those who throw themselves on her protection. Thus she shields Thor and Tyr in the house of Hymir, as the giant's mother shelters Jack in the nursery story.[3] In the lay of Beowulf Grendel's mother is less complying, and avenges on the hero the death of her son. The binding of the devil, like that of Prometheus and Ahriman, is implied in the phrase "the devil is loose," the sequel being "the devil is dead."

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[1] The Master Smith, in the heathenish story so entitled, entraps the devil into a purse, as the Fisherman entraps the Jin in the Arabian Tale, and the devil is so scared that when the Smith presents himself at the gate of hell, he gives orders to have the nine padlocks carefully locked. Sir G. Dasent remarks that the Smith makes trial of hell in the first instance, for, "having behaved ill to the ruler" of heaven, and "actually quarrelled with the master" of hell, he "was naturally anxious" to know whether he would be received by either. —*Ibid.* cii.

[2] It has been said of Southey that he could never think of the devil without laughing. This is but saying that he had the genuine humour of our Teutonic ancestors. His version of the legend of Eleëmon may be compared with any of the popular tales in which Satan is overmatched by men whom he despises.—Grimm, 969.

[3] Dasent, *Norse Tales*, introd. ciii.

[4] Grimm, *Deutsche Mythologie*, 939. For the belief of the gipsy hordes regarding the heaven-god and the earth-mother see Tylor, *Primitive Culture.*

[5] This name, one of a vast number of forms through which the root of the Greek νήχω, to swim, has passed, denotes simply a water-spirit, the nicor of the Beowulf, the nix or nixy of German fairy tales. The devil is here regarded as dwelling in the water, and thus the name explains the sailor's phrase "Davy's locker."—Grimm, *D. M.* 456.

[6] *Nib.* 1334.

[7] *Ib.* 1686; Grimm, *D. M.* 943.

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[1] Grimm, *D. M.* 945. In Sir W. Scott's romance, Wayland is a mere impostor who avails himself of a popular superstition to keep up an air of mystery about himself and his work: but the character to which he makes pretence belongs to the genuine Teutonic legend.

[2] Grimm, *D. M.* 945. This black demon is the Slavish Tschernibog (Zernibog), who is represented as the enemy of Bjelbog, the white god,—a dualism which Grimm regards as of late growth, *D. M.* 936.

[3] Grimm, *D. M.* 946.

[4] Grimm, *ib.* 946–7. The buck was specially sacred to Donar or Thor; but it is possible that this transformation, like that of Lykâôn and Arkas, was suggested by an equivocal name; and the buck may be only a kindred form to the Slavish Bog, which reappears among us in the form of Puck, Bogy, and Bug.

[5] Grimm, *ib.* 948. With these Grimm couples the hell-hound and black raven, the former answering to the Hellenic Kerberos. He also compares the Old German warg, a wolf, with the Polish *wrog*, the Bohemian *wrah*, the Slovinian *vrag*, an evil-doer.

[6] Grimm, *ib.* 950.

[7] *Ib.* 954. This word nobis is formed from the Greek ἄβυσσος, through the Italian form *nabisso* for *in abysso*—a change similar to that which converted ἐς κύνας βάλλειν into σκύβαλα.

The death of the blinded Devil.

One legend of the devil's death furnishes some singular points of comparison with the myth of Polyphêmos, although it seems rash to infer any direct derivation of the story from the Odyssey. The devil asks a man who is moulding buttons what he may be doing;

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[1] Dasent, *Norse Tales*, introd. lxxxiv. Grimm, *D. M.* 900, 958. In other legends it is Herodias, who, confounded with her daughter, is made to dance on for ever; or Satia, Bertha, Abundia (names denoting kindliness, brightness, or plenty), who, with Frigga, and Freya, Artemis and Diana, are degraded into leaders of midnight troops.

[2] Here Dionysos is lowered to the same level with Orion or Wuotan, Grimm, *D. M.* 961. The devil, of course, has his children, "devil's brood," "devil's imps." Grimm remarks that Teufelskind is synonymous with Donnerskind, and that here again we are confronted with old mythical expressions. Thunder is red-bearded, and the devil therefore has a beard of that colour, and the thunder-bolts are his followers. Many expressions common to England and Germany come from the same source. The compassionate phrase "der arme Teufel" was formerly "der arme Donner;" and the expletives "Hagel' "Donner-wetter" and "unser Herr-Gott" point to the time when the heathen Donar was lord of the atmosphere (*ib.* 965). His conduct to his wife also carries us back to some of the oldest mythical phrases. He is said to beat his wife when the rain falls in sunshine, and the rapid alternation of sunshine and shower is said to be caused by his blanching his grandmother.

[3] For a list of the Adeva or opposing powers of Northern mythology, with an analysis of their characteristics, see Brown, *Religion and Mythology of Aryans of Northern Europe*, § 12. In this sombre catalogue Draug is of special interest as representing the Iranian Drukhs, which has dropped out of the Vedic mythology and survives in Greek, it would seem, only in the adjective *α–τρεκ–ης*, and in Latin in trux. In Angurbodhe, the bode or messenger of fear, we have one of the many names which, like Anguis, Echidna, carry us to the choking snake Ahi. In Garm, the devourer, and Managarms, the mooneater, we have one of the gapers or swallowers, to whose company belong Charon, Gorgo, Lamia, Lemures, &c.

and when the man answers that he is moulding eyes, asks him further whether he can give him a pair of new eyes.[1] He is told to come again another day; and when he makes his appearance accordingly, the man tells him that the operation cannot be performed rightly unless he is first tightly bound with his back fastened to a bench. While he is thus pinioned, he asks the man's name. The reply is Issi ("himself"). When the lead is melted, the devil opens his eyes wide to receive the deadly stream. As soon as he is blinded he starts up in agony, bearing away the bench to which he had been bound, and when some workpeople in the fields ask him who had thus treated him, his answer is "Issi teggi" (Self did it). With a laugh they bid him lie on the bed which he has made; "selbst gethan, selbst habe." The devil died of his new eyes, and was never seen again.

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[1] Grimm, *D. M.* 963–980. It is unnecessary to trace in detail all the fancies and notions on the subject of the devil and his works which Grimm has gathered together; but it may be fairly said that scarcely a single point mentioned by him is without its value, as throwing light on popular forms of thought and expression.

The blinded devil reappears in Grimm's story of the Robber and his Sons, which reproduces the narrative of the Odyssey. Here the robber is the only one who is not devoured by the Giant, and he blinds his enemy while pretending to heal his eyes. In the sequel, instead of clinging to the ram's fleece he clings to the rafters of the ceiling, and afterwards wraps himself in a ram's skin, and so escapes between the giant's legs. But as soon as he gets out of the cave, he cannot resist the temptation of turning round, like Odysseus, to mock at his enemy. The giant, saying that so clever a man ought not go unrewarded, holds out to him a ring which, when placed on his finger, makes him cry out, "Here I am, here I am." But although he is guided by the sound, the giant stumbles sadly in his blindness, and the robber at last makes his escape by biting off his finger and so getting rid of the ring.

The blinded Kyklops forms the subject of the third voyage of Sindbad; but the myth has gained nothing by being dressed out in Arabian garb. He is the Urisk of the Western Fairy Tale.—Keightley, *Fairy Mythology*, 396. The Lap story runs as follows: "There was a Karelian who had been taken by a giant and was kept in a castle. The giant had only one eye, but he had flocks and herds. The night came and the giant fell asleep. The Karelian put out his eye. The giant, who now could no longer see, sat at the door, and felt everything that went out. He had a great many sheep in the courtyard. The Karelian got under the belly of one of them and escaped."—Latham, *Nationalities of Europe*, i. 227.

For some other versions of the myth, see Sayce, *Introduction to the Science of Language*, ii. 264. Mr. Sayce, giving a list, perhaps not urgently called for, of all recent works on mythology and language, has been pleased to mention this work, in the original edition, as a book to be read with caution. The remark applies to many attempts made by pioneers in a new path; but it would not be easy for unprejudiced readers to discern any material difference between my conclusions and those of Mr. Sayce, or in the modes of presenting the evidence of those conclusions, in his pages or in mine. The only difference is one of time, the *Mythology of the Aryan Nations* having preceded the *Introduction to the Science of Language* by ten years. The remarkable agreement of Mr. Sayce with many of my conclusions which have been most disputed, might perhaps have furnished a reason for some acknowledgement of the work which I had done. My own obligations to Professor Max Müller I had acknowledged, wherever I had the opportunity, gladly and gratefully.

For myself, I confess that I am but a learner; and I confess not less willingly that in some of my conclusions ten or twelve years ago I was mistaken, and that in some I was altogether wrong. I was especially wrong in restricting within exceedingly narrow limits the influence of Semitic upon Greek thought; but I hope it may be found that this fault has been now amended. I may plead, however, that a very large amount of evidence, now brought together, was then not available, and that I was attempting a task of wider range than I think had been attempted by those who had gone before me. If I could at that time have had the benefit of Mr. Brown's researches, my treatment of the myths of Dionysos, Orion, Aphroditê, and other mythical beings, might have been less inadequate. I hope that at the least the account given of them may be neither partial nor distorted.

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